HYMNAL WITH TUNES

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY
CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK II, N. Y.

The Gift of

From the Library of
DR. RAY F. BROWN

Order of Public Worship.

ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE, MAY, 1896.

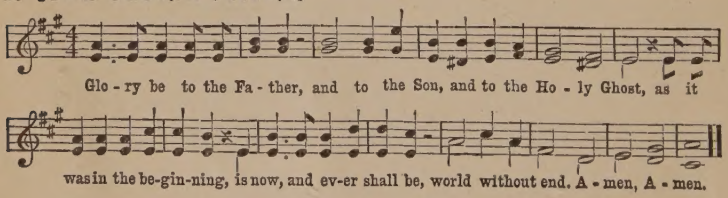
[Parts in brackets may be omitted.]

1. **[VOLUNTARY.]**
2. **SINGING FROM THE HYMNAL,** the People standing.
3. **[THE APOSTLES' CREED.]**

   I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

   I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

4. **PRAYER,** the Minister and People kneeling, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, repeated audibly by all.
5. **[ANTHEM.]**
6. **LESSON FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT,** which, if from the Psalms, may be read responsively.
7. **[THE GLORIA PATRI.]**


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it
was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

8. **LESSON FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.**
9. **COLLECTION AND NOTICES.**
10. **SINGING FROM THE HYMNAL,** the People standing.
11. **SERMON.**
12. **SHORT PRAYER,** for a blessing on the Word.
13. **SINGING,** the People standing, closing with a Doxology.
14. **THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.**

NOTE.—In the Afternoon or Evening service either Lesson may be omitted.

HYMNAL

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

WITH TUNES.

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS

M
5445
M566.3
1878

155745

Copyright 1878, by
NELSON & PHILLIPS
New York.

PREFACE TO THE HYMNAL.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the thirtieth day of May, 1876, adopted the following report:—

The Committee on the Revision of the Hymn Book have carefully considered the various papers referred to them, and respectfully report to the General Conference that they are unanimously of the opinion that a thorough revision of the Hymn Book now in use is imperatively demanded. We therefore recommend—

1. That the Board of Bishops be requested to appoint, as soon as practicable, a Committee of fifteen, to whom shall be committed the work of revision.

2. That this Committee be selected with reference to convenience of location for division into three sections for working purposes.

3. That when the work of preparatory revision shall be completed by the several sections, the whole Committee shall be duly notified, and the work of each section shall be revised; and that no hymn now in use shall be excluded without a vote of two thirds of the Committee for its rejection, and that no hymn not now in the collection shall be admitted without a vote of two-thirds of the Committee in its favor.

4. That when the Committee have completed their work, they shall submit their report to the Bishops for their approval, and the Bishops approving, they are authorized to commend it to the Church.

5. That after the Committee aforesaid shall have completed their revision of the Hymn Book, and their work has been approved by the Bishops as provided for in item 4, they shall have power to prepare a suitable Hymn and Tune Book for the use of the Church.

6. No compensation shall be paid to the Committee employed in the revisal, except for actual expenses incurred.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, the Bishops appointed the following persons as

THE COMMITTEE OF REVISION.

Central Section.

JAMES M. BUCKLEY, ERASTUS WENTWORTH,
RICHARD WHEATLEY, JOHN N. BROWN,
CHARLES E. HENDRICKSON.

Eastern Section.

DANIEL A. WHEDON, WILLIAM RICE,
CALVIN S. HARRINGTON, GEORGE PRENTICE,
CHARLES F. ALLEN.

Western Section.

FRANCIS D. HEMENWAY, ARTHUR EDWARDS,
WILLIAM HUNTER, JEREMIAH H. BAYLISS,
CHARLES H. PAYNE.

APPROVAL BY THE BISHOPS.

To the Committee appointed to revise the Hymn Book:

DEAR BRETHREN—The Bishops, at their late meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, very thoroughly examined the result of the labors of the Committee appointed under authority of the last General Conference, to revise the Hymn Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

1. They went through the entire list of the hymns in the book now in use which the Committee has excluded.

2. They thoughtfully considered every revision made in the text of the hymns which the Committee has retained.

3. They read through carefully, and in many cases repeatedly, every new hymn which the Committee has introduced into the Revised Hymn Book.

After the Committee had made a few changes which the Bishops suggested, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, namely:—

Resolved, That we have thoroughly examined, with great satisfaction, the work of the Committee appointed to revise the Hymn Book. We tender to the members of that Committee our thanks; and believe the gratitude of the Church is due these brethren for the labor they have expended, and the wisdom, taste, and good judgment they have shown in preparing this most excellent book.

By order, and on behalf, of the Board of Bishops,

WILLIAM L. HARRIS, *Secretary*.

NEW YORK, *June* 15, 1877.

ADDRESS

TO THE

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

UNDER the direction of the General Conference of 1876 this revised edition of our excellent Hymn Book has been prepared. The action of the General Conference, the names of the Committee selected by the Bishops, and the judgment of the Bishops as expressed to the Committee, are herewith presented. You will note the great care which has marked every part of the work, whether in rejecting any of the hymns formerly used, or in changing their phraseology, or in the selection of those which are new. Though perfection is not claimed, yet we believe the present Hymn Book will be considered a great improvement on the preceding one.

We most cordially commend it to you as one of the choicest selections of evangelical hymns ever published; and we trust that it will increase the interest of public worship, give a higher inspiration to social and family services, and aid in private meditation and devotion. As it is published by the authority of the Church, and to meet the wants of the Church, and as the profits will be devoted to religious purposes, we do the more earnestly commend it to your liberal patronage.

We exhort you, dear brethren, to "sing with the spirit" and "with the understanding also," "making melody in your heart to the Lord."

Your affectionate pastors in Christ,

LEVI SCOTT,
MATTHEW SIMPSON,
EDWARD R. AMES,
THOMAS BOWMAN,
WILLIAM L. HARRIS,
RANDOLPH S. FOSTER,
ISAAC W. WILEY,
STEPHEN M. MERRILL,
EDWARD G. ANDREWS,
GILBERT HAVEN,
JESSE T. PECK.

January 12, 1878.

PREFACE

TO THE

HYMNAL WITH TUNES.

THE Committee appointed by order of the last General Conference to revise the Hymn Book, was also empowered "to prepare a suitable Hymn and Tune Book for the use of the Church;" and this book is presented as the result of its labor. The accepted doctrine of the Church is, that "every person in the congregation ought to sing, not one in ten only." To aid in securing such a consummation has been the prime purpose in the mind of the Committee. It has also been a special aim to prepare a book which would so commend itself to the whole Church as to secure uniformity of use in all our congregations, thus becoming a strong additional bond of union as well as a powerful stimulus in worship. Such a book is quite as much needed as a book of hymns alone.

This book has a superiority over our previous works of this kind in its exact agreement with the Hymnal in the order and consecutive numbering of the hymns. The preservation of this identity has greatly increased the difficulty of adapting all the hymns to suitable tunes. To accomplish this properly, without unduly increasing the size and expense of the book, was not an easy problem; yet it is believed that very few hymns will be found without their appropriate tunes on their own or on opposite pages. In the few instances where this has not been practicable, a familiar tune is suggested, with its page, at the head of the hymn.

The tunes have been taken from the best sources of our own and other countries. They have been selected from a great multitude, and from a great variety of authors, and almost wholly with a view to their availability for congregational use. They are not mere scientific harmonies, but harmonized melodies. Most of them have been tested by long usage, and have become indispensable for popular use. Those that are relatively new will prove, it is believed, as acceptable and popular as the old. The variety is very broad, and yet the music is mainly of a solid, enduring kind. Wherever pages that face each other contain hymns of

the same meter it has been the aim to adapt them to one old tune and one less familiar. The number of tunes for particular meters will be found very large, and their character especially excellent. Of the few lighter tunes in the book, it is sufficient to say that they are married to their hymns and cannot well be divorced. The dozen or more of old and fugue tunes that follow the doxologies will be a gratification to many who still enjoy the ancient melodies. The chants, though not numerous, are those very generally used by the universal Church; and it is hoped that they may become more popular and useful among us.

The Committee has been assisted in the preparation of this book by Dr. Eben Tourjée, of Boston, and Mr. Joseph P. Holbrook, of New York, as special musical editors. These names are a sufficient guaranty that the musical department of the work has been done in the best possible manner.

We offer a few suggestions for congregational singing:—

Let all provide themselves with books. Every singer should have a book to himself.

Let all sing; generally the melody of the tune.

The minister must take and express deep and constant interest in congregational singing; otherwise it will be a failure.

The chorister must do the same.

There should be a choir or a precentor, and an organ, if possible, to lead the people. The best arrangement is to have the choir and organ in front of the congregation.

Frequent gatherings of the congregation in praise-meetings, and for instruction and practice in learning new tunes, are very desirable. For the sake of variety and freshness, the pastor and chorister should make persistent efforts to encourage the congregation to learn new tunes. The book should be the standard book of the Sunday-school, and should be constantly used in the social meeting as well as in the congregation.

In the hope that the work may stimulate all the people to sing in all the services of the sanctuary, and may contribute somewhat to the spirituality of divine worship through the power of sacred song upon the heart it is respectfully submitted to the kindly judgment of the Church.

CONTENTS.

WORSHIP. Hymns

General Hymns....1–71
Sabbath....72–92
Morning and Evening....93–117

GOD.

Being and Attributes....118–153
Providence....154–180

CHRIST.

Incarnation and Birth....181–195
Life and Character....196–203
Sufferings and Death....204–224
Resurrection, Priesthood and Reign..225–261

THE HOLY SPIRIT....262–287

THE SCRIPTURES....288–301

THE SINNER.

Lost Condition....302–311
Provisions of the Gospel....312–334
Warning and Inviting....335–376
Repentance....377–417

THE CHRISTIAN.

Justification, Regeneration, Adoption.418–455
Consecration....456–475
Entire Sanctification and Christian Growth....476–545
Unfaithfulness and Backsliding Lamented....546–562
Christian Activity....563–609
Trial, Suffering, and Submission....610–683
Prayer, Praise, and Communion with God....684–762

THE CHURCH.

General Hymns....763–779
Fellowship and Unity....780–807
The Ministry....808–825

Ordinances— Hymns.

Baptism....826–832
The Lord's Supper....833–855

Church Work—

Erection of Churches....856–871
Children and Youth....872–889
Charities and Reforms....890–907
Missions....908–944

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Watch Night and New Year....945–956
Brevity and Uncertainty of Life....957–966
Death and Resurrection....967–1012
Judgment and Retribution....1013–1029
Heaven....1030–1079

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Seasons....1080–1088
National Occasions....1089–1105
Marriage....1106–1107
Mariners....1108–1115
[Last Hymns of C. Wesley]....1116–1117

Pages

DOXOLOGIES....423–424

OCCASIONAL PIECES AND CHANTS...425–445

INDEXES.

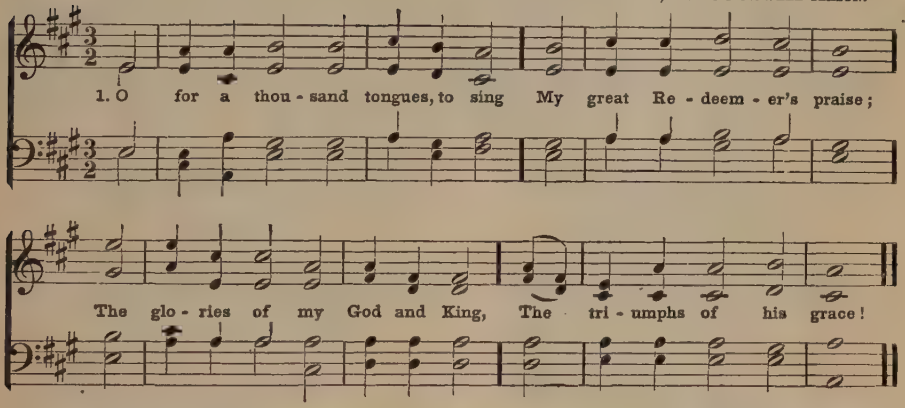
Of Tunes, Alphabetical....446–448
Of Tunes, Metrical....449–451
Of Occasional Pieces and Chants....452
Of Composers....453–454
Of Authors of Hymns....455–458
Of Scripture Texts....459–462
Of Subjects....462–469
Of Hymns for Social Worship....469
Of First Lines of Stanzas....470–475
Of First Lines of Hymns....476–484

RITUAL.

Order of Baptism....486–489
Reception of Members....489–490
The Lord's Supper....490–493

HYMNS AND TUNES.

AZMON. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



1 *Exultant praise to the Redeemer.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

2 *Worshiping the Lamb.*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

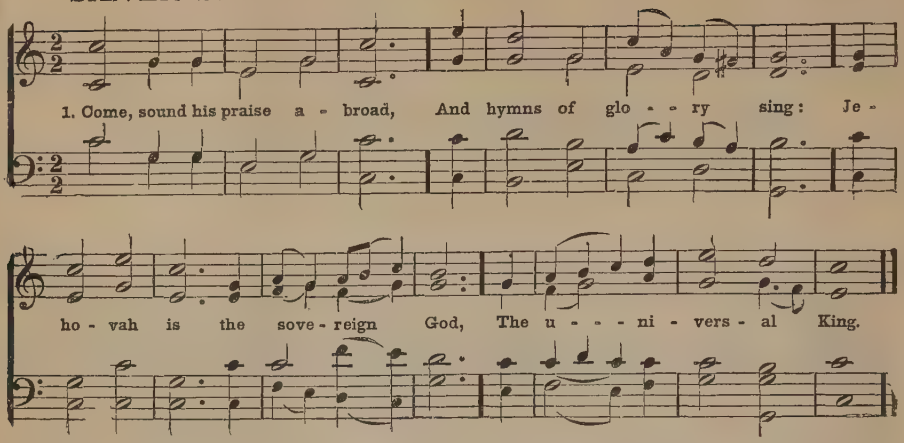
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.



3 *The universal King.*

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

4 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, alt.

5 *Praise and thanksgiving.*

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

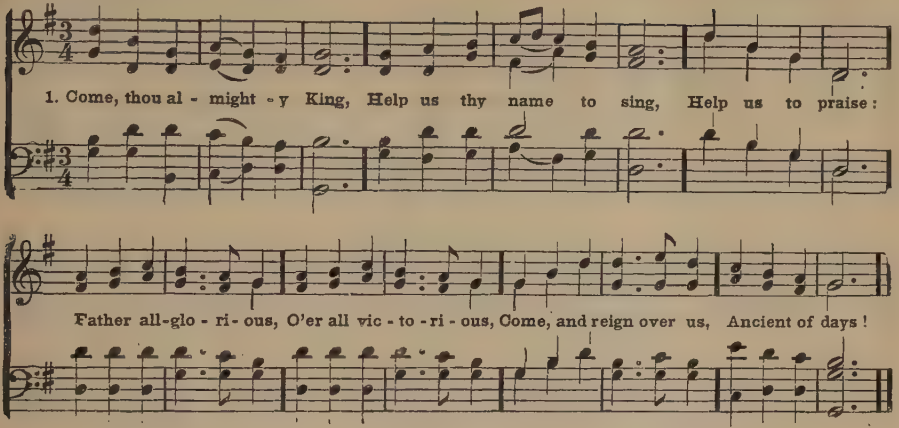
4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
Father all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!

6 *Invocation of the Trinity.*

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

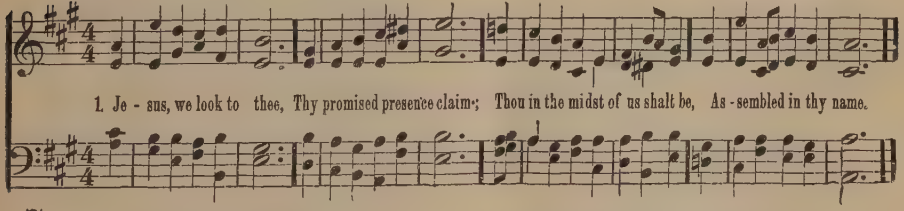
3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

PACKINGTON. S. M.

REV. JOHN BLACK.



7 *Met in His name.*

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

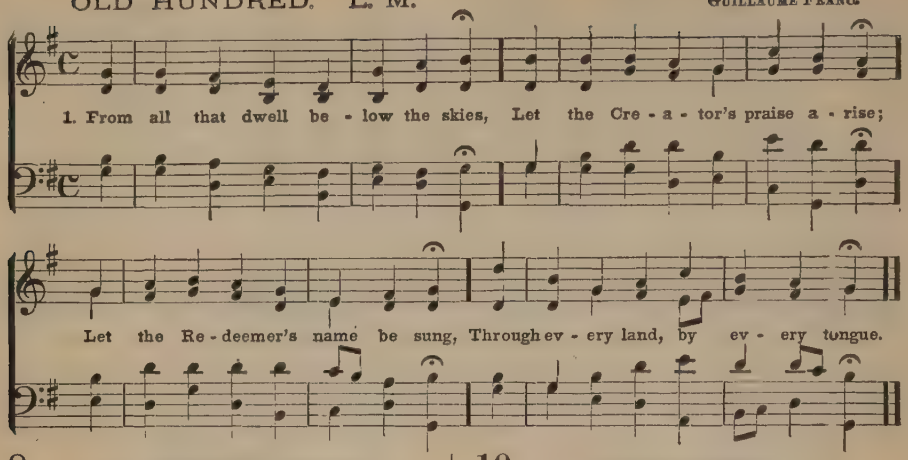
4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
Let the Re - deemer's name be sung, Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.

8 *General invitation to praise God.*

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts.

9 *Reverential adoration.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

10 *Universal adoration.*

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore!
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

Josiah Conder.

11 *Invitation to worship.—Psalm* 100.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

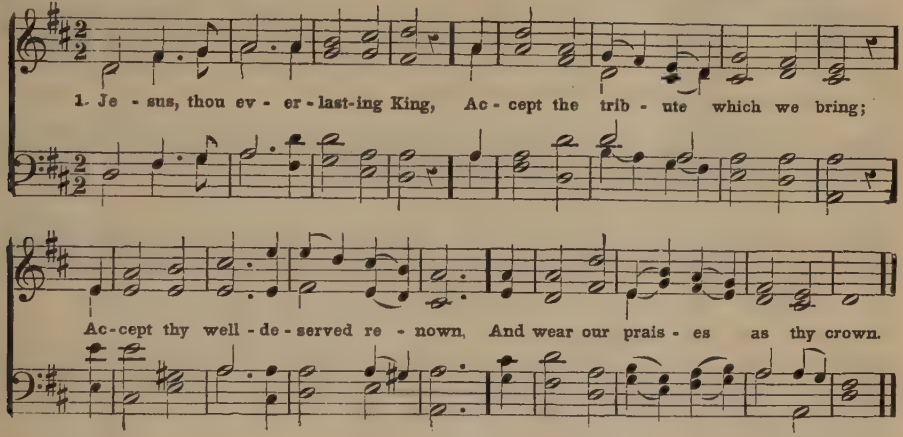
3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.


1. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last-ing King, Ac - cept the trib - ute which we bring;
Ac-cept thy well - de - served re - nown, And wear our prais - es as thy crown.

12 *Praise to the Saviour.*

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

13 *The prosperity of the saints.*

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

Tate and Brady.

14 *Welcome to the King of glory.*

1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

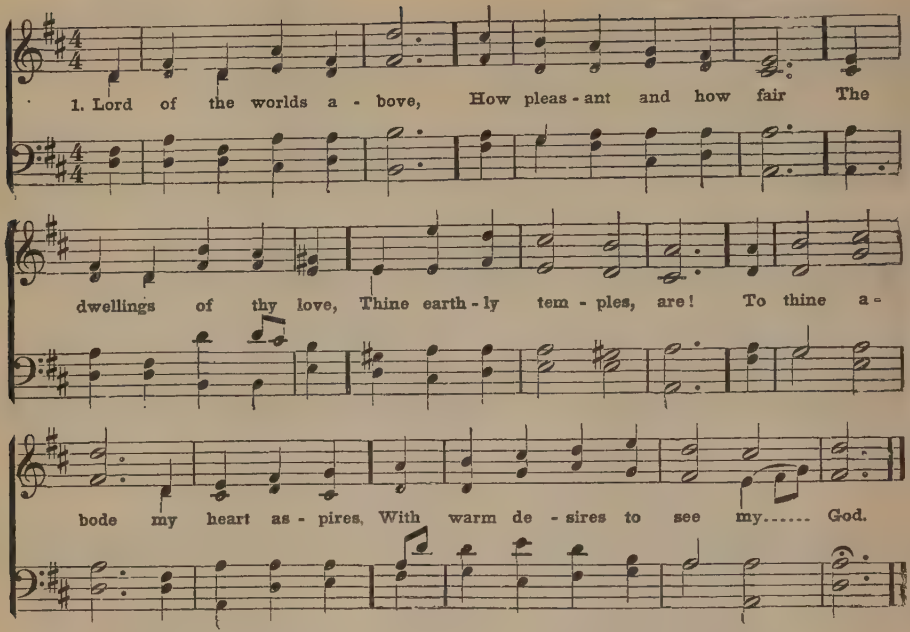
5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal!

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

Georg Weissel. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth

DARWALL. H. M.

Rev. John Darwall.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The
dwellings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples, are! To thine a -
bode my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires to see my..... God.

15 *Longings for the house of God.*

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

Isaac Watts.

16 *The universal King.*

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

Charles Wesley

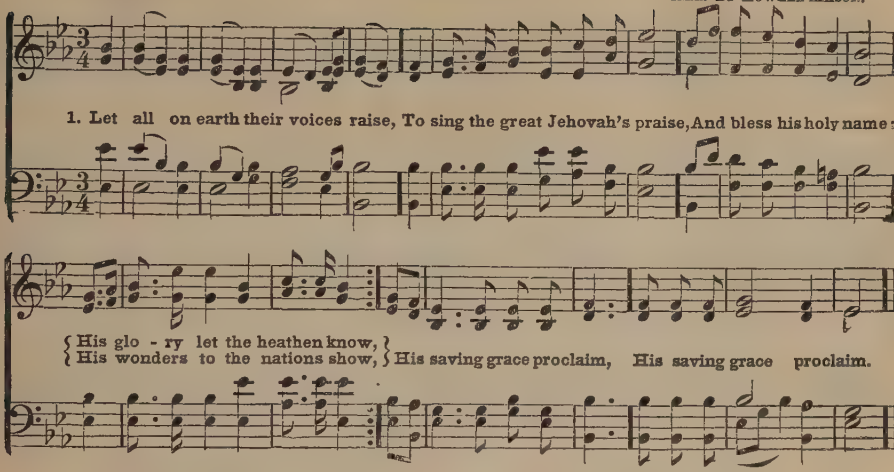
Doxology.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

Isaac Watts, alt.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. Let all on earth their voices raise, To sing the great Jehovah's praise, And bless his holy name:
His glo - ry let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim, His saving grace proclaim.

17 *The glory of His grace.*

1 LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

Isaac Watts.

18 *God's glorious presence.*

1 THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,
"Thrice holy," to their King;

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given:
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

John Walker.

19 *The praise of Jesus.*

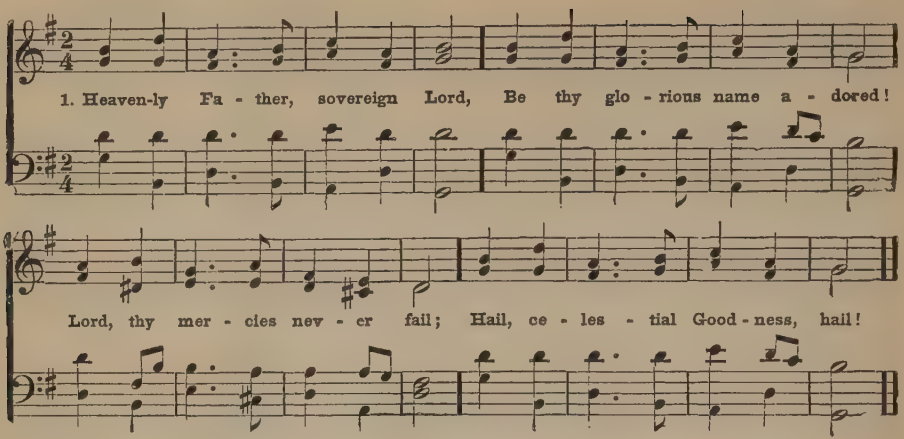
1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

Charles Wesley.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7. IGNACE PLEYEL

20 *Humble adoration.*

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

Benjamin Williams, alt.

21 *Blessings implored.*

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

22 *Tribute of praise at parting.*

1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

H. Kirke White, alt

23 *Concluding prayer and thanksgiving*

1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

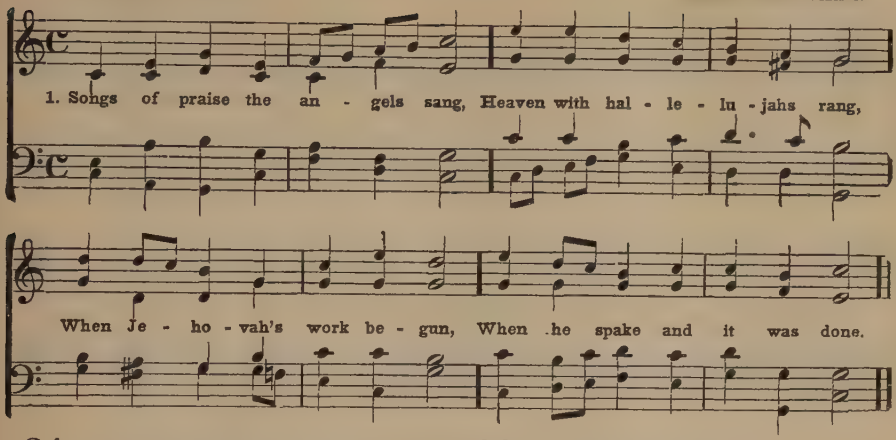
2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton.

MONKLAND. 7.

REV. JOHN B. WILKES.



24 *Saints and angels praising God.*

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

25 *Let all the people praise Him.*

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord,
In his courts on holy days.

4 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

James Montgomery.

26 *Praise and prayer.*

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

3 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

4 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

Charles Wesley.

27 *Praise the Lord.*

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.

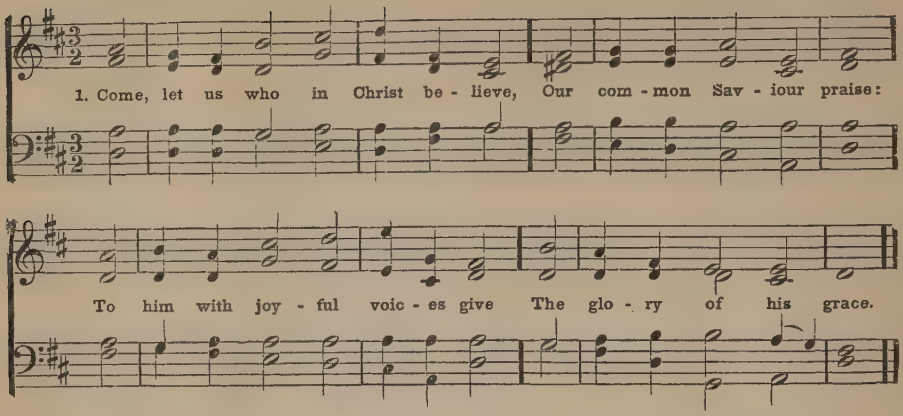
2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

Henry F. Lyte.

ANDREWS. C. M. REV. JOHN BLACK.



28 *The heavenly Guest.*

1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

29 *Blessing on worshipers.*

1 ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

30 *Expecting the blessing.*

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

Charles Wesley.

31 *Infinite grace.*

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

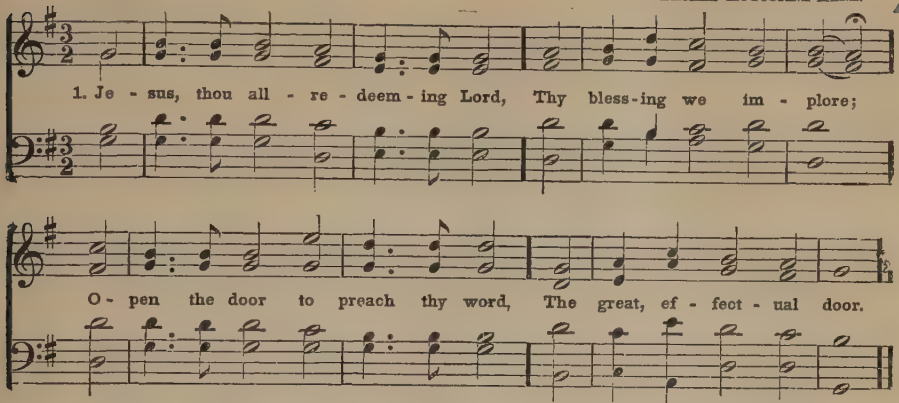
3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.



32 *The great and effectual door.*

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

Charles Wesley.

33 *God, the only object of worship.*

1 O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber.

34 *Vying with the angels.*

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join,
To worship God aright.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

4 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earthborn man!

Charles Wesley.

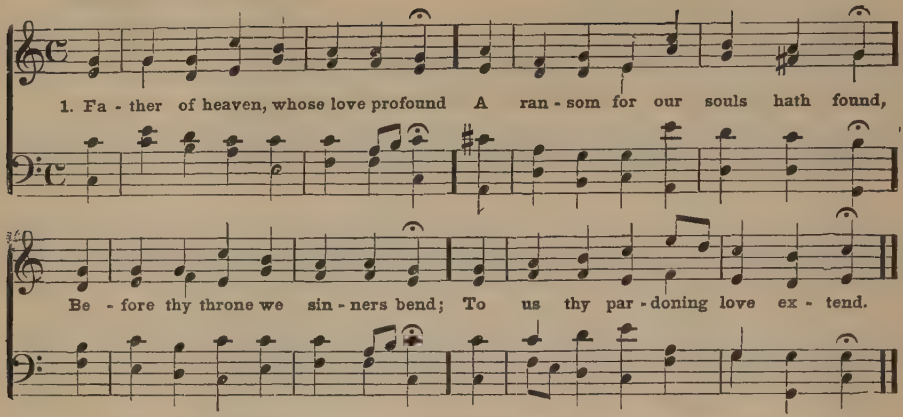
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Tate and Brady.

MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.


1. Fa - ther of heaven, whose love profound A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us thy par - doning love ex - tend.

35 *Grace, pardon, and life.*

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

John Cooper.

36 *True worship every-where accepted.*

1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

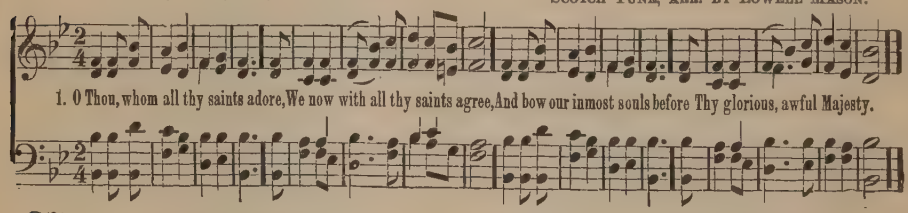
3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

WARD. L. M.

SCOTCH TUNE, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. O Thou, whom all thy saints adore, We now with all thy saints agree, And bow our inmost souls before Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

37 *Trembling aspiration.*

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

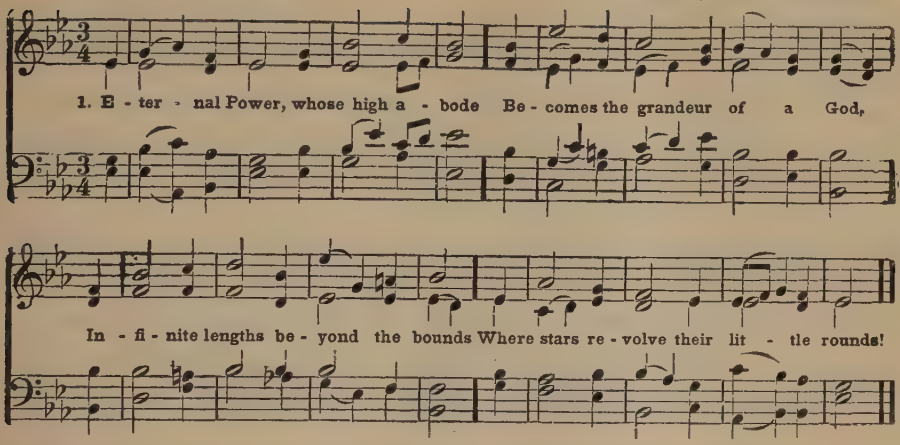
4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley

MILLER. L. M.

C. P. E. BACH, ARR. BY DR. MILLER.


1. E - ter - nal Power, whose high a - bode Be - comes the grandeur of a God,
In - fi - nite lengths be - yond the bounds Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds!

38 *Solemn adoration.*

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

39 *Living bread.*

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will.
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.

40 *God revealed to faith.*

1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears,
Nor seraphim responsive cry,
"Holy! thrice holy!" in our ears;

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

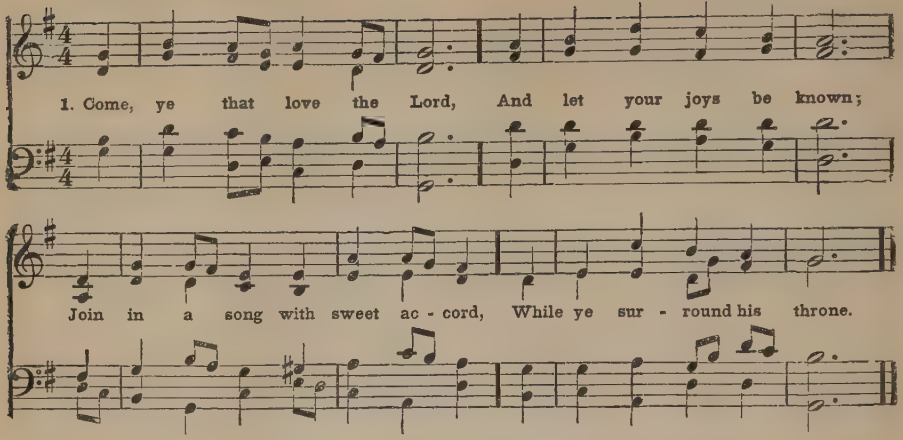
3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame, and all were healed;

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

5 Send forth the seraphim, O Lord,
To touch thy servants' lips with fire;
Saviour, give them thy faithful word;
Come, Holy Ghost, their hearts inspire.

James Montgomery.

WAUGH. S. M. REV. RALPH HARRISON.



41 *Glory begun below.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

42 *Creating love and redeeming grace.*

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

43 *The sacrifice of praise.*

1 WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow
And hymns of praise we sing.

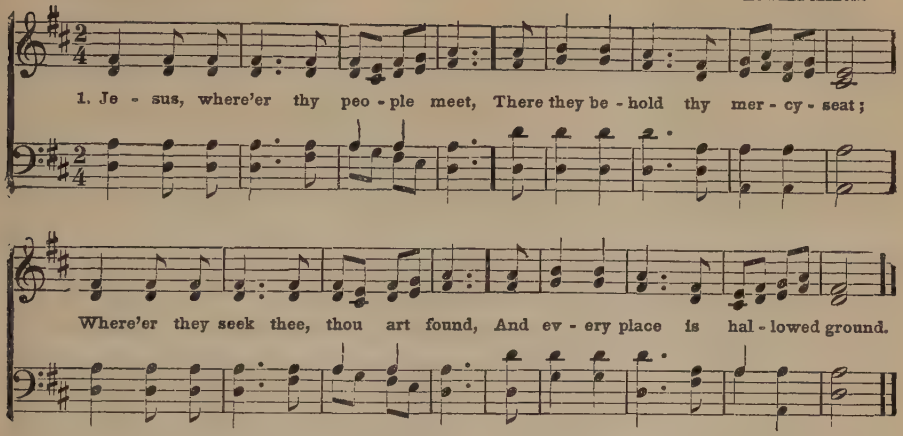
3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. Je - sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

44 *The great Shepherd with his flock.*

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

45 *Blest hour of prayer.*

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles.

46 *For Zion's peace.*

1 O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

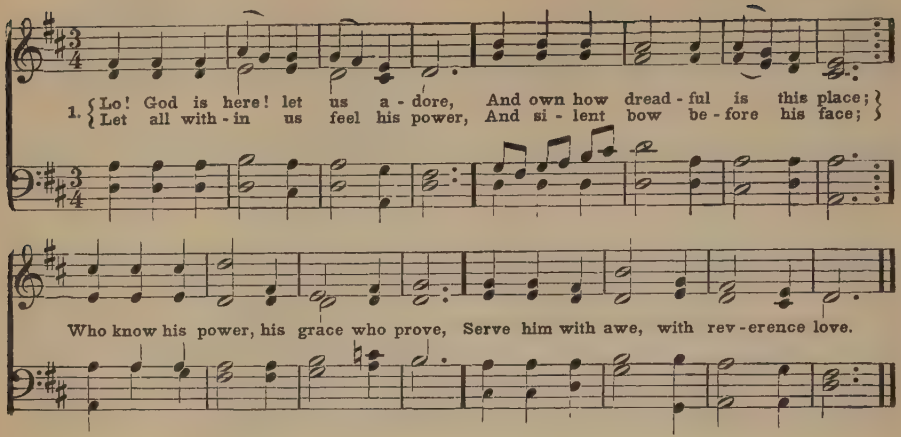
3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know
The work of faith in us fulfill.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

Charles Wesley.

WAVERTREE. L. M. 61. W. Shore.


1. Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place;
Let all with - in us feel his power, And si - lent bow be - fore his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with rev - erence love.

47 *Lo! God is here.*

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

48 *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.*

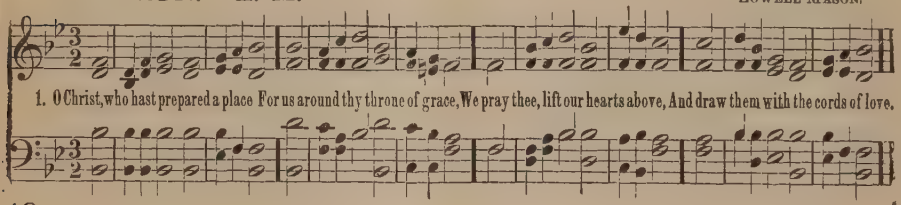
1 Infinite God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky."

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

HEBRON. L. M. Lowell Mason.


1. O Christ, who hast prepared a place For us around thy throne of grace, We pray thee, lift our hearts above, And draw them with the cords of love.

49 *Lift up our hearts to Thee.*

1 O Christ, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

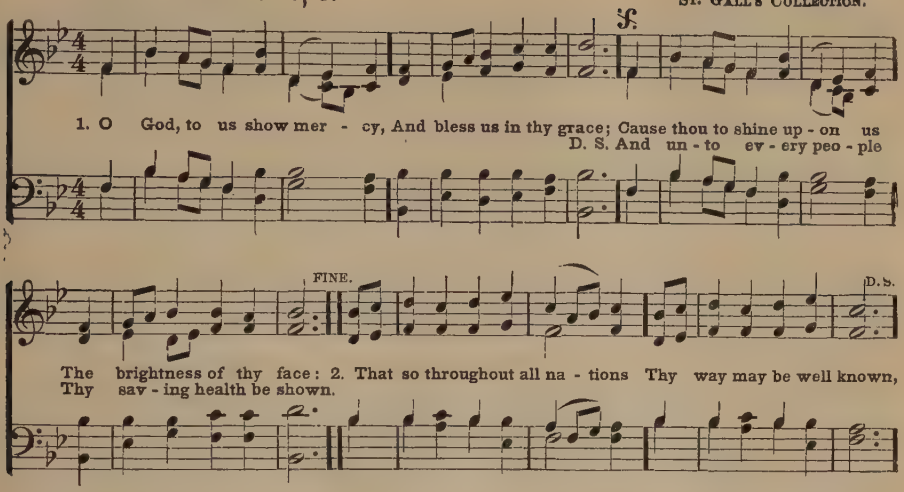
3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see thee as thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

Santolius Victorinus. Tr. by J. Chandler.

ELLACOMBE. 7, 6.

St. Gall's Collection.


1. O God, to us show mer - cy, And bless us in thy grace; Cause thou to shine up - on us
D. S. And un - to ev - ery peo - ple
FINE.
D. S.
The brightness of thy face: 2. That so throughout all na - tions Thy way may be well known,
Thy sav - ing health be shown.

50 *Show mercy.*

1 O God, to us show mercy,
And bless us in thy grace;
Cause thou to shine upon us
The brightness of thy face:

2 That so throughout all nations
Thy way may be well known,
And unto every people
Thy saving health be shown.

3 O God, let people praise thee,
Let all the people praise;
O let the nations joyful
Their songs of gladness raise:

4 For thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness;
And on the earth all nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

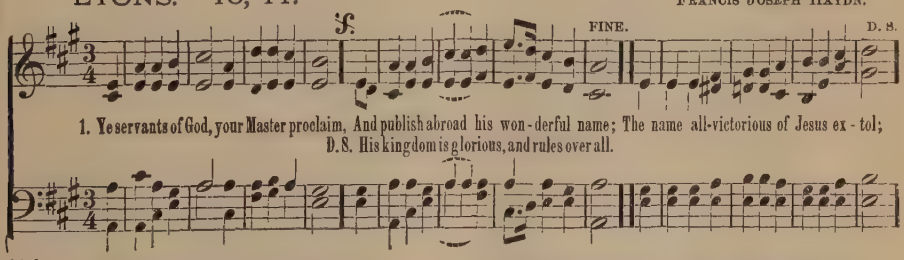
5 O God, let people praise thee;
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring:

6 The Lord our God shall bless us,
God shall his blessing send;
And people all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

Unknown.

LYONS. 10, 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn.


FINE.
D. S.
1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his won - derful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus ex - tol;
D. S. His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

51 *Thanksgiving for infinite love.*

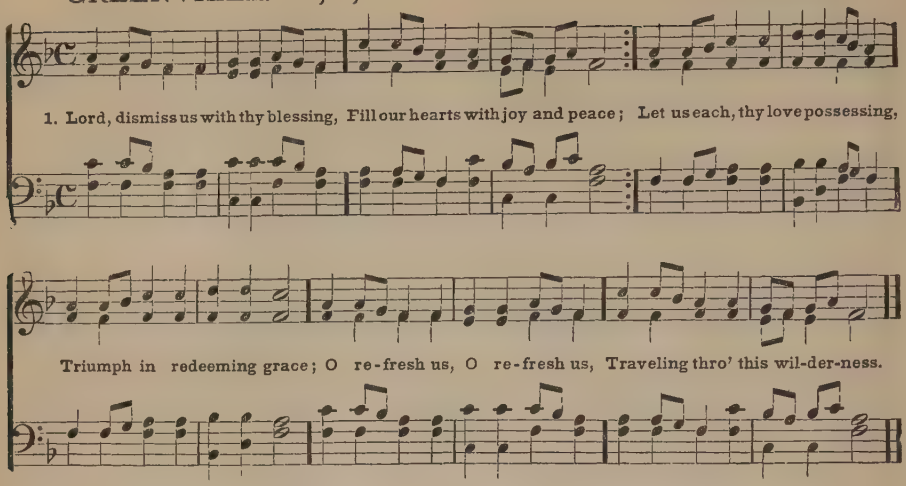
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.


1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace; O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Traveling thro' this wil-der-ness.

52 *For the fullness of peace and joy.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

53 *The apostolic benediction.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

54 *Heavenly joy anticipated.*

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

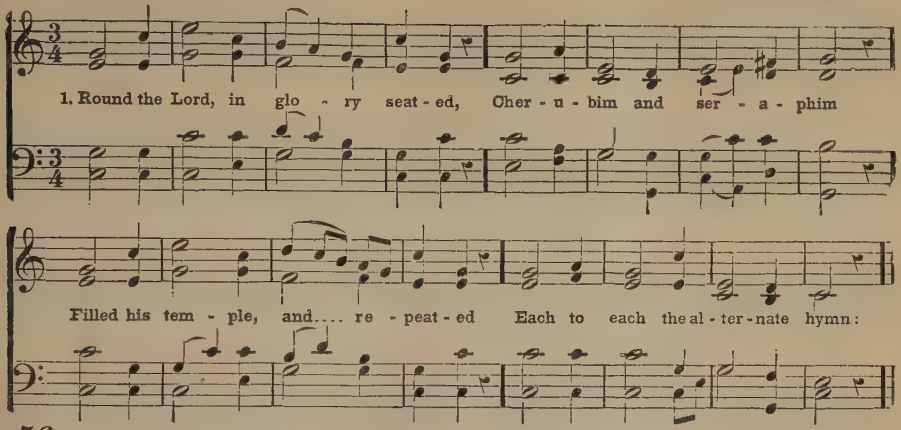
55 *For a blessing on the word.*

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans.

RATHBUN. 8, 7. [THAMAR CONKEY.



56 *Isaiah's vision.*

1 ROUND the Lord, in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most high."

4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him:
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant.

57 *Exhortation to praise God.*

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

58 *Glory to the Lamb.*

1 HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 See! the angelic hosts have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high;
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme, a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

Thomas Kelly.

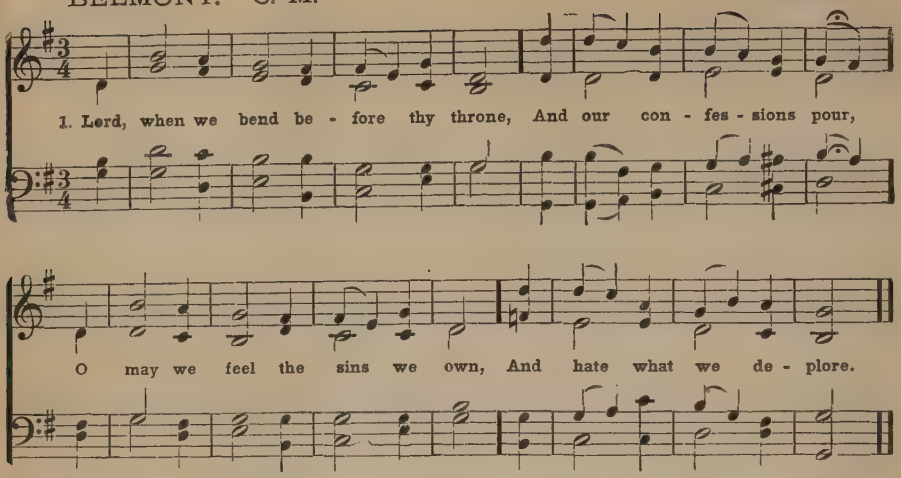
59 *Dismission.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we 'll give thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



60 *Confession, prayer, and praise.*

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we 'll review;
With love divine transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

Joseph D. Carlyle.

61 *Divine guidance, and rest.*

1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold, thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And, as we read, O may we feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see the Saviour's love
Beaming from every page;
And let the thoughts of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus while thy word our footsteps guides,
Shall we be truly blest;
And safe arrive where love provides
An everlasting rest.

William H. Bathurst.

62 *For a benediction on the truth.*

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

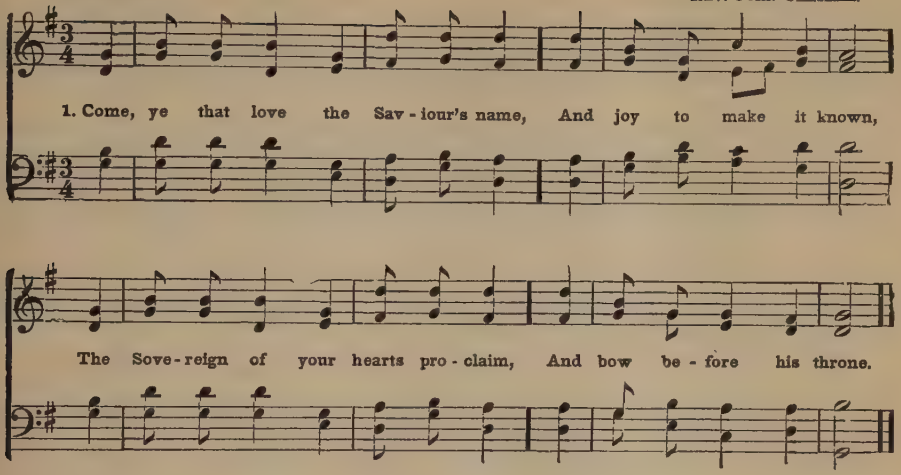
2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Reginald Heber

MARLOW. C. M.

Rev. John Chetham.


1. Come, ye that love the Sav - iour's name, And joy to make it known,
The Sove - reign of your hearts pro - claim, And bow be - fore his throne.

63 *The glories of our King.*

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele.

64 *The Desire of all nations.*

1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
"Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home."

Anne Steele.

65 *Invoking divine blessings.*

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

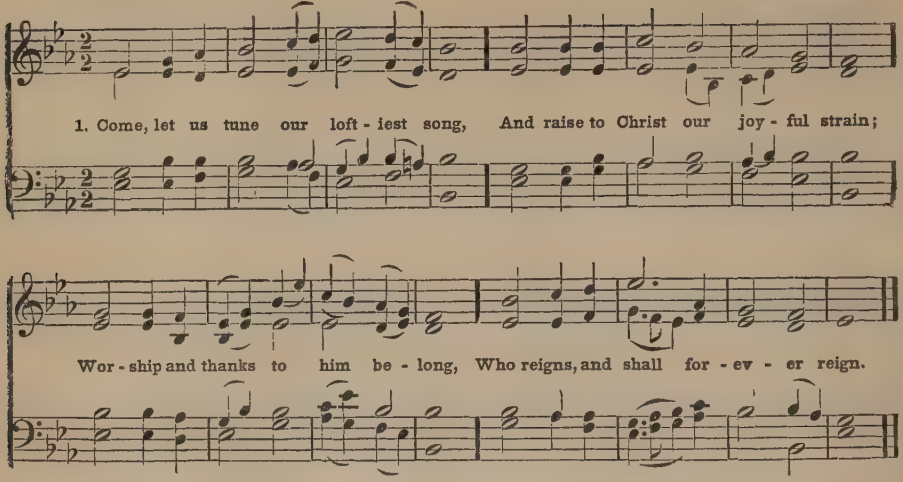
2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

Unknown.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.


1. Come, let us tune our loft - iest song, And raise to Christ our joy - ful strain;
Wor - ship and thanks to him be - long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.

66 *Jesus reigns.*

1 COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

Robert A. West.

67 *The bond of love.*

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee:
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee

4 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;
Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

5 So shall our sun of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

Sir J. E. Smith.

68 *The praises of Jehovah.*

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

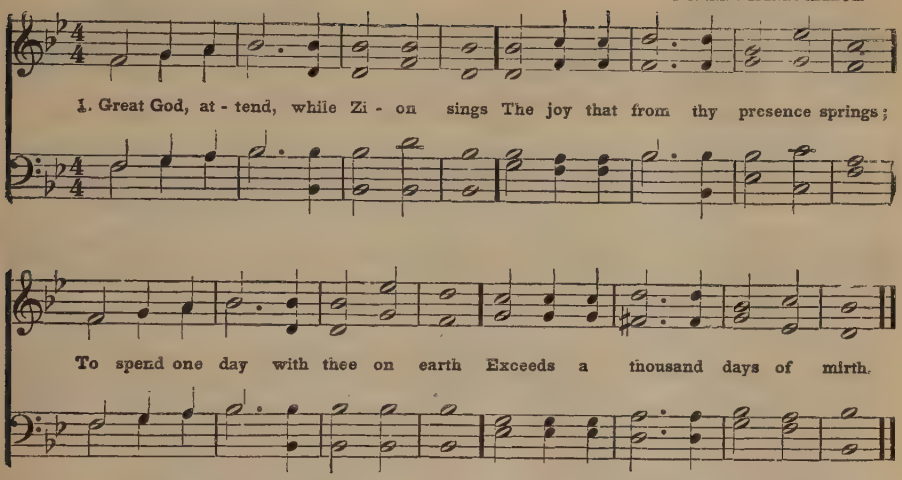
4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery

GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.


1. Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

69 *Joy of public worship.*

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts.

70 *The eternal God exalted.*

1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

William Wrangham.

71 *Hosanna to the living Lord.*

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" thine angels cry,
"Hosanna, Lord!" thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

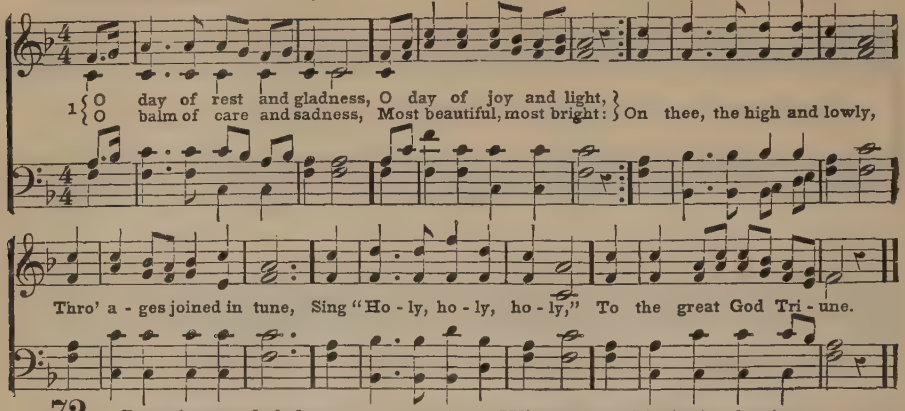
3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this, thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber.

MENDEBAS. 7, 6. GERMAN MELODY, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1 { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
{ O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: } On thee, the high and lowly,
Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

72 *Day of rest and gladness.*

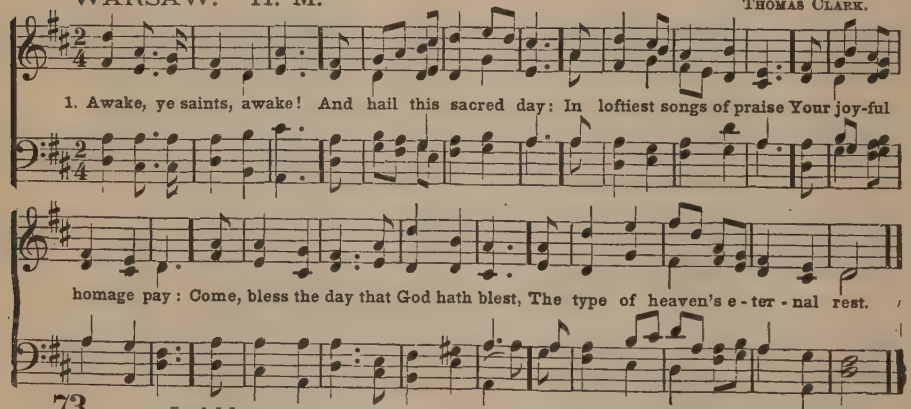
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

WARSAW. H. M. THOMAS CLARK.


1. Awake, ye saints, awake! And hail this sacred day: In loftiest songs of praise Your joy-ful
homage pay: Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

73 *Joyful homage.*

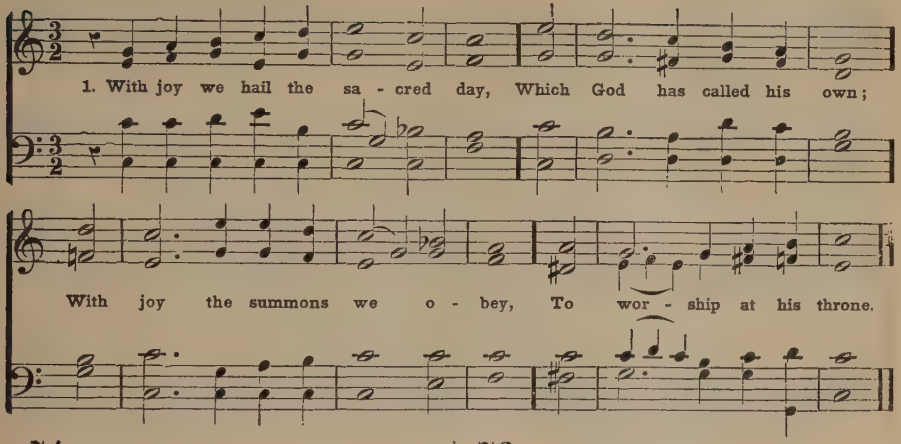
2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Elizabeth Scott, alt. by T. Cotterill.

MERTON. C. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.



74 *Sabbath and sanctuary joys.*

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

75 *Easter Sunday.*

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

76 *We will rejoice, and be glad in it.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

2 The Stone the builders set at naught,
That Stone has now become
The sure foundation and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that Stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

Harriet Auber.

77 *Sabbath light.*

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

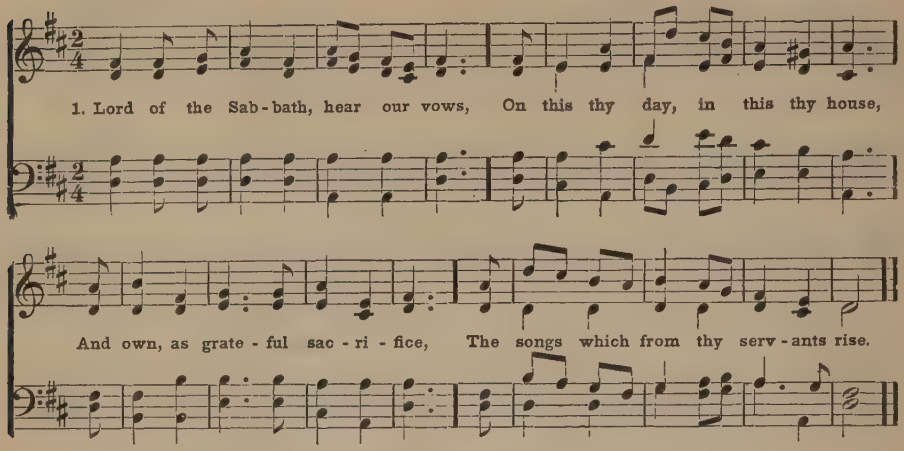
2 O what a night was that which wrap
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

OVERBERG. L. M. JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK.


1. Lord of the Sab-bath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grate-ful sac-ri-fice, The songs which from thy serv-ants rise.

78 *Ardent hope of heavenly rest.*

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

79 *Sabbath evening: Thy kingdom come.*

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

2 But thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshiped thee.

3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord;—
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son:
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

James Montgomery.

80 *Sabbath evening rest.*

1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

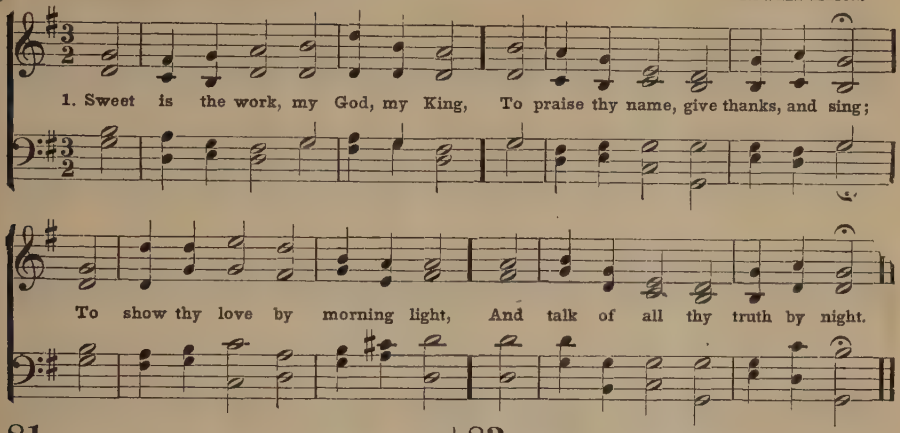
3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

81 *Delights of the Sabbath.*

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

82 *Pledge of glorious rest.*

1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

83 *Hailing the Sabbath's return.*

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing;
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton.

84 *Undisturbed devotion.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

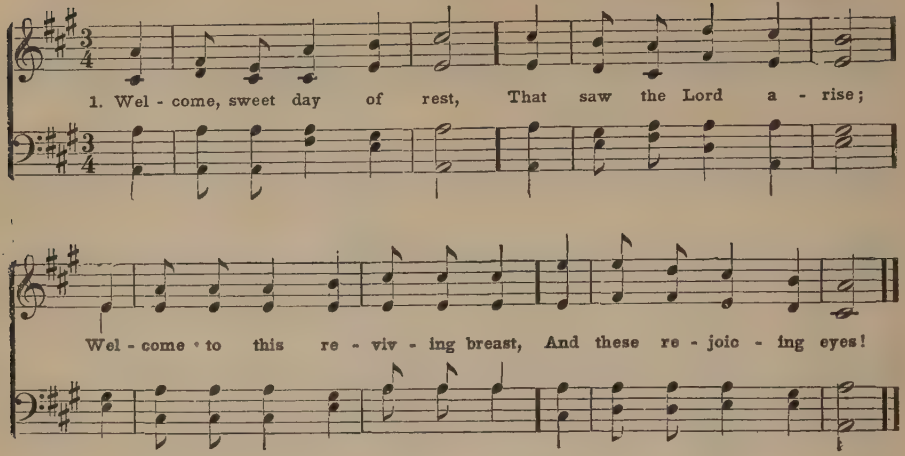
2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

Isaac Watts.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ.



85 *The Sabbath welcome.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

86 *Day of light, rest, peace, prayer.*

1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton.

87 *The eternal Sabbath.*

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:

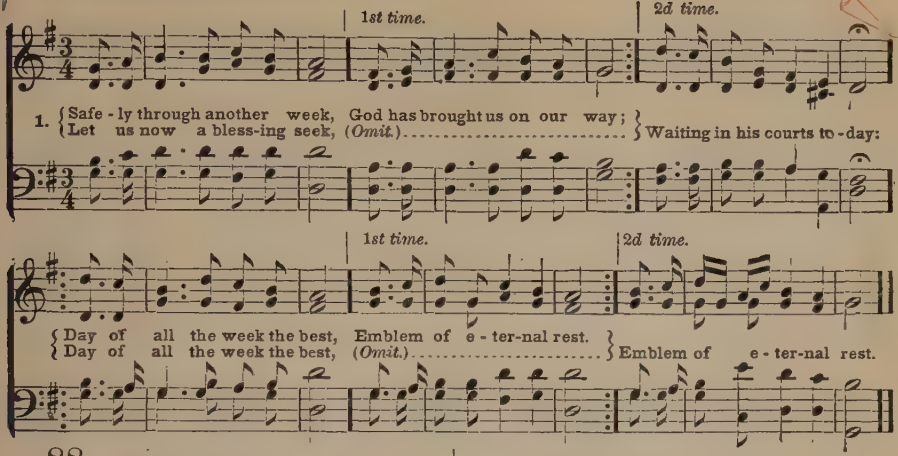
4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

SABBATH MORN. 7, 61.

LOWELL MASON.


1st time.
2d time.
1. Safe - ly through another week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, (Omit.)
Waiting in his courts to-day:
1st time.
2d time.
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.
Day of all the week the best, (Omit.)
Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.

88 *Safely through another week.*

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

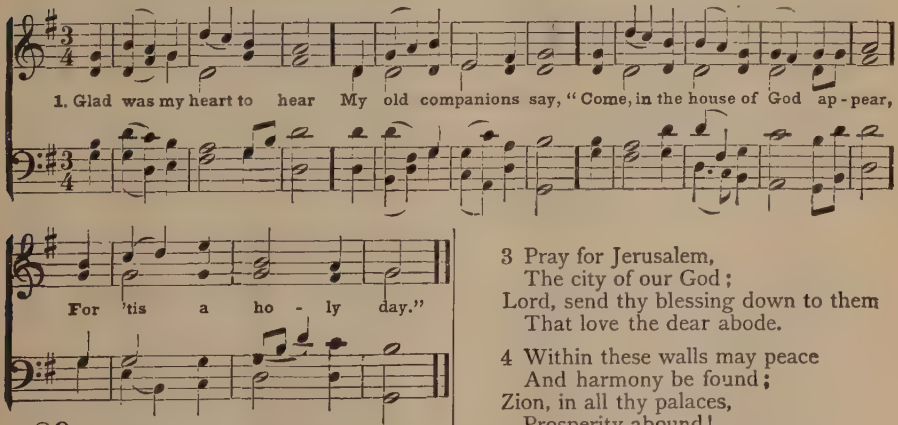
3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton.

THATCHER. S. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



89 *Gladness in the house of prayer.*

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

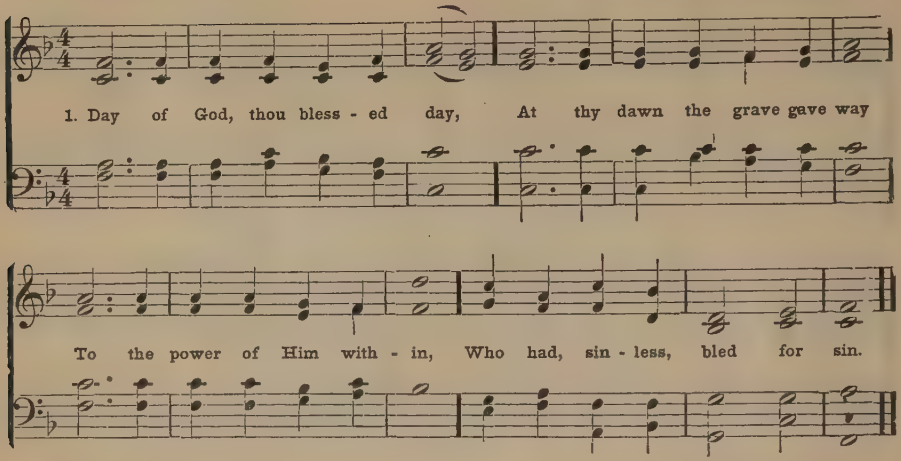
3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
Lord, send thy blessing down to them
That love the dear abode.

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

James Montgomery.

DIJON. 7. GERMAN EVENING HYMN.



90 *Immortality and light.*

1 DAY of God, thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour;
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

Hannah F. Gould.

91 *The first of days.*

1 ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light!

4 God, the blessed Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

92 *Sabbath evening.*

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

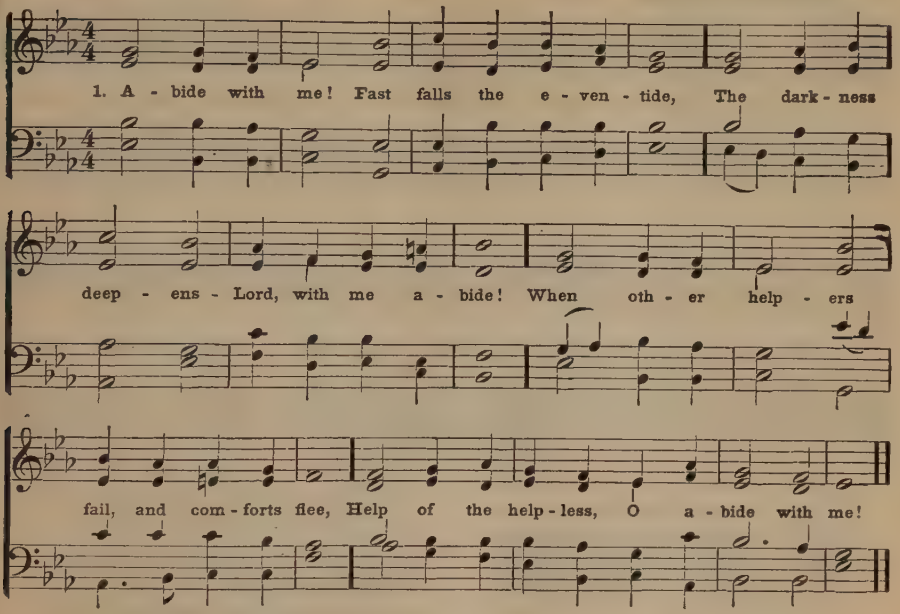
4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith.

EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!

93

Abide with me.

1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

94

Parting hymn of praise.

1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

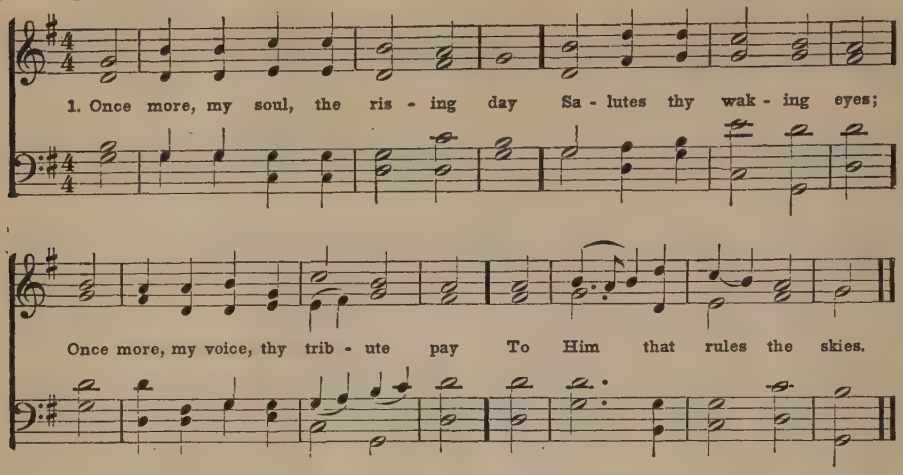
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

PETERBORO'. C. M. REV. RALPH HARRISON.



95 *Renewed consecration.*

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

Isaac Watts.

96 *Morning supplications.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace,
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display;
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge.

97 *Angelic guardianship.*

1 ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is in the vast abyss
Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

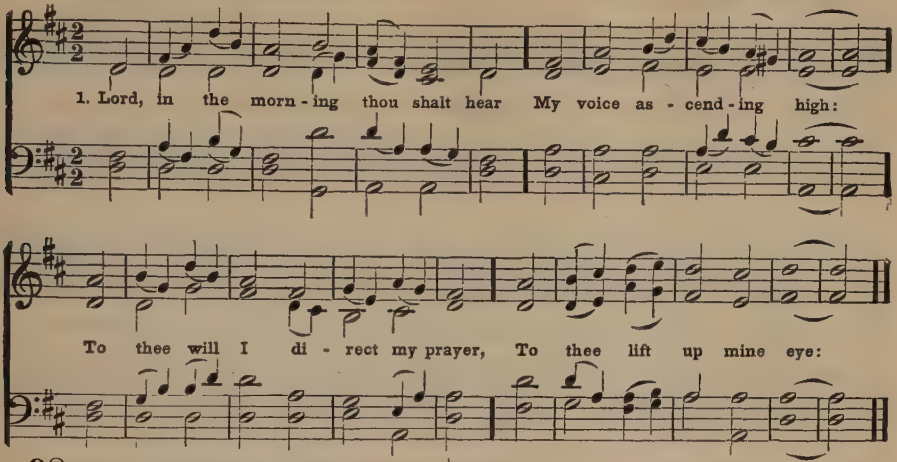
4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heade
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless thee, ever blest.

Charles Wesley.

WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



98 *Preparation for public worship.*

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

99 *Warmest thanks.*

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

100 *Grateful praise.*

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Anne Steele.

101 *The Christian home.*

1 HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

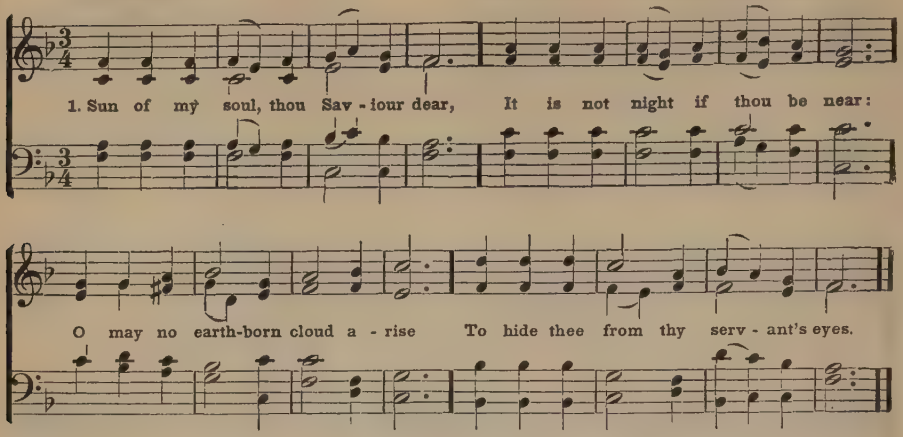
2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

HURSLEY. L. M. PETER RITTER. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.

102 *Abide with us.*

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

103 *Morning mercies, daily discipline.*

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

104 *Morning and evening mercies.*

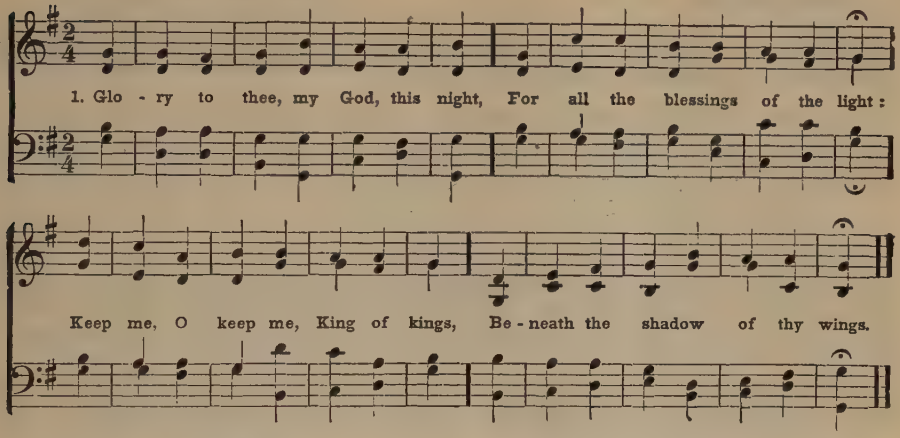
1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. * THOMAS TALLIS.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shadow of thy wings.

105

Evening hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Thomas Ken.

106

Morning hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

107

Morning prayer.

1 NOW doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high,
Through all the actions of the day.

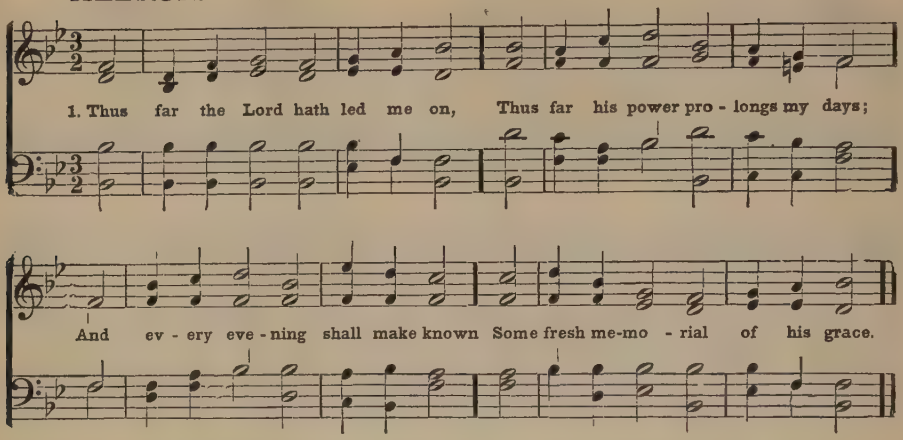
2 Curb thou for us the unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

3 O may our hearts be pure within;
No cherished madness vex the soul.
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.

4 So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

Ambrose of Milan. Tr. by E. Caswall.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro - longs my days;
And ev - ery eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.

108 *Evening meditations.*

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

109 *Evening prayer.*

1 AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the Spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Yoakley. Page 176.]

110 *The soul's Advocate.*

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

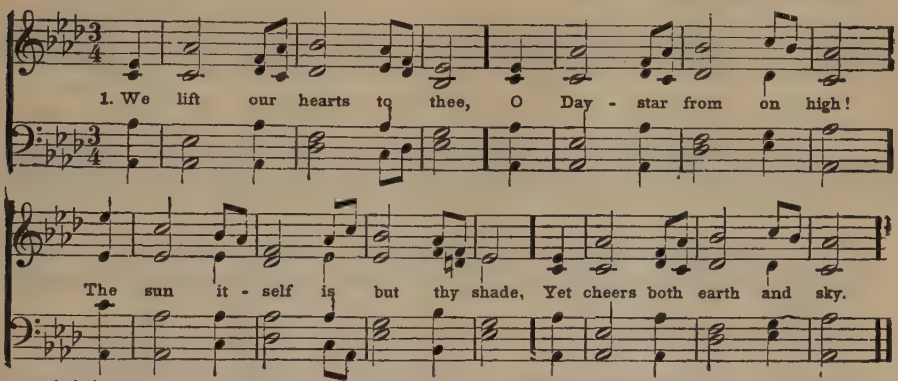
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.



111 *The Day-star.*

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

John Wesley.

112 *Devout gratitude.*

1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

Elisabeth Scott.

113 *Evening meditation.*

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

John Leland.

[C. M. Tune, Evan. Page 156.

114 *Protection invoked.*

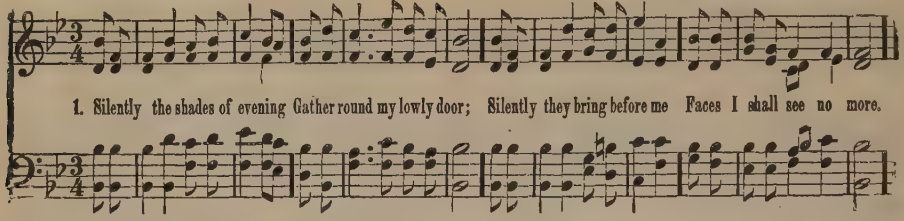
1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

John F. Herzog.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7. DARIUS ELIOT JONES.



115 *Memories of the dead.*

1 SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

116 *Trust in God's care.*

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

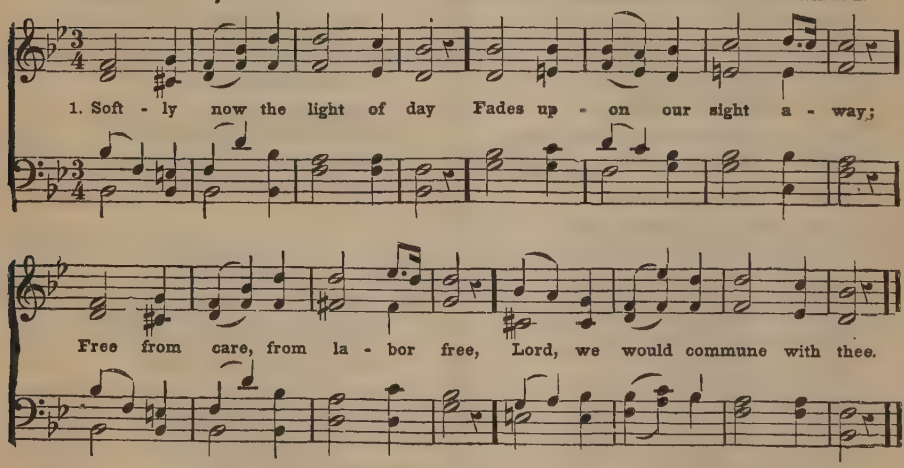
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

MERCY. 7. LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK. ARR. BY E. P. PARKER.



117 *Communion with God.*

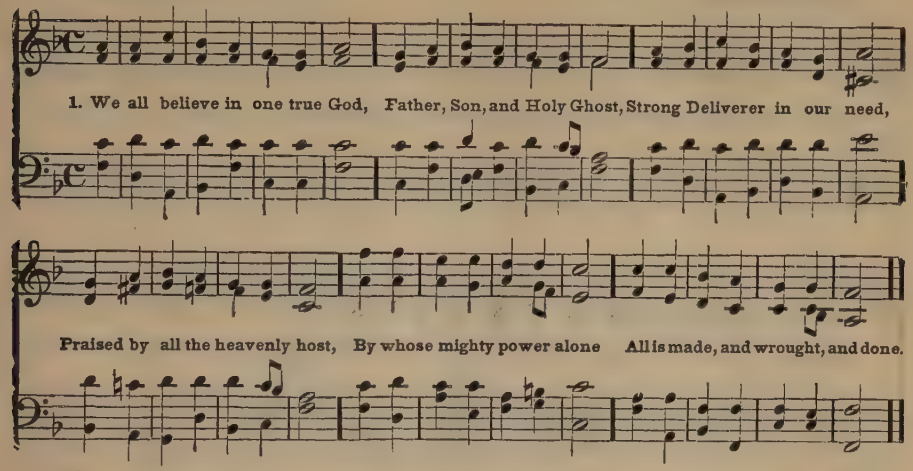
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

TRINITY. 8, 7, 7.

HILLER'S "CHORALBUCH."


1. We all believe in one true God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Strong Deliverer in our need,
Praised by all the heavenly host, By whose mighty power alone All is made, and wrought, and done.

118 *The Apostles' Creed.*

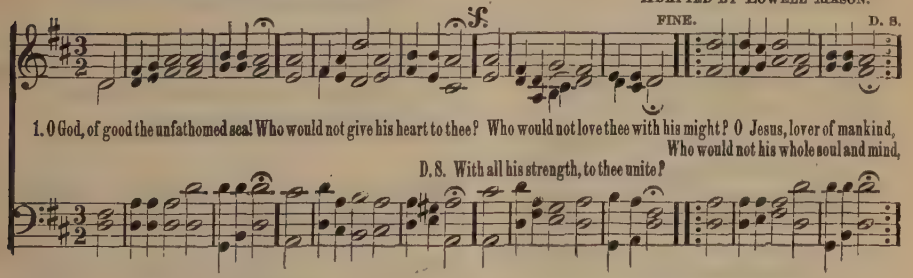
2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of man and Son of God;
Who, to raise us up to heaven,
Left his throne and bore our load;
By whose cross and death are we
Rescued from our misery.

3 And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both forever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and woes.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise shall aye be brought to thee!

T. Clausnitzer. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

ADAPTED BY LOWELL MASON.


FINE.
D. S.
1. O God, of good the unfathomed sea! Who would not give his heart to thee? Who would not love thee with his might? O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
D. S. With all his strength, to thee unite?

119 *Divine condescension.*

1 O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

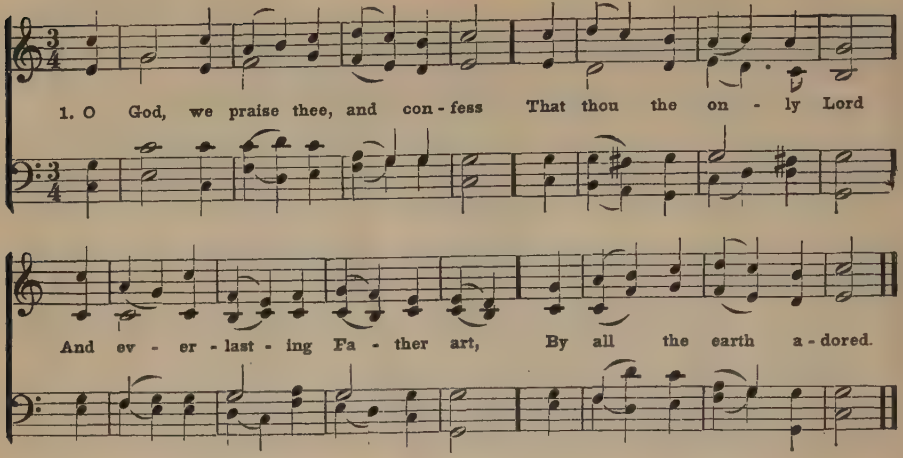
2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams;
On all thy works thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me,—who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is;
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

Johann A. Scheffler. Tr. by J. Wesley.

OXFORD. C. M. WILLIAM COOMBS.



120 *Te Deum laudamus.*

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Nahum Tate.

121 *One God in Three Persons.*

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.

5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts, of all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

122 *All Thy works shall praise thee.*—Ps. 145: 10.

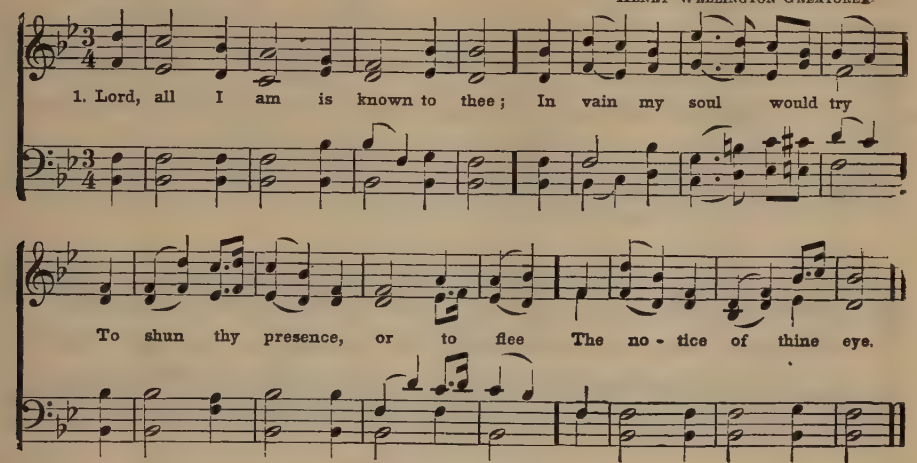
1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine;
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.

Mrs. Amelia Opie.

BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.



123 *Omniscience.*

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

124 *The Author of every perfect gift.*

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

125 *My Father.*

1 O GOD, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

2 I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

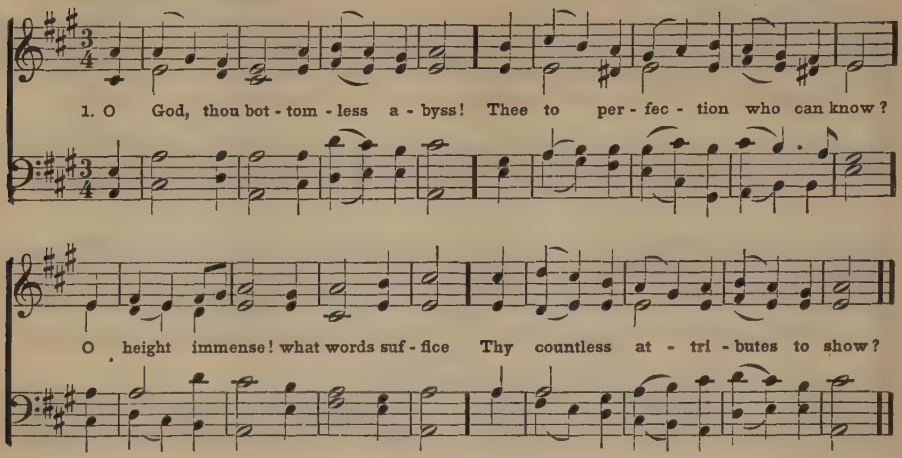
4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

ALL SAINTS. L. M. WILLIAM KNAPP.


1. O God, thou bot - tom - less a - byss! Thee to per - fec - tion who can know?
O height immense! what words suf - fice Thy countless at - tri - butes to show?

126 FIRST PART.

The Unsearchable.

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

4 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

Ernest Lange. Tr. by J. Wesley.

127 SECOND PART.

Wisdom, love, power.

THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Ernest Lange. Tr. by J. Wesley.

128 *Immanuel, God with us.*

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfill;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode forever thine.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

129 *For the grace of the Holy Trinity.*

1 BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
Thou source of life and holy love,
O cheer us with thy sacred beams,
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams.

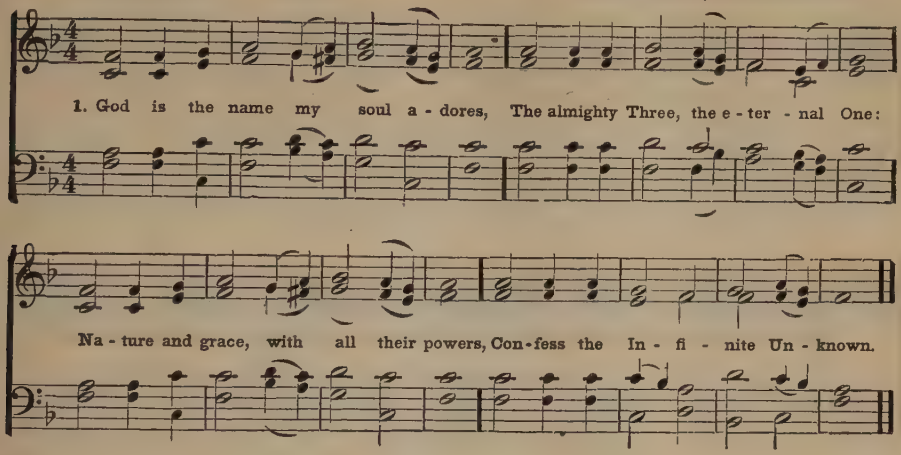
2 O may our lips confess thy name,
Our holy lives thy power proclaim;
With love divine our hearts inspire,
And fill us with thy holy fire.

3 O holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore;
Thy name be praised for evermore.

From the Latin. Tr. by J. Chandler.

HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT, BY LOWELL MASON.


1. God is the name my soul a - dores, The almighty Three, the e - ter - nal One:
Na - ture and grace, with all their powers, Con - fess the In - fi - nite Un - known.

130 *Incomprehensible glory.*

1 GOD is the name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

131 *Jehovah's holiness.*

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee:

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

132 *From everlasting to everlasting.*

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

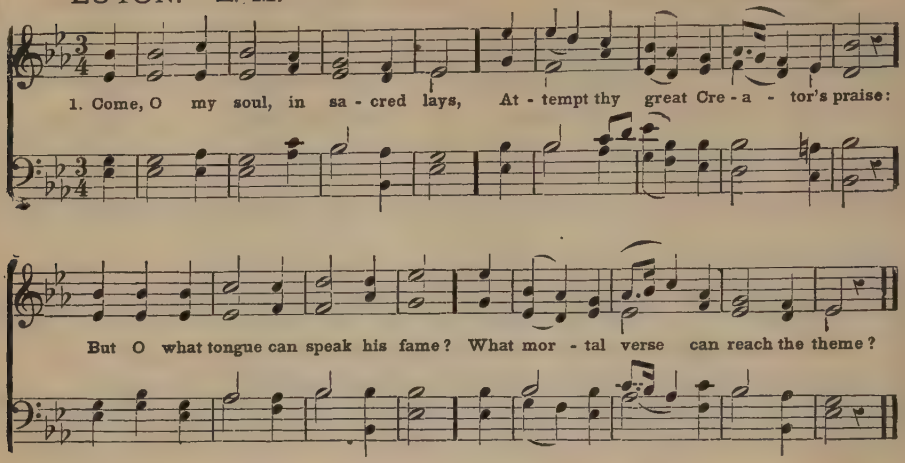
3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Harriet Auber.

LUTON. L. M.

REV. GEORGE BURDER.


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame? What mor - tal verse can reach the theme?

133 *Omnipotence and wisdom.*

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock.

134 *The Lord is King.*

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

5 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder.

135 *Omnipresence.*

1 LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

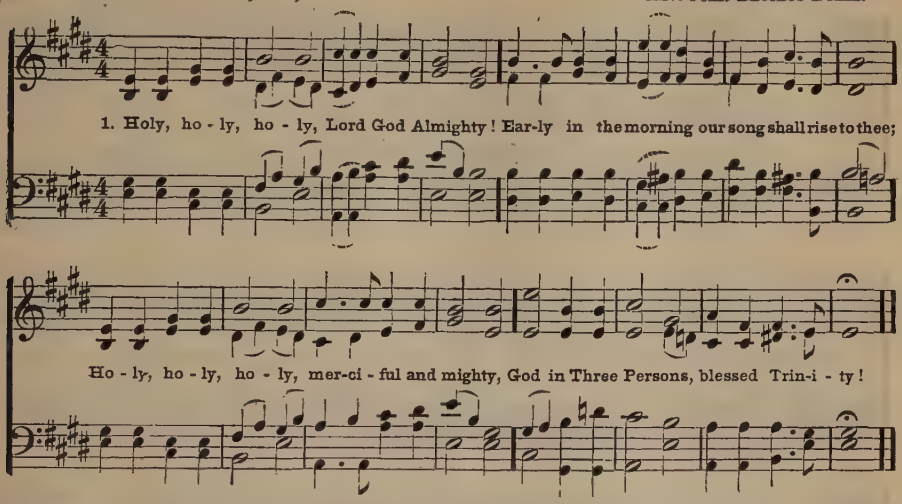
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver W. Holmes.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.


1. Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer-ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

136

Holy, holy, holy.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

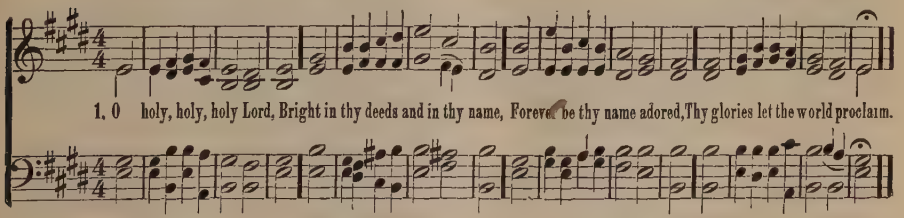
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



137

The Trinity adored.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

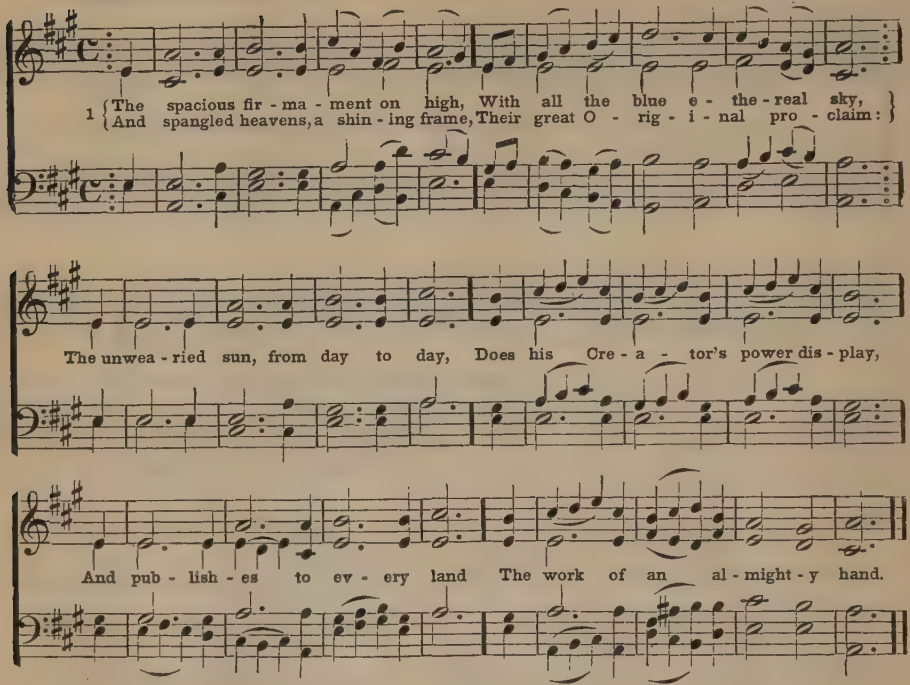
2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

James W. Eastburn.

CREATION. L. M. D. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.


1 The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim:
The unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,
And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - might - y hand.

138 *The heavens declare His glory.*

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

139 *Jehovah's sovereignty.*

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same,
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

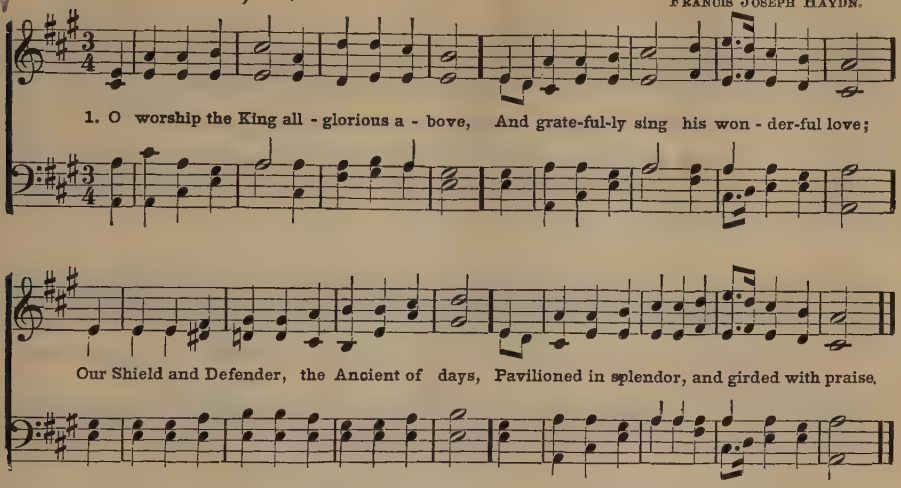
2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid:
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee.
Let all who owe to thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

John Wesley.

LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. O worship the King all - glorious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing his won - der-ful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

140 *Worshiping the King.*

1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir Robert Grant.

141 *The Lord will provide.*

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

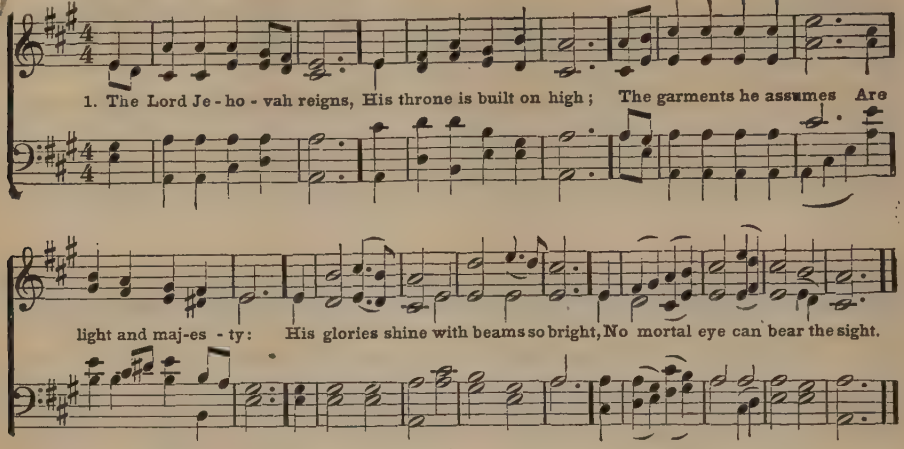
4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

MILLENNIUM. H. M. ENGLISH.


1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are
light and maj-es - ty: His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

142 *Wondrous condescension.*

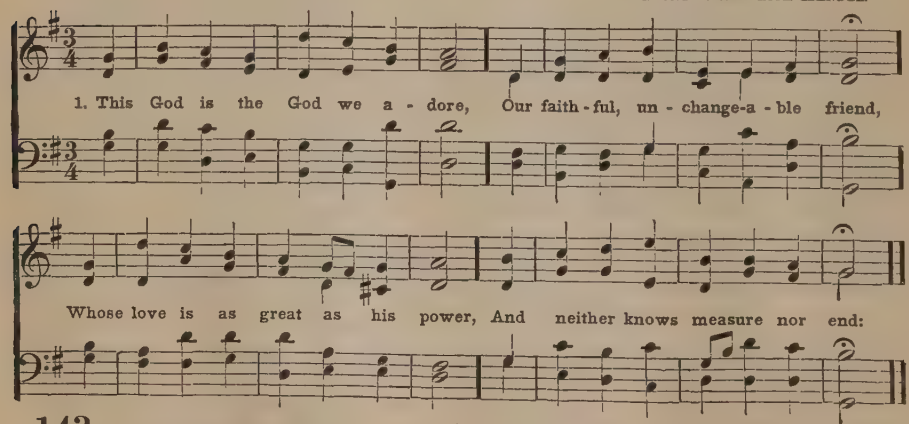
2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

DAVID. 8. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. This God is the God we a - dore, Our faith - ful, un - change-a - ble friend,
Whose love is as great as his power, And neither knows measure nor end:

143 *The changeless Friend.*

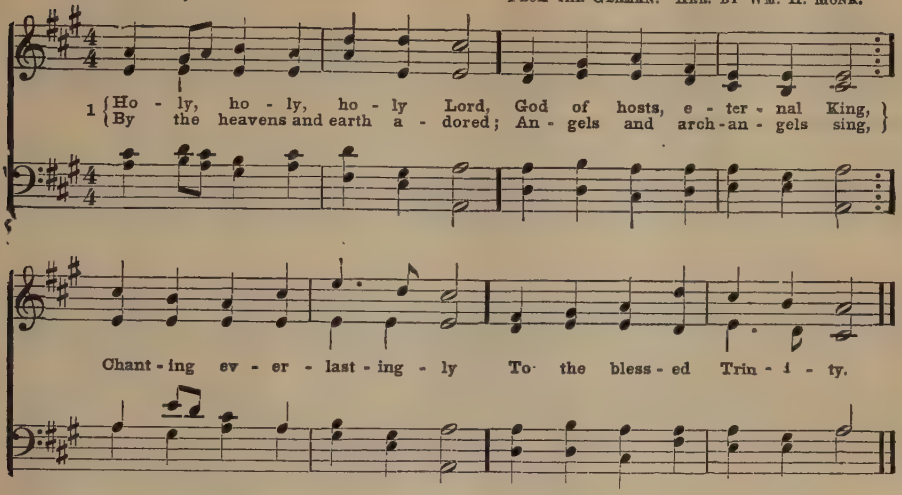
1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart.

DIX. 7, 61.

From the German. Arr. by Wm. H. Monk.


1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heavens and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch-an - gels sing,
Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

144 *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid;
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth

145 *Worship the Creator.*

1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;

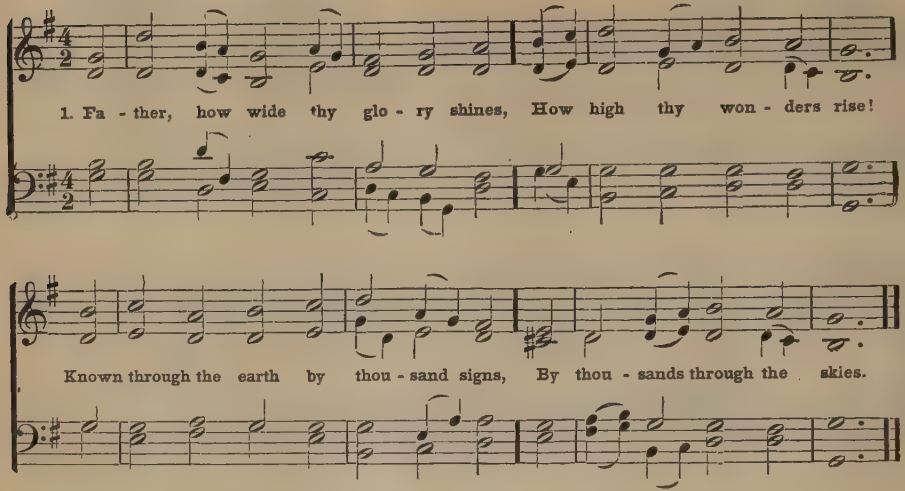
2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
Caused the golden tressèd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
He hath with a pitying eye
Looked upon our misery:
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

STEPHENS. C. M.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.


1. Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy won - ders rise!
Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thou - sands through the skies.

146 *Glory, mercy, grace.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

147 *Majesty and love of God.*

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

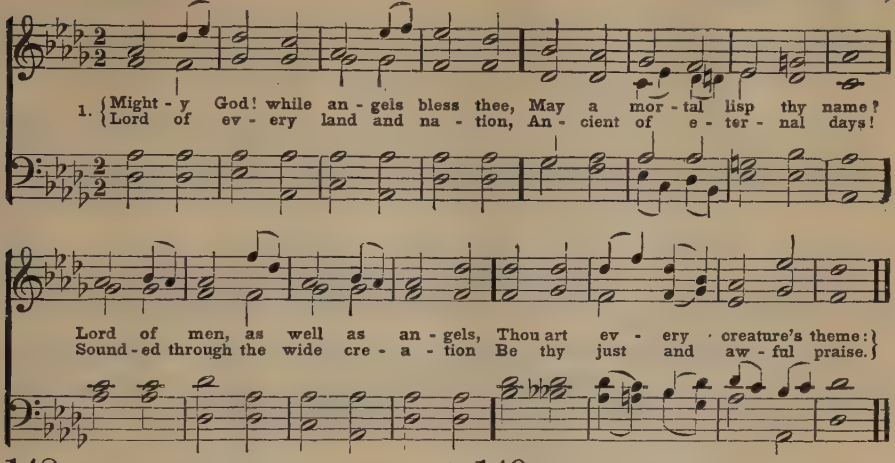
5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

Frederick W. Faber.

WELLESLEY. 8, 7. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.


1. Might - y God! while an - gels bless thee, May a mor - tal lisp thy name?
Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days!
Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery creature's theme:
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and aw - ful praise.

148 *God's glory in creation and redemption.*

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

149 *The wideness of God's mercy.*

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

150 *Unchanging wisdom and love.*

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

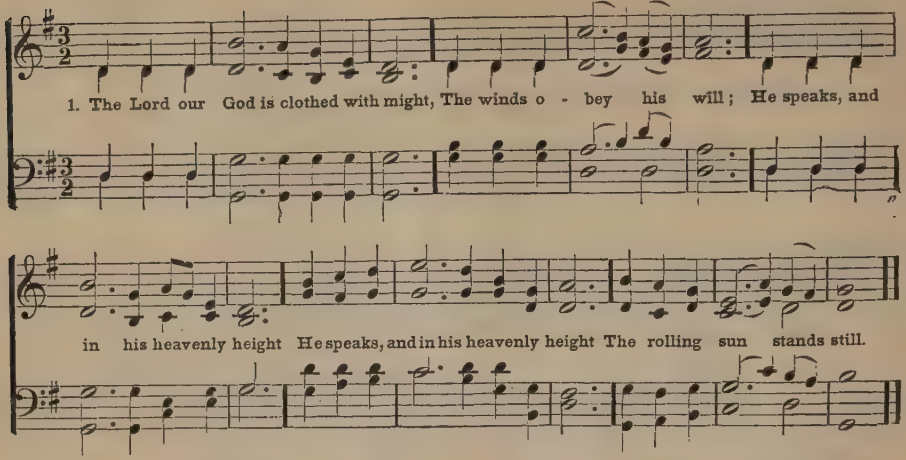
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring

TAPPAN. C. M. * GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will; He speaks, and
in his heavenly height He speaks, and in his heavenly height The rolling sun stands still.

151 *Majesty and providence.*

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebél, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

H. Kirke White.

152 *The Lord is King.*

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty
Upon his holy throne.

Thomas Sternhold.

153 *Praise from all creation.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

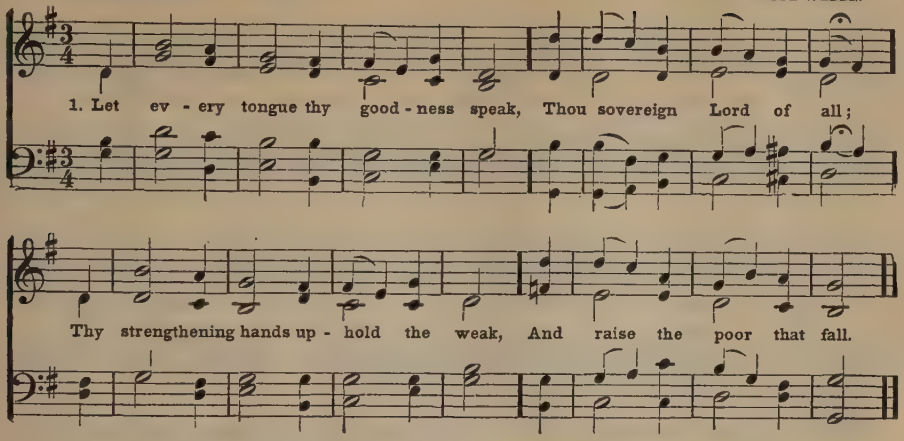
5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

Isaac Watts.

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Let ev - ery tongue thy good - ness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

154 *Goodness and mercy.*

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

155 *The angelic guard.*

1 WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

156 *The twenty-third Psalm.*

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

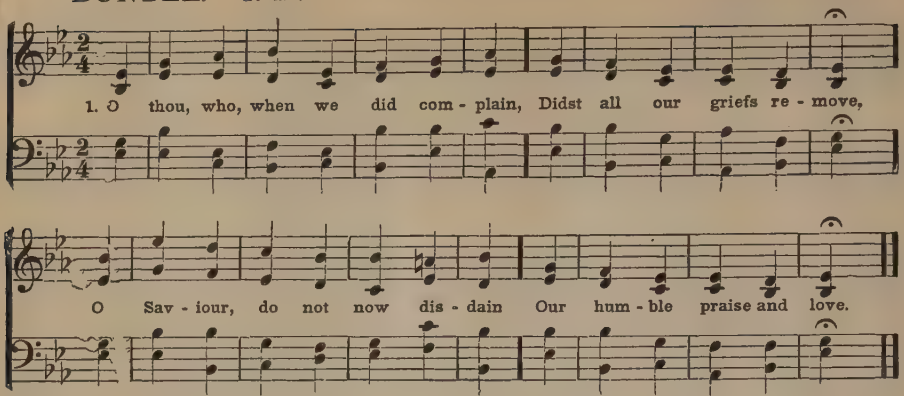
3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC



157 *Rejoicing in deliverance.*

1 O THOU, who, when we did complain,
Didst all our griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
Our humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear us when we prayed,
We'll call upon thee while we live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
Our souls encompassed round;
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On every side we found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, we prayed,
And did for succor flee:
"O save," in our distress we said,
"The souls that trust in thee."

5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How ready to forgive!
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days;
And by thy love we live.

6 Our eyes no longer drowned in tears,
Our feet from falling free,
Redeemed from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, we'll live to thee.

Charles Wesley.

158 *The sure refuge.*

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte.

159 *The only source of blessing.*

1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

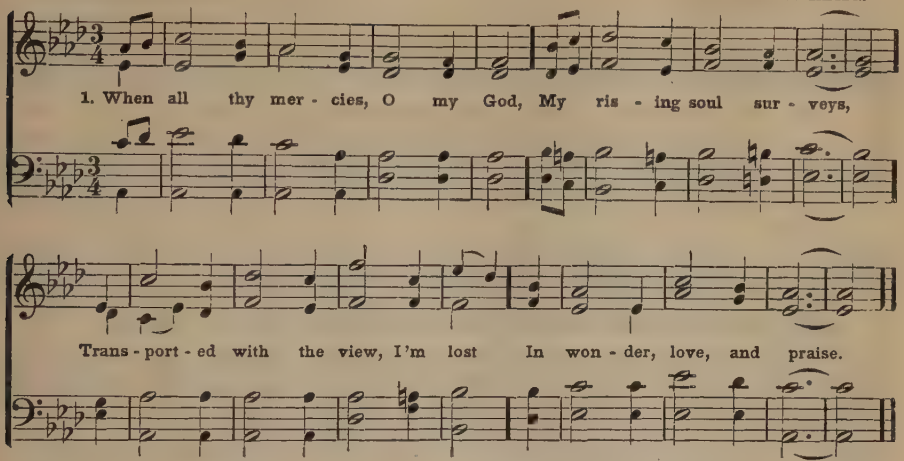
3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

John Thomson.

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.



160 *Gratitude.*

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison

161 *Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself.* Isa. 45: 15.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper

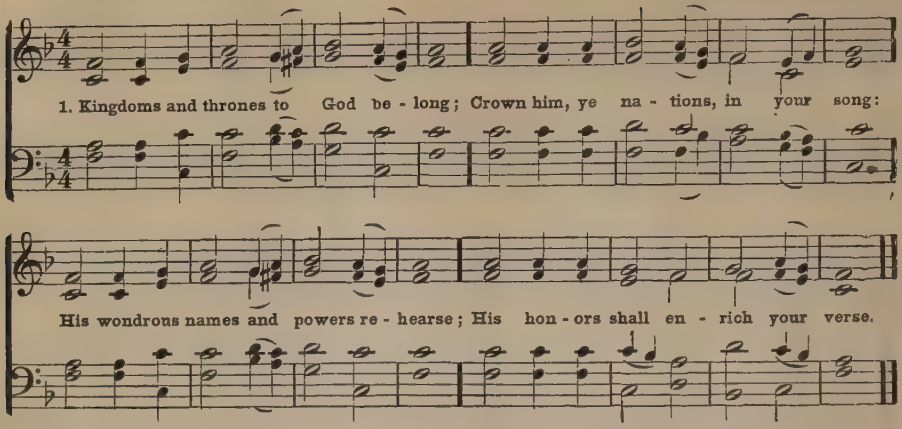
Dozology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Tate and Brady.

HAMBURG. L. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

162 *Crowning God with praise.*

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defense, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

163 *God's presence with his people.*

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott.

164 *The great Provider.*

1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he 'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking.

165 *God our shield.*

1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

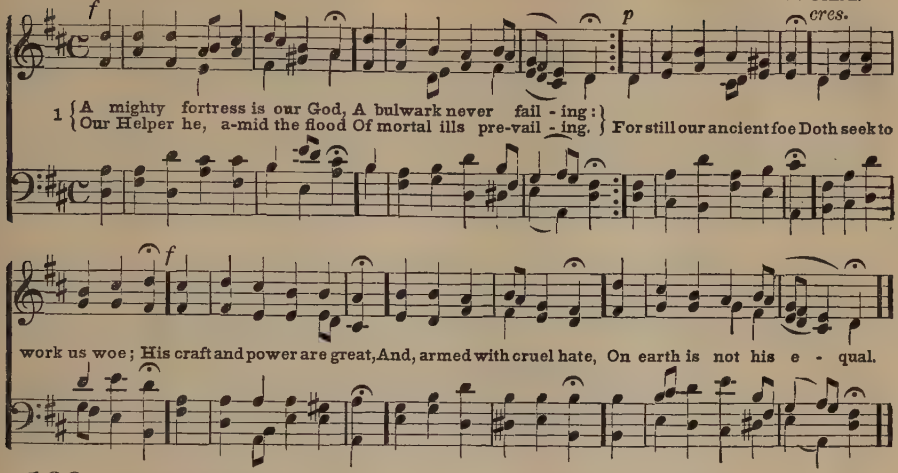
3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armèd throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.

James Montgomery.

FORTRESS. 8, 7, 6.

MARTIN LUTHER.


f
p
cres.
1 {A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing:}
{Our Helper he, a-mid the flood Of mortal ills pre-vail - ing.} For still our ancient foe Doth seek to
f
work us woe; His craft and power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

166 *God a mighty fortress.*

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

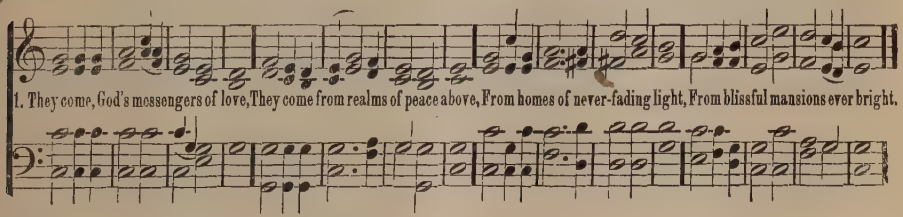
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by F. H. Hedge.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. They come, God's messengers of love, They come from realms of peace above, From homes of never-fading light, From blissful mansions ever bright.

167 *God's messengers of love.*

2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

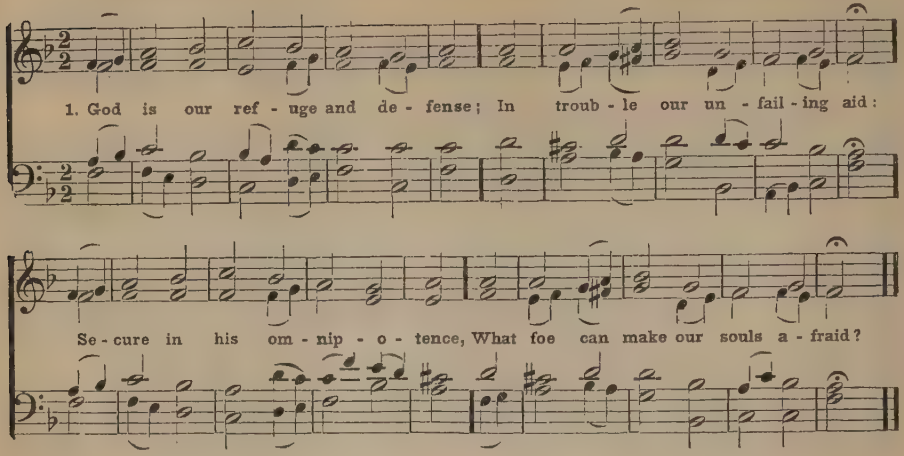
4 Blest Jesus, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn thine angel's aid.

5 An angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by thine own almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

Robert Campbell.

ST. PETER. L. M.

* Arr. from a German Choral.



168 *Security in God.*

1 God is our refuge and defense;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

James Montgomery.

169 *The Saviour's tender care.*

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

170 *Quietness and assurance.*

1 How do Thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

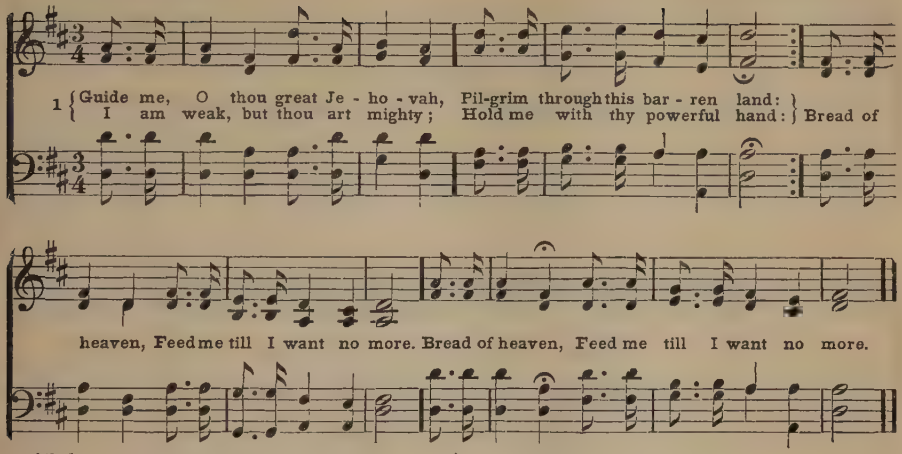
4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone:
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

ZION. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of
heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

171 *The pilgrim's Guide.*

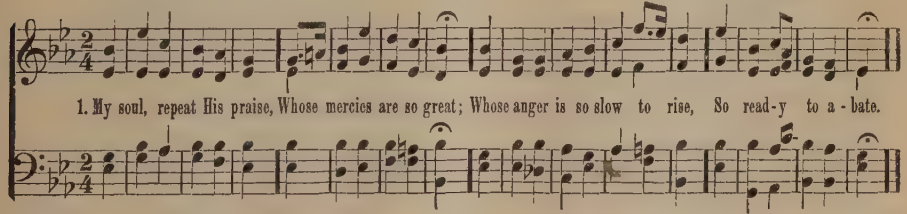
1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

MAGATA. S. M. * REV. JOHN BLACK.



172 *Infinite compassion.*

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

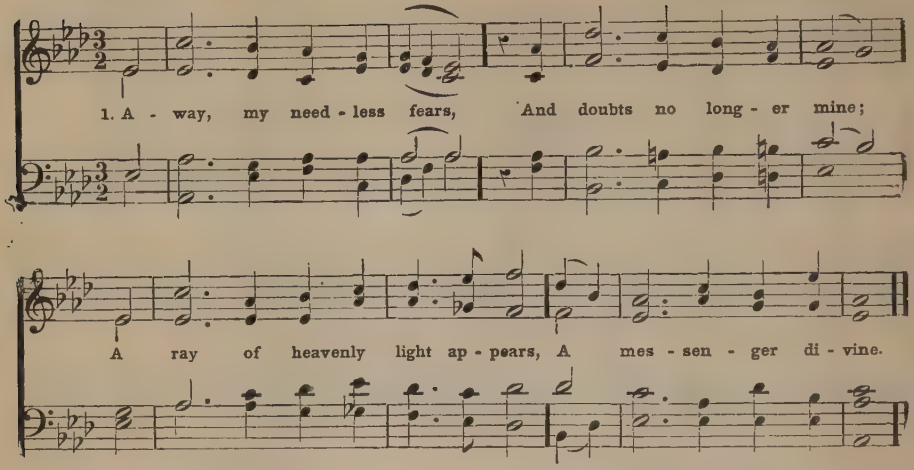
5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

HAYDN. S. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



173 *Omnipotent goodness.*

1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

174 *Through a glass, darkly.*—1 Cor. 13: 12.

1 THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight.
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, alt.

175 *Delight in God.*

1 LORD, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

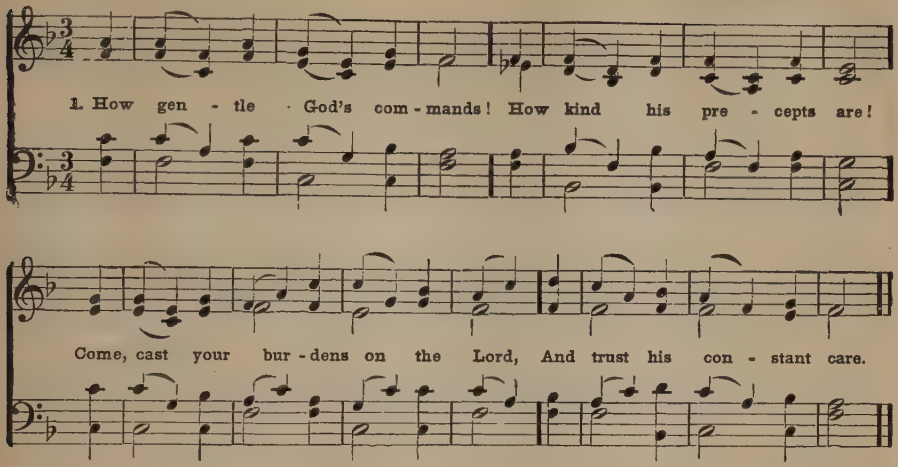
3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland, alt.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.



176 *Thy gentleness hath made me great.*
Ps. 18: 35.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

177 *Afflictions blessed.*

1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

178 *All things in Christ.*

1 THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

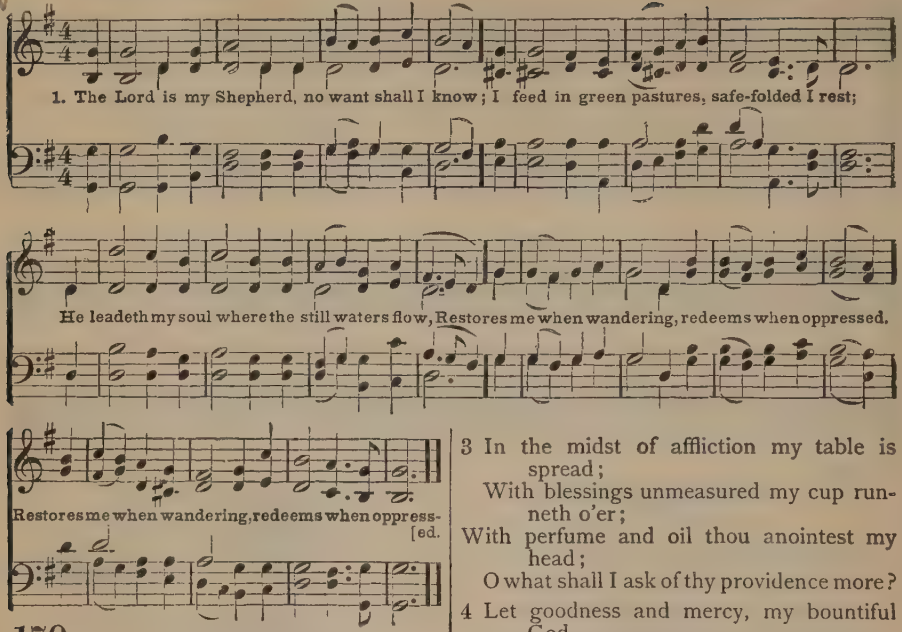
5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Charles Wesley.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

UNKNOWN.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress-
[ed.

179 *The Lord is my Shepherd.*

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

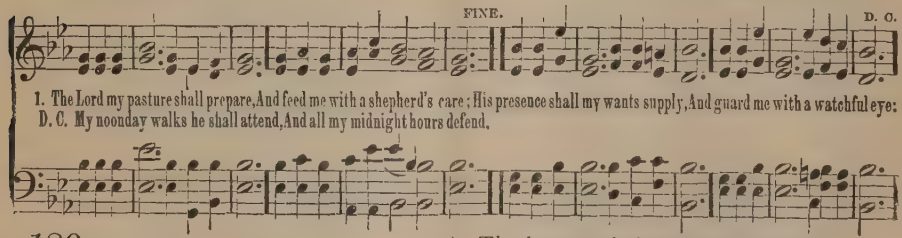
3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


FINE.
D. C.
1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye:
D. C. My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

180 *The Shepherd of Israel.*

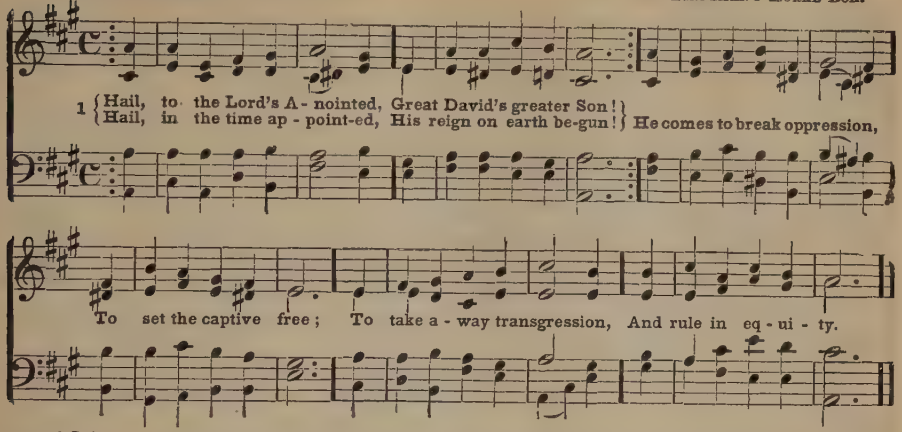
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

ST. JAMES. 7, 6. FROM LINDEMAN'S KORAL BOK.


1 Hail, to the Lord's A - nointed, Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free; To take a - way transgression, And rule in eq - ui - ty.

181 *The glories of Christ's kingdom.*

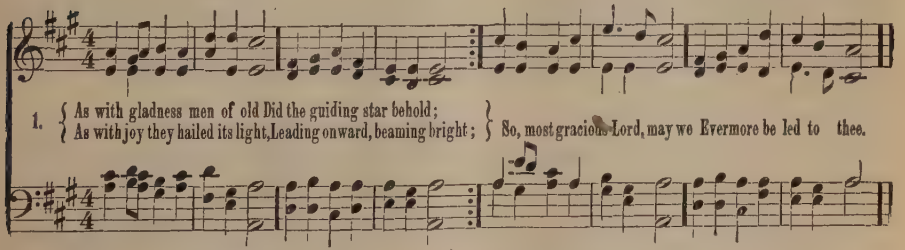
2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

DIX. 7. 61. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

182 *The guiding star.*

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

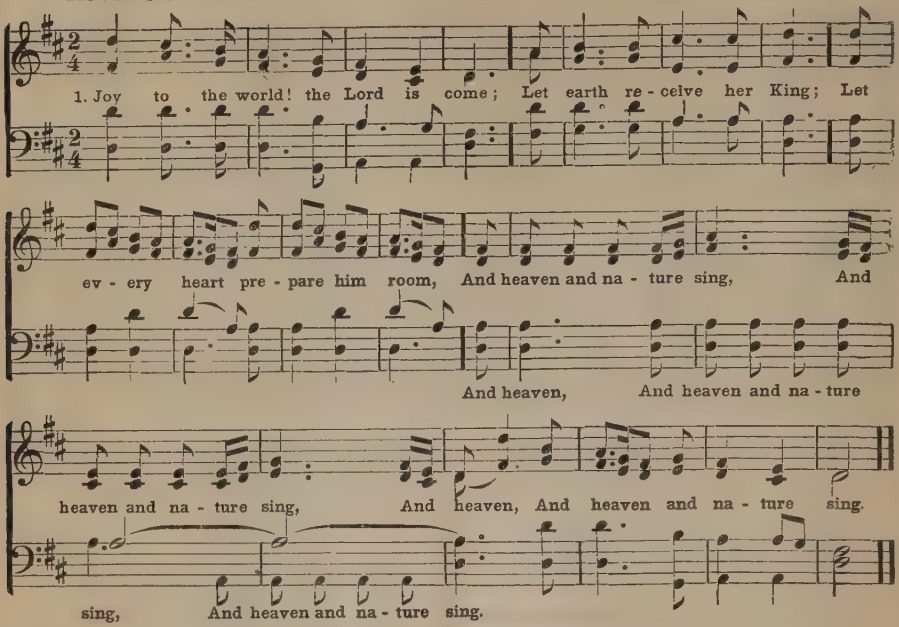
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

William C. Dix.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

* Arr. from George Frederick Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
And heaven, And heaven and na - ture
heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.
sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

183 *Joy to the world.*

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

184 *Wonderful, Counselor.*—Isa. 9: 6.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

John Morrison.

185 *The Saviour's advent.*

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

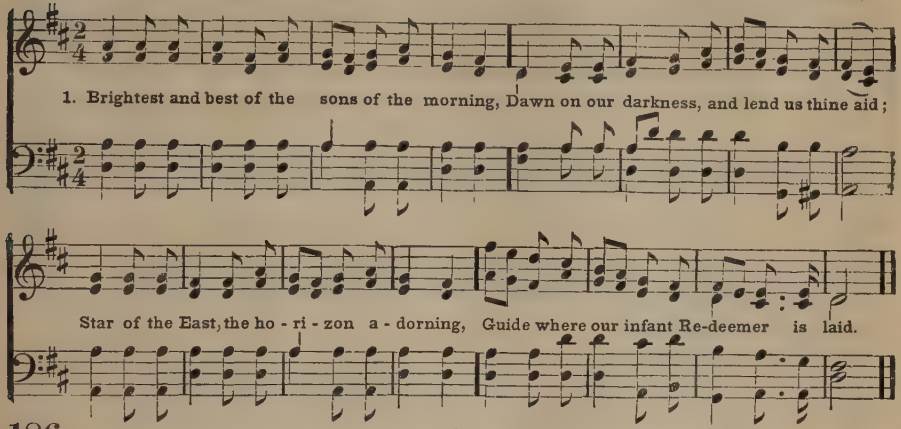
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

HANOVER. 11, 10.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our infant Re-deemer is laid.

186 *The star in the East.*

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

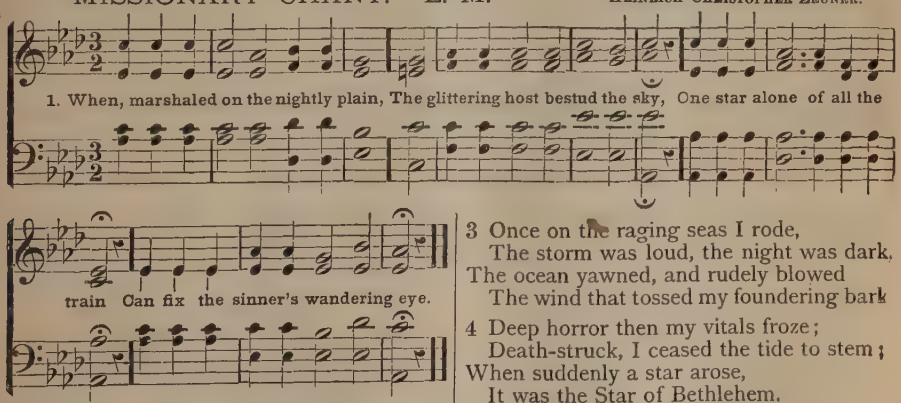
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.


1. When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One star alone of all the
train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

187 *Star of Bethlehem.*

1 WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

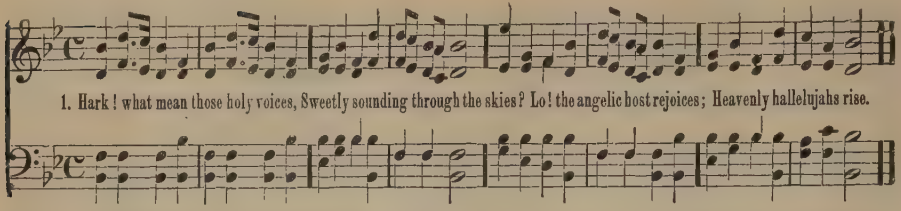
5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

H. Kirke White.

WILMOT. 8, 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.


1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

188 *Peace on earth, good-will to men.*

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

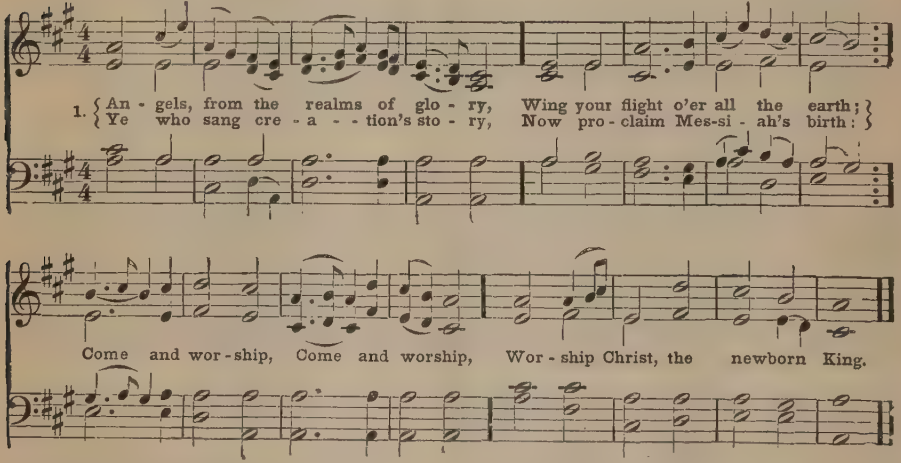
4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

John Cawood.

HELMSLEY. 8, 7, 4.

REV. THOMAS OLIVERS.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes-si - ah's birth:
Come and wor - ship, Come and worship, Wor - ship Christ, the newborn King.

189 *Adoring the holy Child.*

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

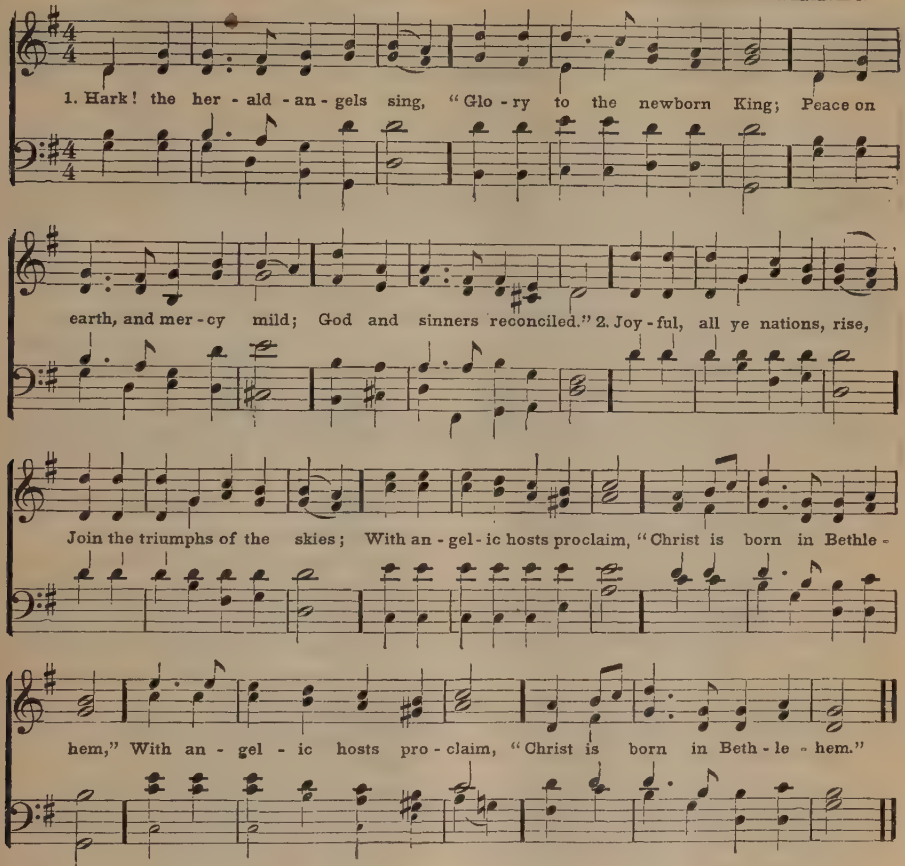
3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

James Montgomery

HERALD ANGELS. 7. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the newborn King; Peace on
earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sinners reconciled." 2. Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethle -
hem," With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

190

God incarnate.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Charles Wesley.

191

Prince of peace.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

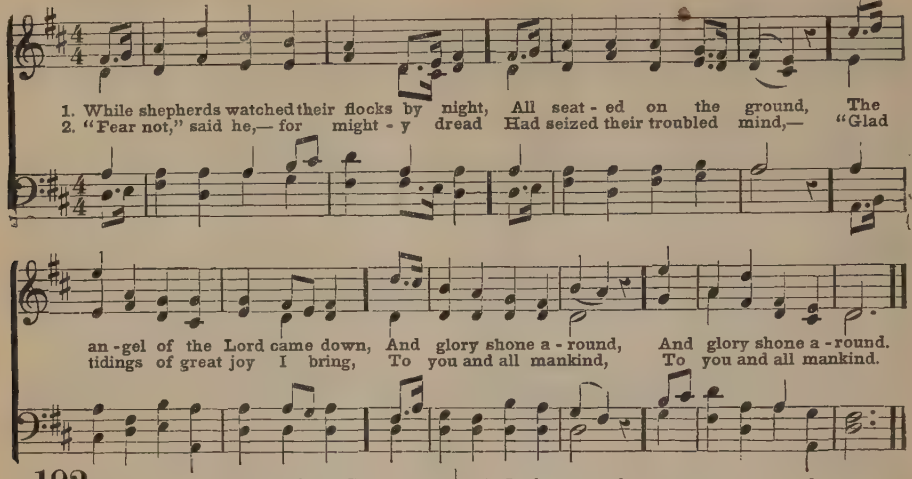
2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, the incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery

CHRISTMAS. C. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round, And glory shone a - round.
tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.

192 *Good tidings of great joy.*—Luke 2: 10.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Tate and Brady.

193 *Glory to God in the highest.*

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

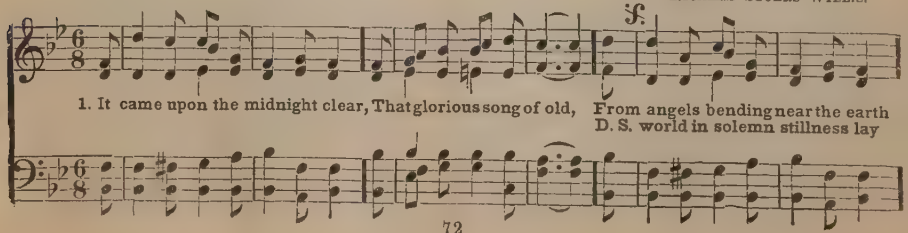
5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

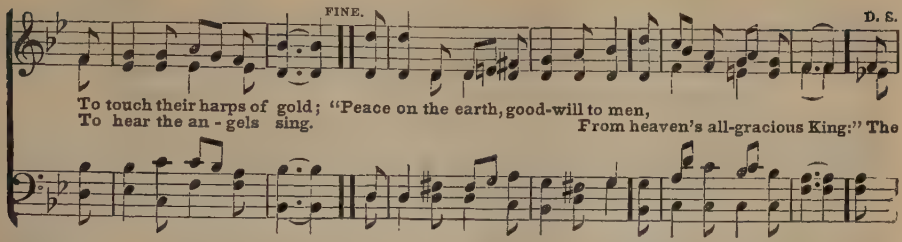
7 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

CAROL. C. M. D. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.


1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth
D. S. world in solemn stillness lay

CAROL. C. M. *(Concluded.)*


FINE.
D. S.
To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
To hear the an - gels sing.
From heaven's all-gracious King:" The

194

Christmas carol.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

195

Christmas anthem.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

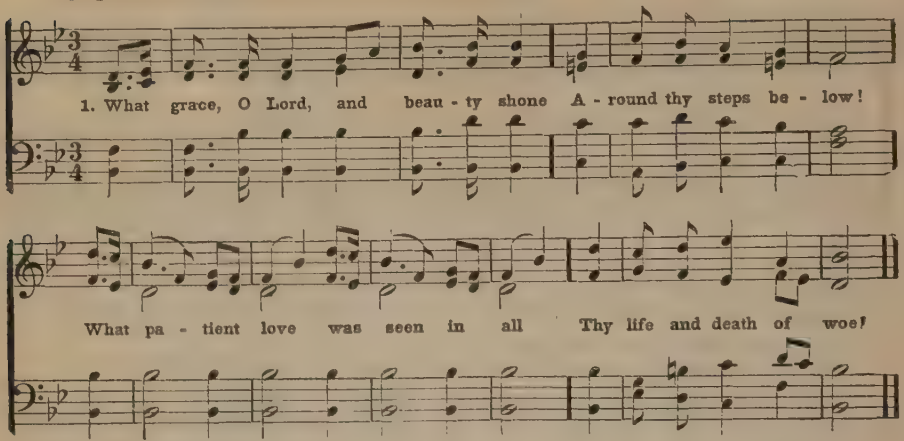
3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the newborn light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

5 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Edmund H. Sears.

NOEL. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



196 *Patience of Jesus.*

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Sir Edward Denny.

197 *A present help.*

1 WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

198 *The Transfiguration.*

1 THE chosen three, on mountain height,
While Jesus bowed in prayer,
Beheld his vesture glow with light,
His face shine wondrous fair.

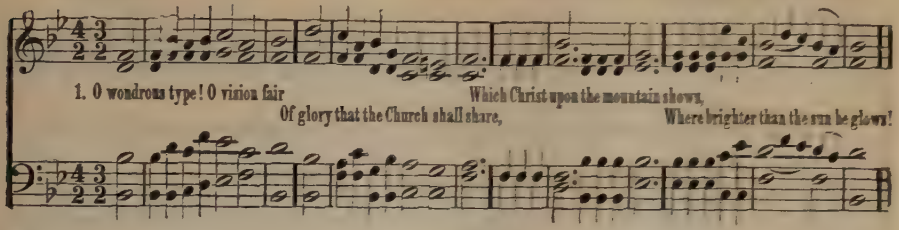
2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
Leader and seer they saw;
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
The giver of the law.

3 From the low-bending cloud above,
Whence radiant brightness shone,
Spake out the Father's voice of love,
"Hear my beloved Son!"

4 Lord, lead us to the mountain height;
To prayer's transfiguring glow;
And clothe us with the Spirit's might
For grander work below.

David H. Ela.

AMES. L. M. From Sigismund Neukomm, arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O wondrous type! O vision fair
Which Christ upon the mountain shown,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

199 *The Transfiguration.*

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory face to face.

Sarum Breviary. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

200 *Hermon.*

1 O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur P. Stanley.

201 *Receive thy sight.*—Luke 18: 42.

1 When the blind suppliant in the way
By friendly hands to Jesus led,
Prayed to behold the light of day,
"Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

2 At once he saw the pleasant rays
That lit the glorious firmament;
And, with firm step and words of praise,
He followed where the Master went.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids, and say
The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
Where walked the sinless Son of God;
And, aided by new strength from thee,
Press onward in the path he trod.

William C. Bryant.

202 *Meekness of Christ.*

1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

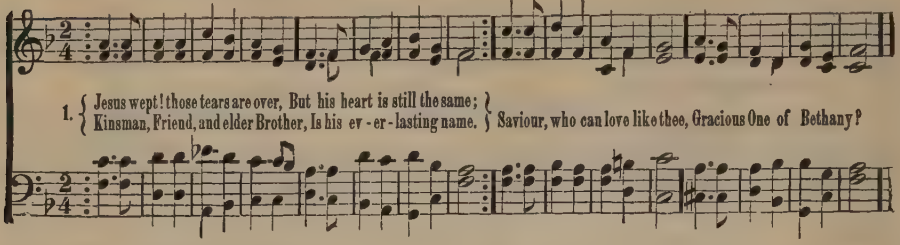
3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

ST. JOSEPH. 8, 7, 7. H. H. STATHAM.


1. { Jesus wept! those tears are over, But his heart is still the same; } { Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Bethany?
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is his ev-er-lasting name. }

203 *The tears of Jesus.*

1 JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

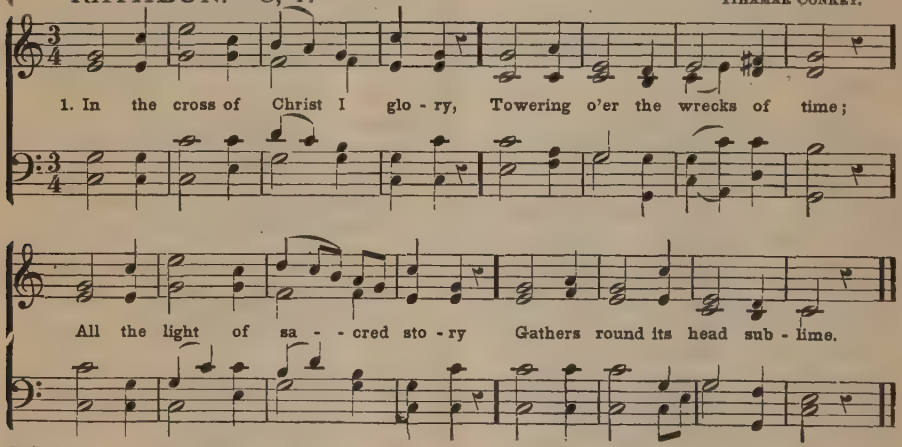
2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Sir Edward Denny.

RATHBUN. 8, 7. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa--cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.

204 *Glorying in the cross.*

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

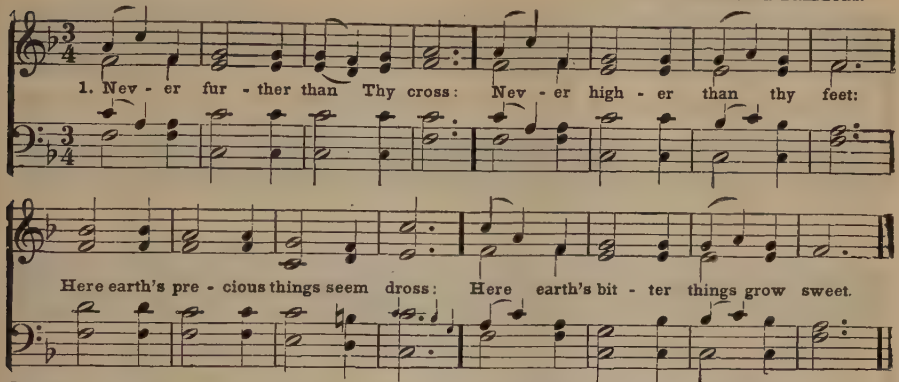
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring.

ALETTA. 7.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Nev - er fur - ther than Thy cross: Nev - er high - er than thy feet:
Here earth's pre - cious things seem dross: Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet.

205 *Lessons of the cross.*

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet,

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

206 *Sinai, Tabor, Calvary.*

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

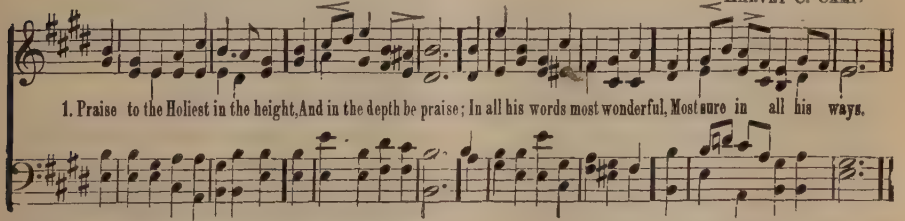
3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery.

DYER. C. M.

HARVEY C. CAMP.



207 *The second Man is the Lord from heaven.* 1 Cor. 15: 47.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

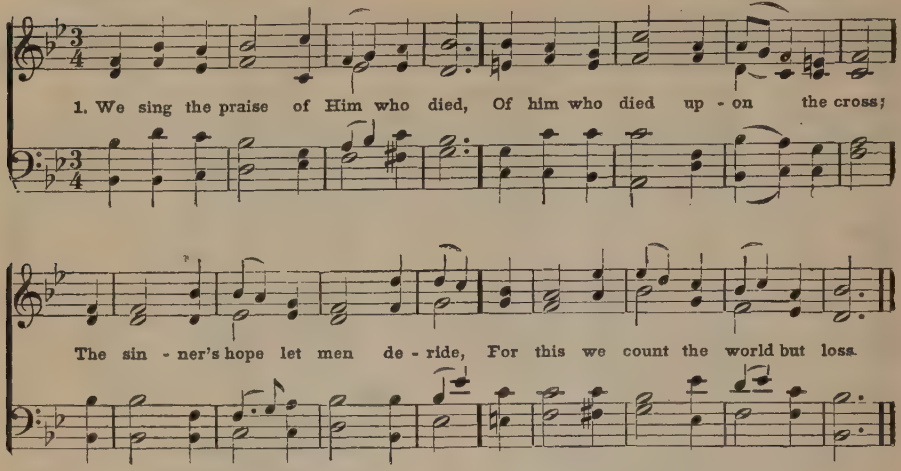
3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should arrive and should prevail.

4 O generous love! that he, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

John H. Newman.

GERMANY. L. M. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.


1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of him who died up - on the cross;
The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

208 *The power of the cross.*

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly.

209 *The hidings of the Father's face.*

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

J. W. Cunningham.

210 *Atonement made.*

1 'TIS finished! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

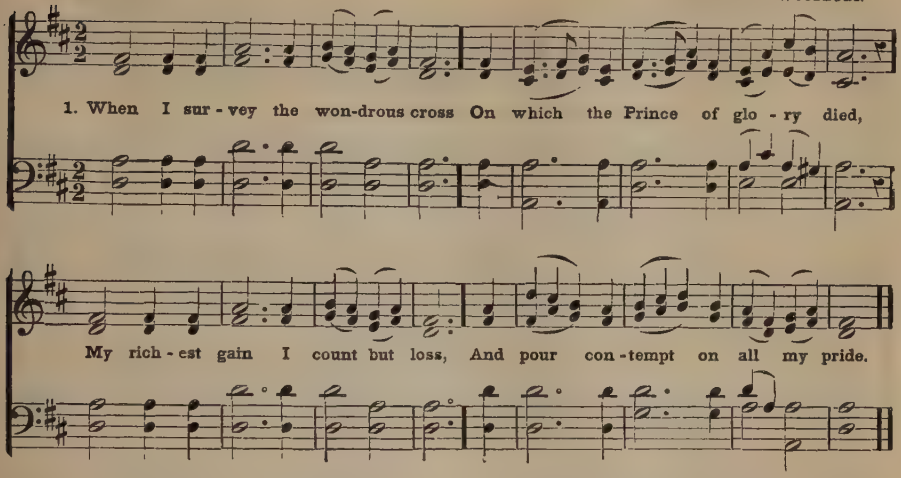
4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead the atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

Charles Wesley.

EUCHARIST. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

211

Glorying in the cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

212

Christ crucified.

1 EXTENDED on a curséd tree,
Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

213

Gazing on the cross.

1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

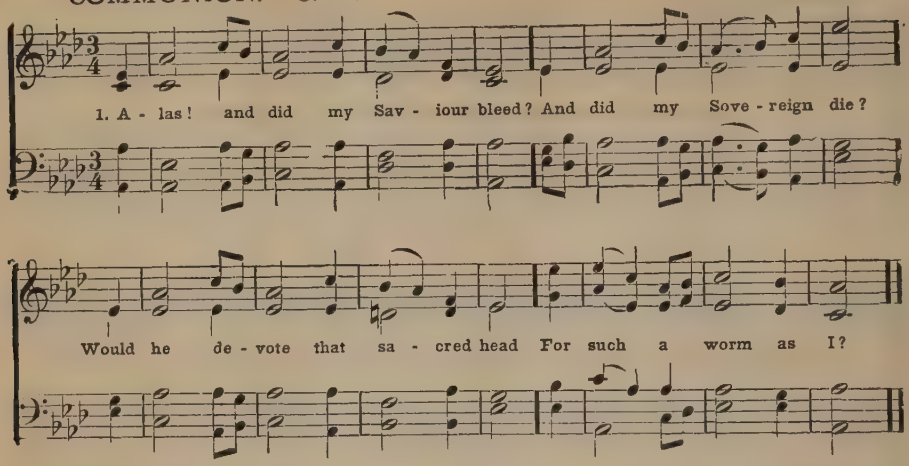
2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds
And the rough way that thou hast trod
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

William W. How.

COMMUNION. C. M. STEPHEN JENKS.



214 *Godly sorrow at the cross.*

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

215 *He died for thee.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley.

216 *God manifest in the flesh.*

1 WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant, thou suffering Son of man,
Thy streaming blood divine?

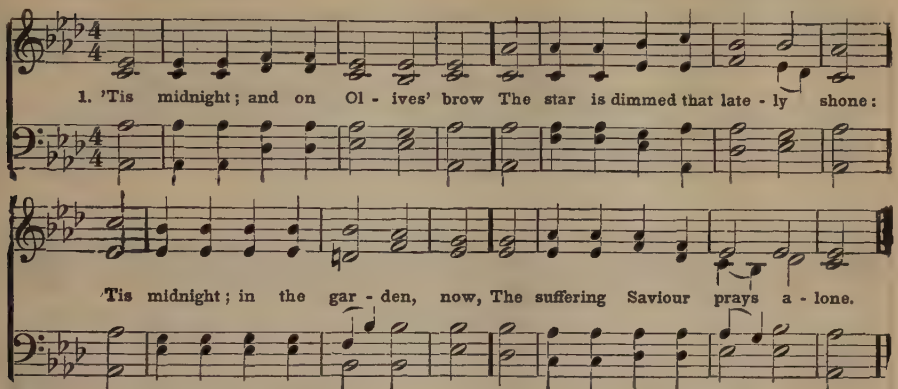
4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?

Charles Wesley

OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

217 *Christ in Gethsemane.*

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

218 *Prophecy fulfilled.*

1 "'TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

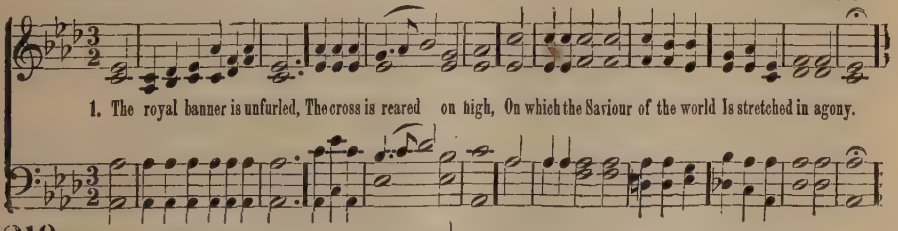
3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett, alt.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



219 *Hail, holy cross!*

2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

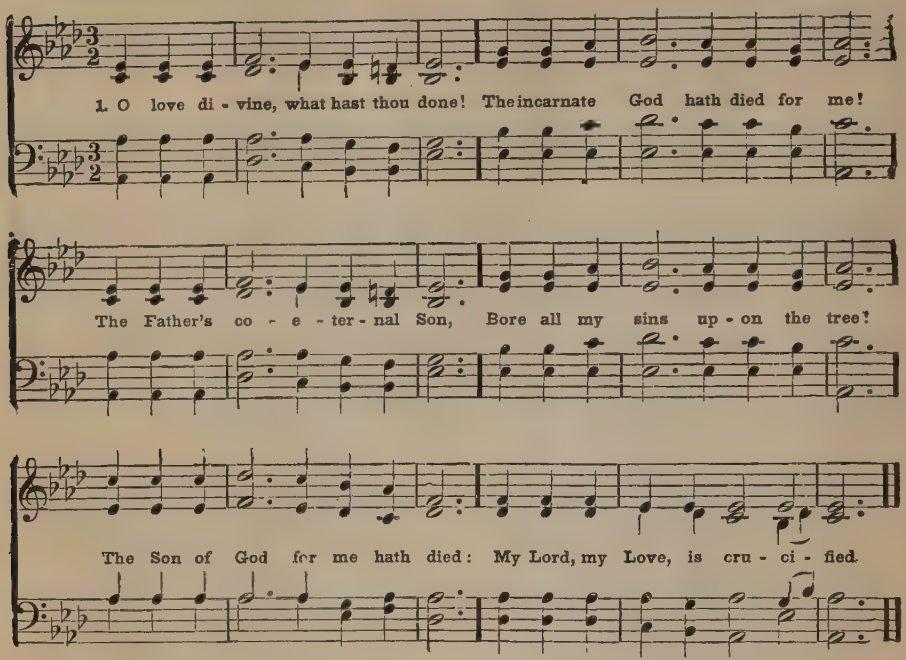
3 And see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 Jehovah, we thy name adore,
In thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
The triumphs of the cross.

Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. by J. Chandler.

SELENA. L. M. 61. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


1. O love di - vine, what hast thou done! The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co - e - ter - nal Son, Bore all my sins up - on the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

220 *Transcendent love.*

1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

221 *Sovereign love.*

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me;
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live."

2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live
In us a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

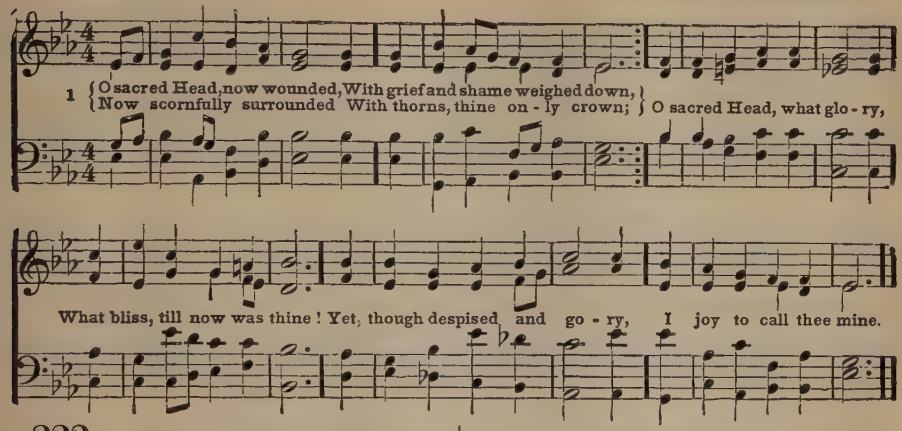
3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love, for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

MUNICH. 7, 6.

ARR. MENDELSSOHN


1 {O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
{Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine on - ly crown;} O sacred Head, what glo - ry,
What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

222 *Crowned with thorns.*

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

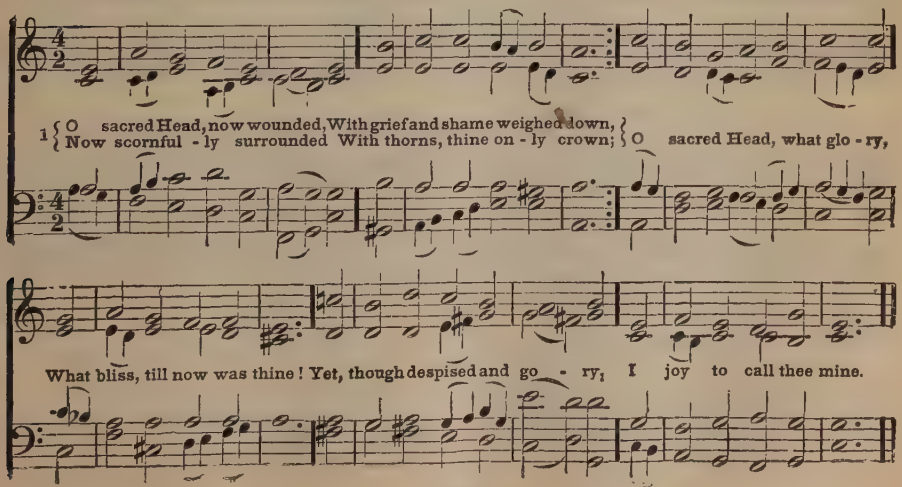
3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying;
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

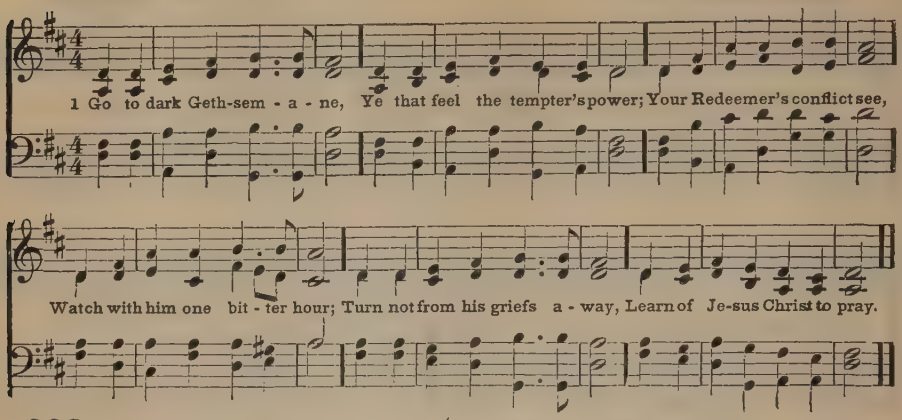
Bernard of Clairvaux, Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by J. W. Alexander.

PASSION CHORALE. 7, 6.

HANS LEO HASSLER.


1 {O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
{Now scornful - ly surrounded With thorns, thine on - ly crown; {O sacred Head, what glo - ry,
What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

GETHSEMANE. 7, 61. RICHARD REDHEAD.


1 Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from his griefs a - way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.

223 *Christ our exemplar.*

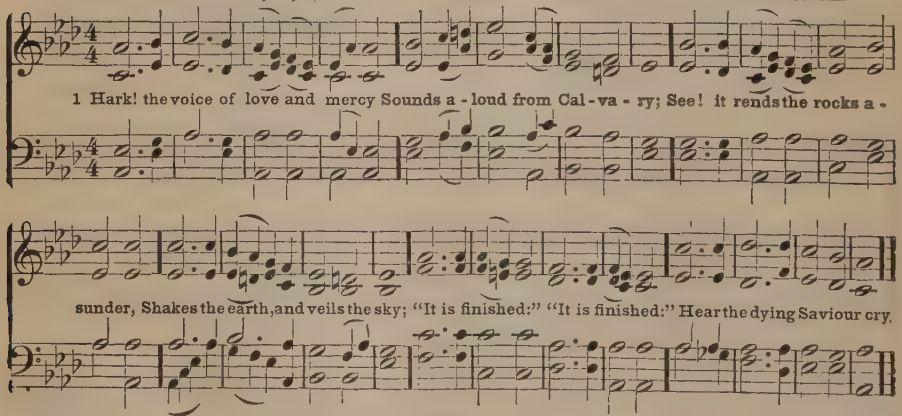
2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

James Montgomery.

CALVARY. 8, 7, 4. SAMUEL STANLEY.


1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See! it rends the rocks a -
sunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; "It is finished:" "It is finished:" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

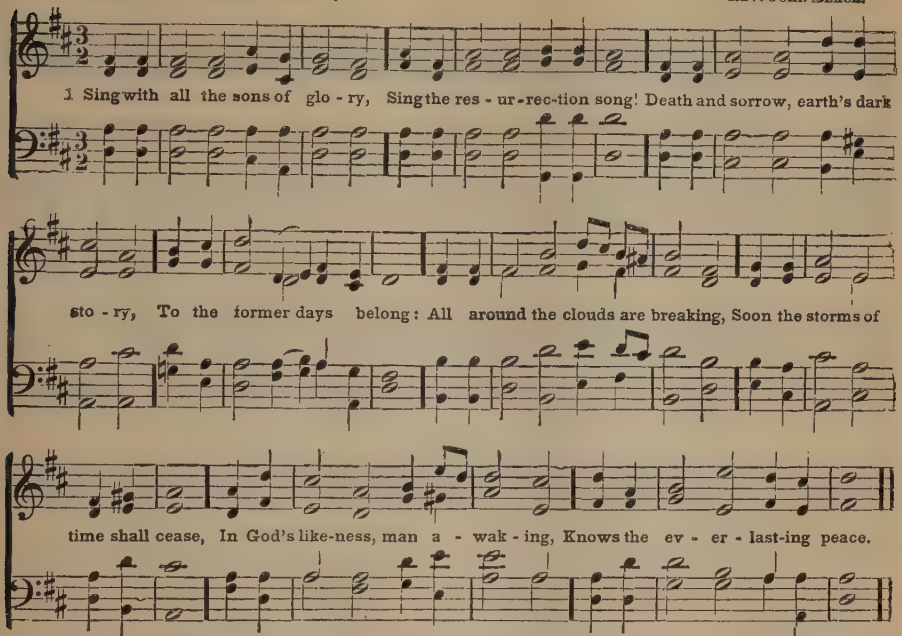
224 *It is finished.*

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished:"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

SUMMERSIDE. 8, 7. D. * Rev. John Black.


1 Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! Death and sorrow, earth's dark
sto - ry, To the former days belong: All around the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of
time shall cease, In God's like-ness, man a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last-ing peace.

225 *Easter anthem.*

1 Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith: what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

William J. Irons.

226 *Jesus, victor over death.*

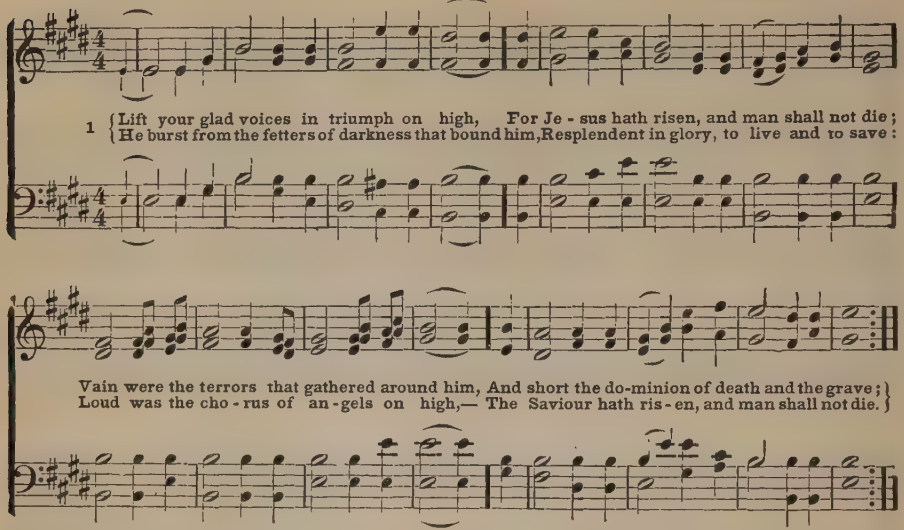
1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
‖: Joyful tidings! :‖
‖: Yes, the Lord has risen to-day. :‖

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King.
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring

Thomas Kelly.

RESURRECTION. 10, 11, 12. * ARR. FROM JOHN EDGAR GOULD.


1 {Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath risen, and man shall not die;
{He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
{Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the do-minion of death and the grave;
{Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Saviour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.}

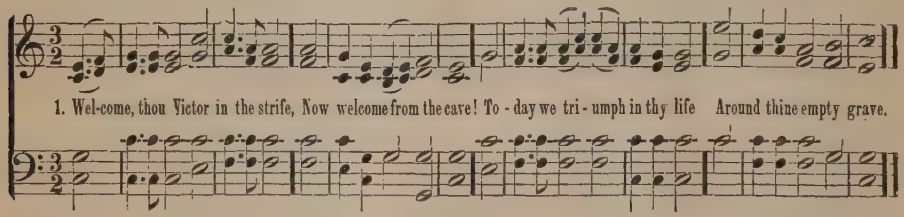
227 *The voice of triumph.*

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Henry Ware, Jr.

TAMAR. C. M. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



228 *Christ, the Conqueror.*

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 O let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

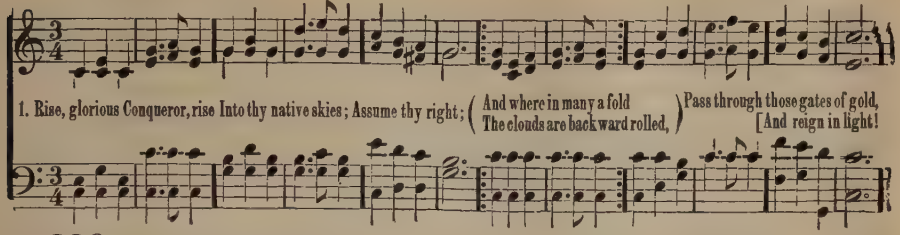
4 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

5 We die with thee: O let us live
Henceforth to thee aright;
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

DORT. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.


1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise Into thy native skies; Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light!

229 *Ascension hymn.*

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies;
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold
And reign in light!

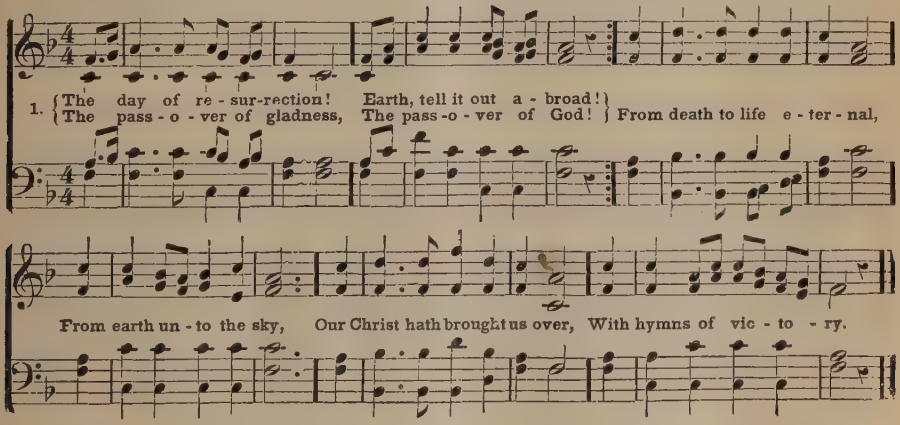
2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges.

MENDEBAS. 7, 6. GERMAN MELODY. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. The day of re - sur-rection! Earth, tell it out a - broad!
The pass - o - ver of gladness, The pass - o - ver of God!
From death to life e - ter - nal,
From earth un - to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

230 *Resurrection hymn.*

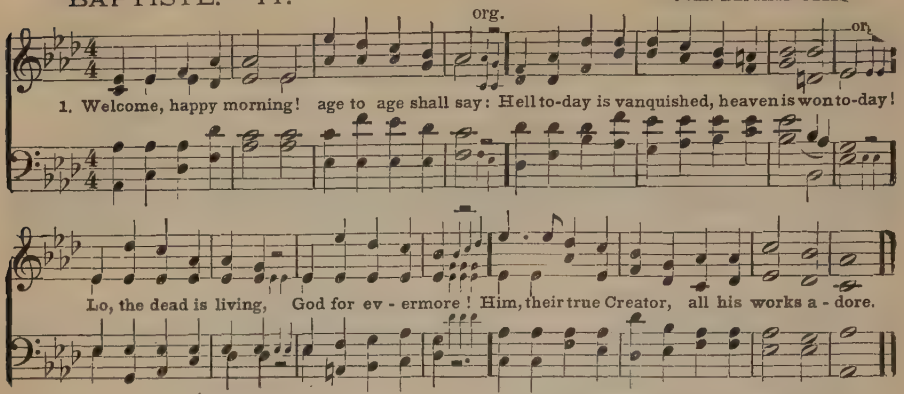
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

BAPTISTE. 11.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.


org.
1. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo, the dead is living, God for ev - ermore! Him, their true Creator, all his works a - dore.

231 *Easter chant.*

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.

3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

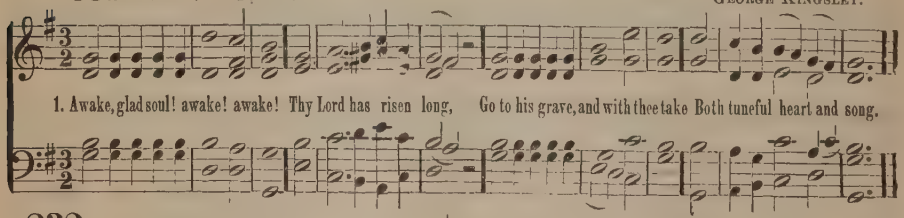
4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word,
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, my buried Lord!

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. by J. Ellerton.
[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

COLMAN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



232 *Rejoicing in the risen Christ.*

2 Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

3 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey.

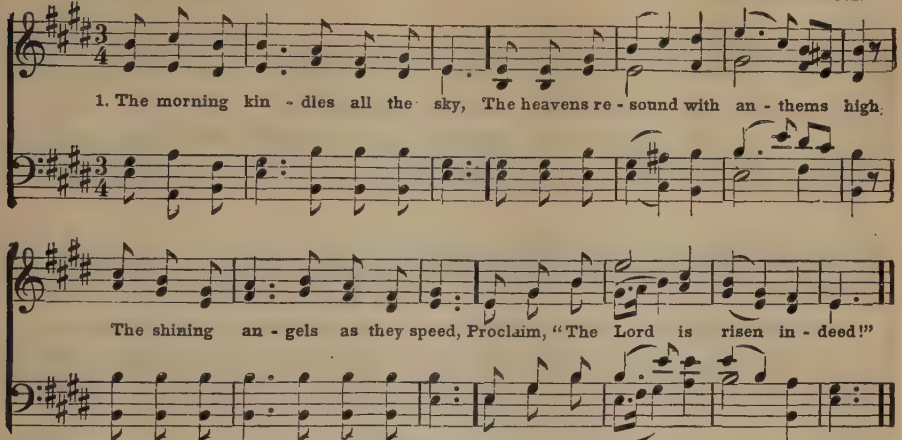
4 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

5 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awak
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take,
And comfort in his word:

6 And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise—
Christ died, and rose for me.

John S. B. Monsell.

LOWRY. L. M. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. The morning kin - dles all the sky, The heavens re - sound with an - thems high,
The shining an - gels as they speed, Proclaim, "The Lord is risen in - deed!"

233 *Majestic triumph over the grave.*

1 THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The shining angels as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiléd tomb,
In pomp of triumph, he has come!

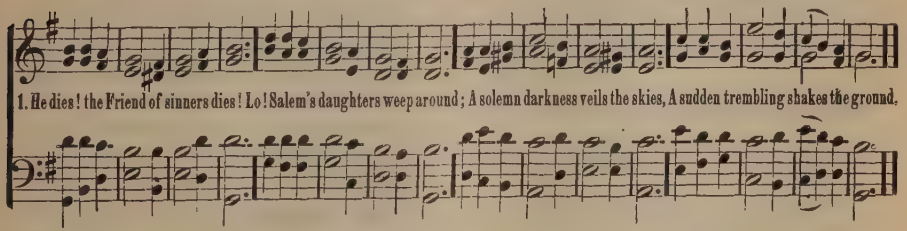
3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His piercéd hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait:
Help us to render praises due,
To thee the endless ages through!

Ambrosian. Tr. by Mrs. E. Charles.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

234 *Dying, rising, reigning.*

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

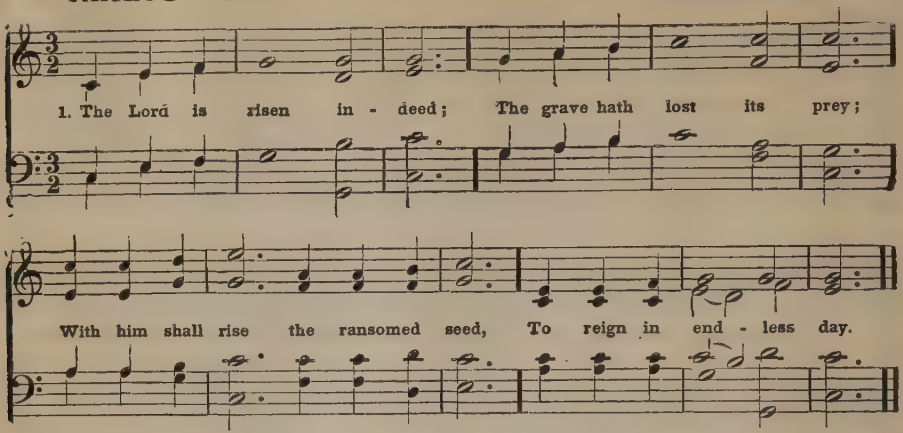
4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains:

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where 's thy sting?"
And, "Where 's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

RIALTO. S. M. GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT.



235 *Joy in His resurrection.*

1 THE Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

236 *Gone into heaven.*

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 O by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke.

[L. M. Tune, Ware. Page 91.]

237 *The King of glory.*

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky:
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

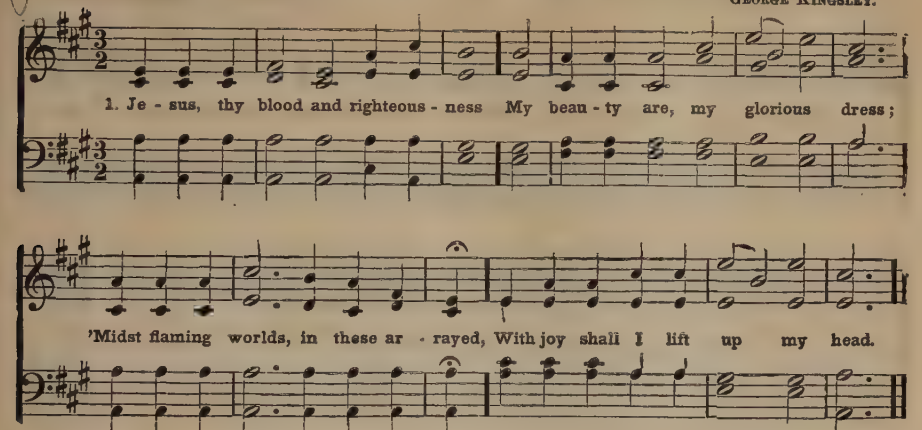
2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!"

Charles Wesley.

WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteous - ness My beau - ty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

238 *Sufficiency of the atonement.*

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

239 *An advocate with the Father.*

1 John 2: 1.

1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine,

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

Charles Wesley.

240 *Christ, King and Creator.*

1 O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust thy word,
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls.

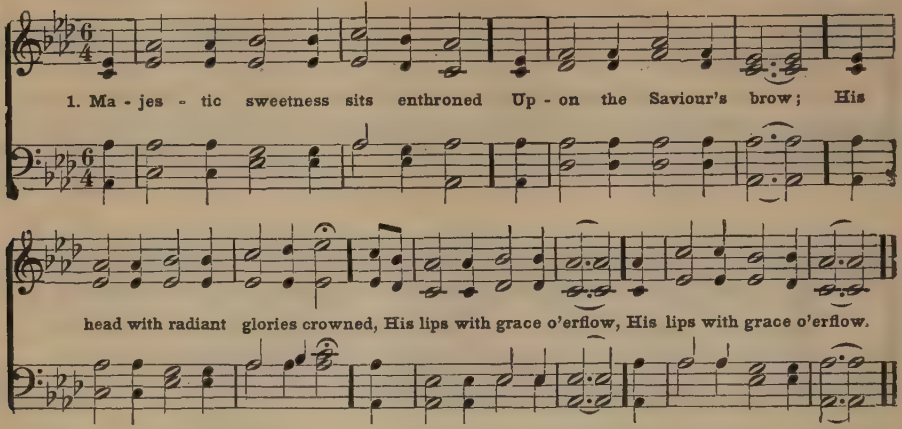
3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by R. Palmer.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His
head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

241 *Majestic sweetness.*

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

[L. M. Tune, Uxbridge. Page 109.]

242 *Life in Christ.*

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

[H. M. Tune, Christ Church. Page 98.]

243 *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

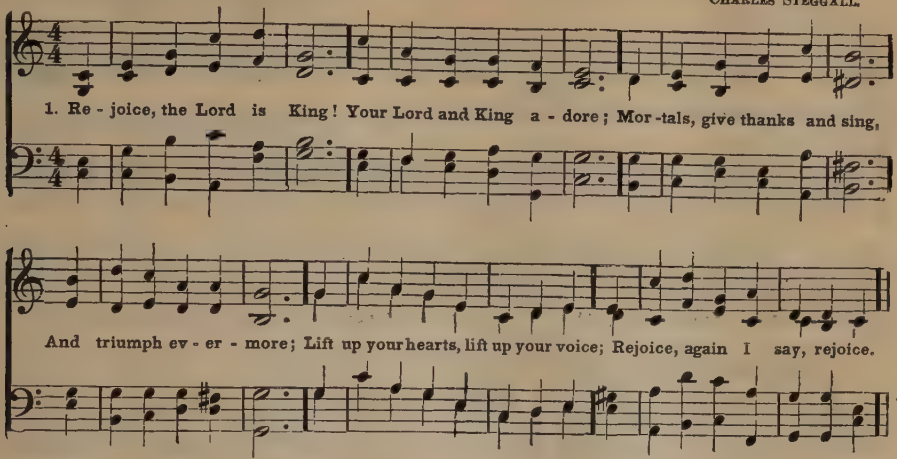
3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts

CHRIST CHURCH. H. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL.


1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph ev - er - more; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

244 *Rejoice evermore.*

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice

Charles Wesley.

245 *Glory to glory's King.*

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

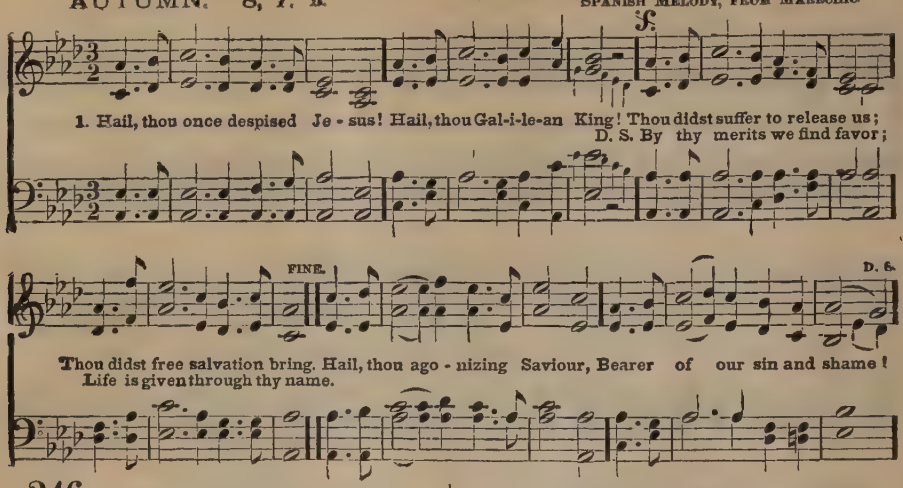
2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Charles Wesley.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D. SPANISH MELODY, FROM MARCHIO.


1. Hail, thou once despised Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal-i-le-an King! Thou didst suffer to release us;
D. S. By thy merits we find favor;
FINE.
D. S.
Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou ago - nizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame!
Life is given through thy name.

246 *Our Paschal Lamb.*

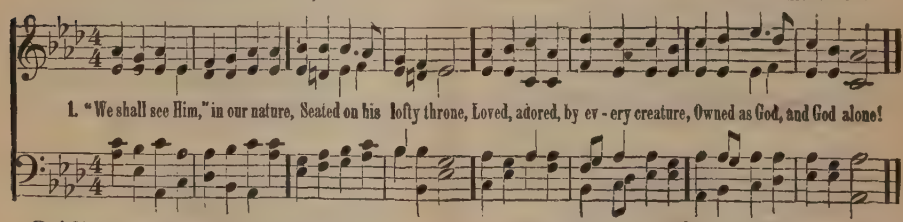
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

John Bakewell.

SYCAMORE. 8, 7. REV. R. R. CHOPE.



247 *Casting our crowns before Him.*

1 "WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

2 There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

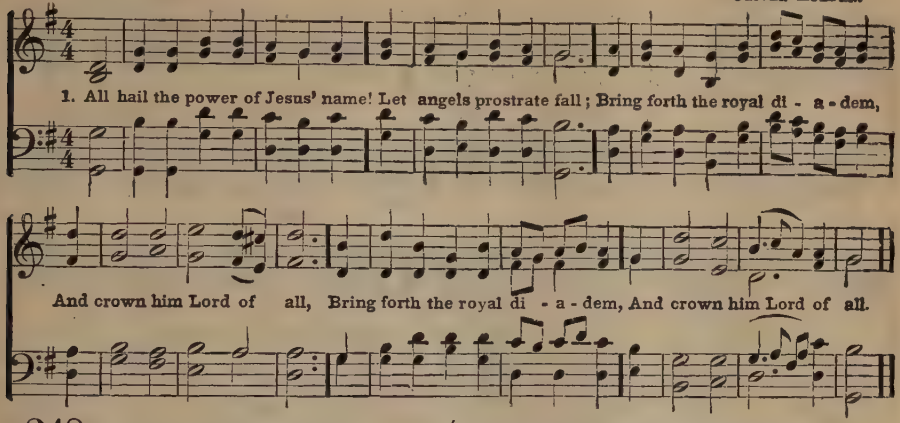
3 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.

4 There to cast our crowns before him,
O what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Unknown.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

248 *Crown Him Lord of all.*

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, alt.

[8, 7, 4. Tune, Zion. Page 63.]

249 *Crown the Saviour.*

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Selena. Page 82.]

250 *Our everlasting Priest.*

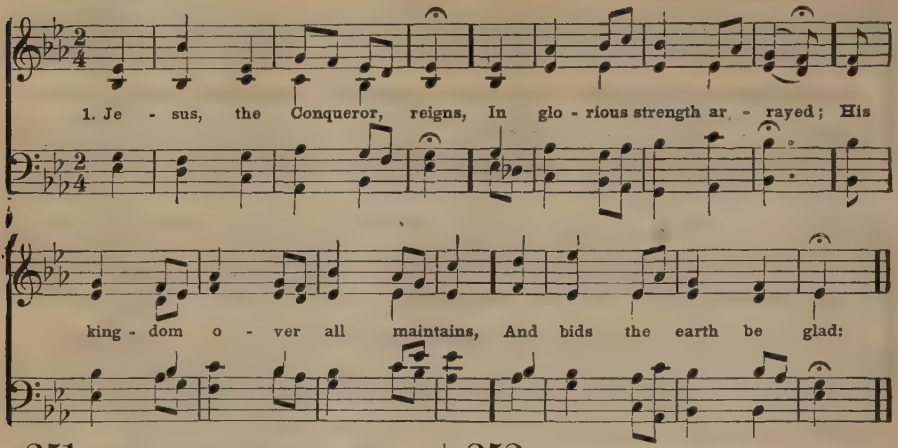
1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
Pleading thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Passing the years that intervene,
Now let it view upon the tree
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

Charles Wesley.

CARLISLE. S. M. CHARLES LOCKHART.



251 *The victory of the cross.*

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

Charles Wesley.

252 *Christ, our Intercessor.*

1 LORD, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a holy God?

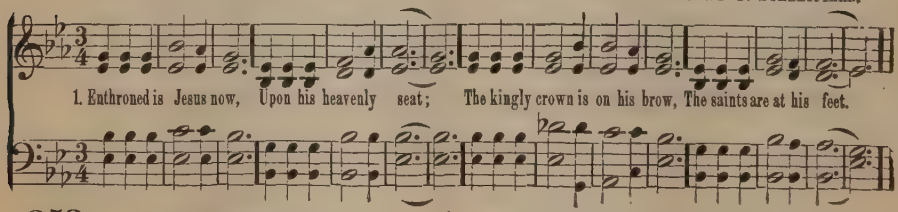
2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.

3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Saviour stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word—
Father, with joy divine.

Anne Steele.

LANGTON. S. M. ADAPTED BY C. STREETFIELD.



253 *Jesus enthroned.*

2 In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy scepter in each hand,
On every lip a song.

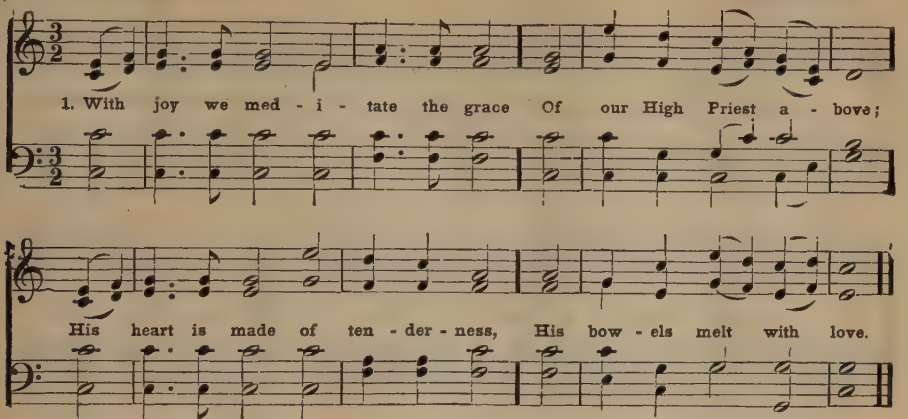
3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

Thomas J. Judkin.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



254 *Our merciful High Priest.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

Isaac Watts.

255 *Christ, our guide.*

1 JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

Baptist W. Noel.

256 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.*

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:

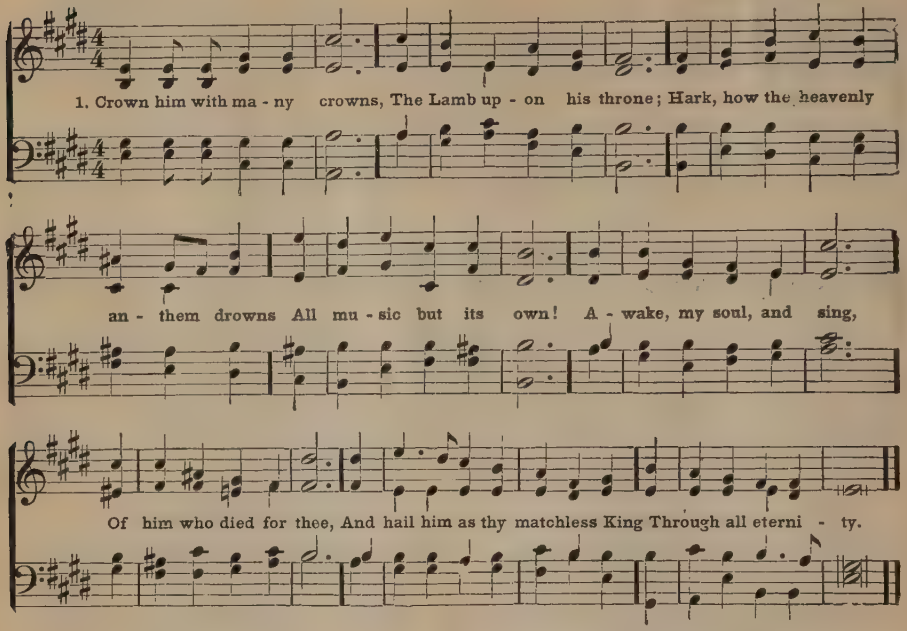
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.


1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark, how the heavenly
an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing,
Of him who died for thee, And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eterni - ty.

257 *On His head were many crowns.*
Rev. 19: 12.

1 CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing,
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

[8, 7. Tune, Stockwell. Page 42.]

258 *His speaking blood.*

1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.

2 O receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

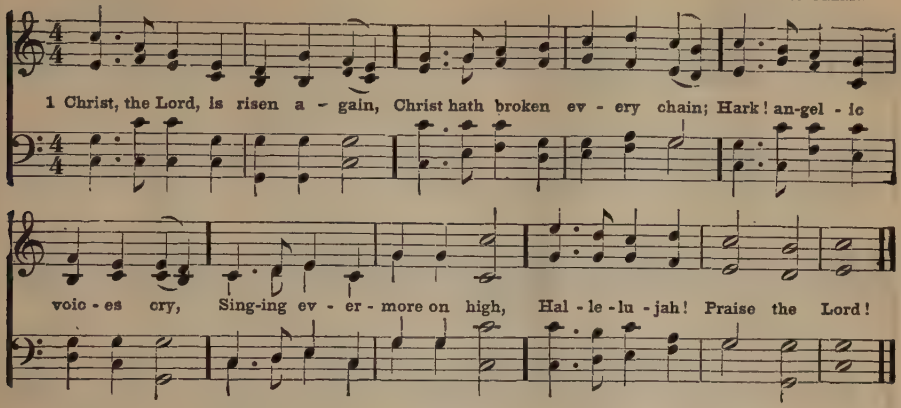
3 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!"

Charles Wesley.

ESSEX. 7.

THOMAS CLARK.


1 Christ, the Lord, is risen a - gain, Christ hath broken ev - ery chain; Hark! an-gel - ic
voic - es cry, Sing-ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

259 *The Lord is risen.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Michael Weisse. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

260 *The Lord is risen.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day.
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

261 *Ascension day.*

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits.
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

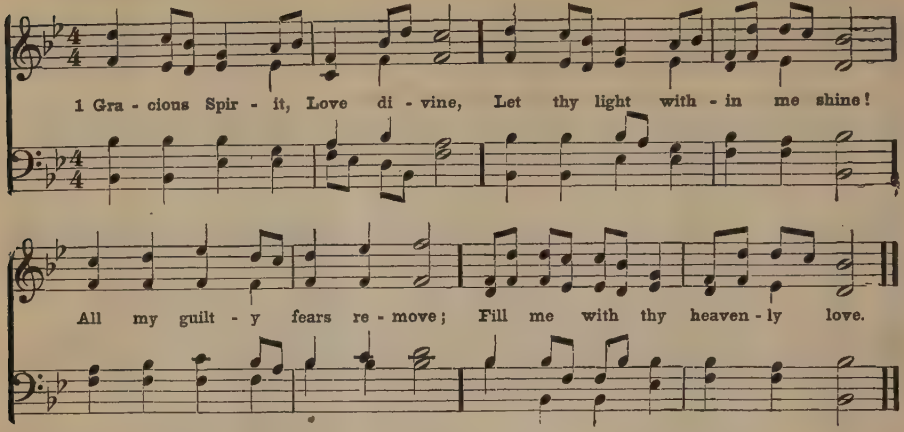
3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,—
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

6 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley.

FULTON. 7. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

262 *Earnest of endless rest.*

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker.

263 *His grace entreated.*

1 HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Samuel Longfellow.

264 *The gracious Comforter.*

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to his heaven restored;

2 Christ, who now gone up on high,
Captive leads captivity,
While his foes from him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

3 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

4 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of a humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he cast out sin.

5 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans,
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

6 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

7 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Charles Wesley

[8, 7. Tune, Stockwell. Page 42.]

265 *The Source of consolation.*

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. C. Jacobi, alt. by A. M. Toplady.

[8, 7. Tune, Love Divine. Page 182.]

266 *Guide and Comforter.*

1 HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind,
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find.
Seal of truth, and Bond of union,
Source of light, and Flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;
Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!

Thomas J. Judkin.

[7. Tune, Fulton. Page 100.]

267 *The work of the Holy Spirit.*

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

[L. M. Tune, Ames. Page 75.]

268 *His universal effusion.*

1 ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy scepter all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let him opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire,
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Henry More, alt. by J. Wesley.

[L. M. Tune, Rose Hill. Page 147.]

269 *Come, Creator Spirit.*

1 O COME, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

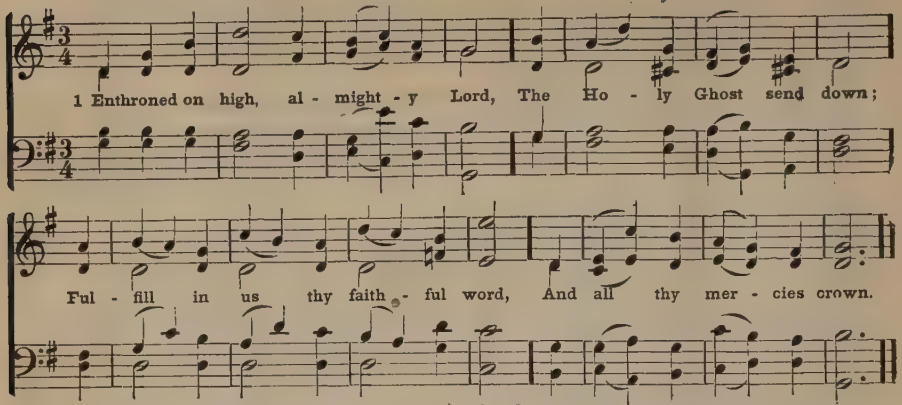
2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

Gregory the Great.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. REV. THOMAS HAWEIS.



270 *Life, light, and love.*

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis.

271 *Source of light and joy.*

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

Thomas Haweis.

272 *I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.*

1 I WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.

2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
I grieved thee long, alas! thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost,
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

W. F. Warren.

[Not set to music.]

273 *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*—John 20: 22

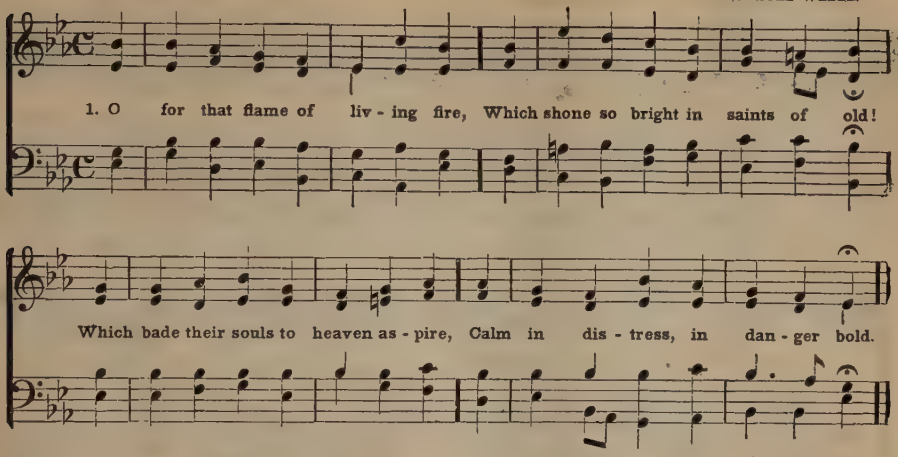
1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiléd face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by J. Cosin.

MELCOMBE. L. M. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold.

274 *The spirit of the ancient saints.*

1 O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

William H. Bathurst.

275 *Pentecostal gifts.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

Charles Wesley.

276 *His power and unction.*

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

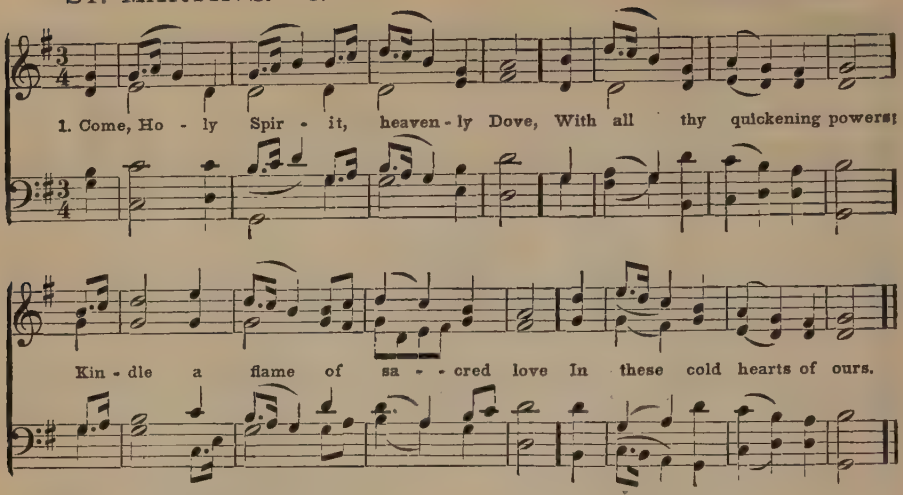
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLLIAM TANSUR.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

277 *His quickening power.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

278 *Revelations of the Spirit.*

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Andrew Reed.

279 *The enlightening Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

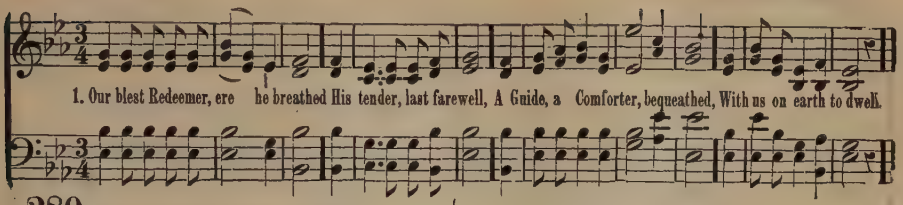
3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



280 *The Source of every good gift.*

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his, and his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place
Purer and worthier thee!

HARRIET AUBER, alt

281 *The Spirit's witness.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

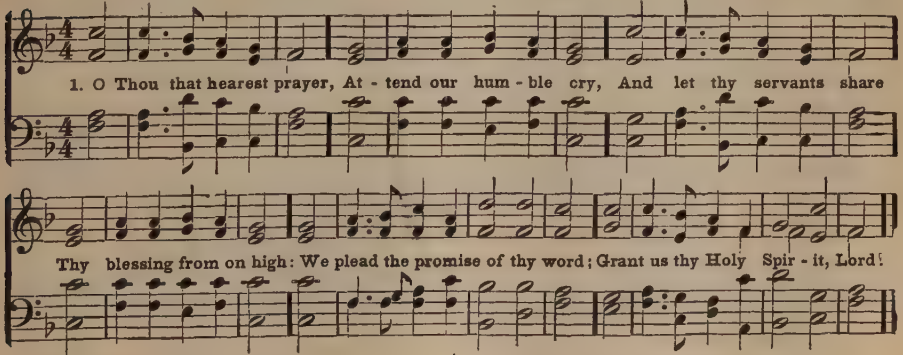
3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

ZEBULON. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. O Thou that hearest prayer, At - tend our hum - ble cry, And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high: We plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Holy Spir - it, Lord!

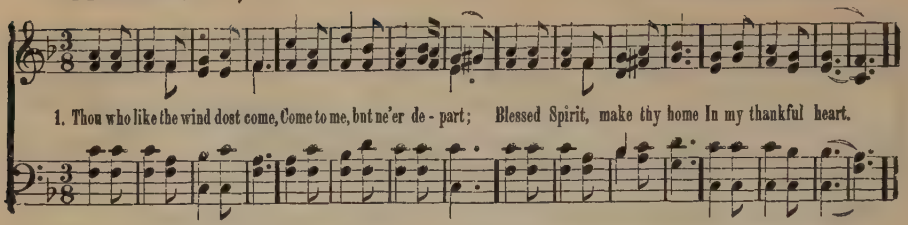
282 *Pleading the promise.*

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

JOHN BURTON.

MARTH. 7, 5. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



283 *Prayer to the Holy Spirit.*

1 THOU who like the wind dost come,
Come to me, but ne'er depart;
Blessed Spirit, make thy home
In my thankful heart.

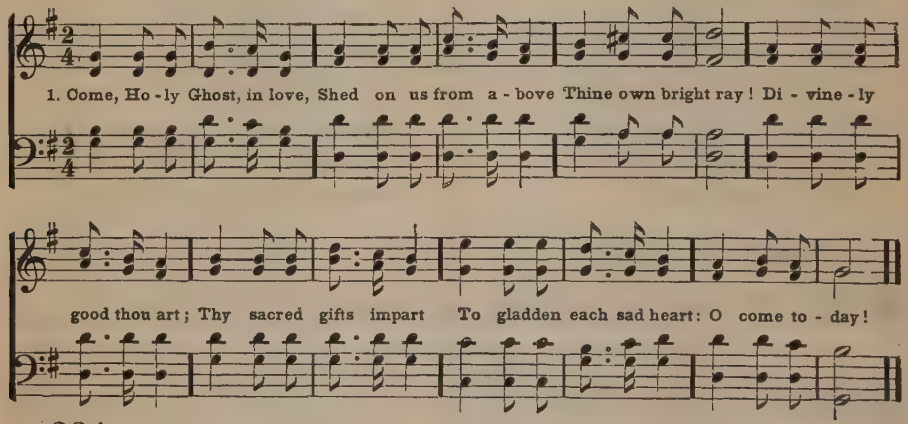
2 Answer not with tongues of light;
Brood not o'er me like a dove;
Fall upon me in thy might;
Fill me with thy love.

3 Sin has ruled me; set me free;
Sin has scourged me; bring me rest:
Help my fainting soul to flee
To my Saviour's breast.

4 Tell me much of cleansing blood;
Show me sin, but sin forgiven:
Step by step, where Christ has trod,
Help me home to heaven.

Hervey D. Ganse.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly
good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: O come to - day!

284 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow.
Cheer us, this hour!

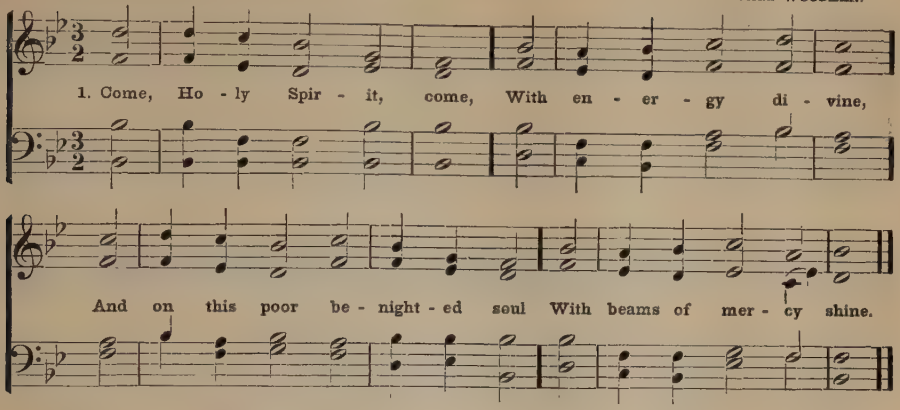
3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II., King of France. Tr. by E. Palmer.

STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.



285 *For the Spirit's energy.*

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

286 *Renewal of Pentecost.*

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

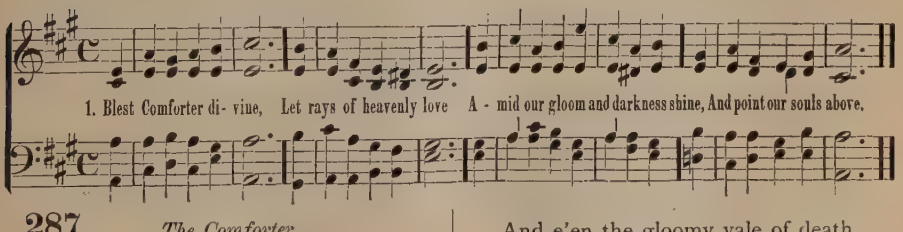
4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

James Montgomery.

ONTARIO. S. M.

LONDON TUNE BOOK.



287 *The Comforter.*

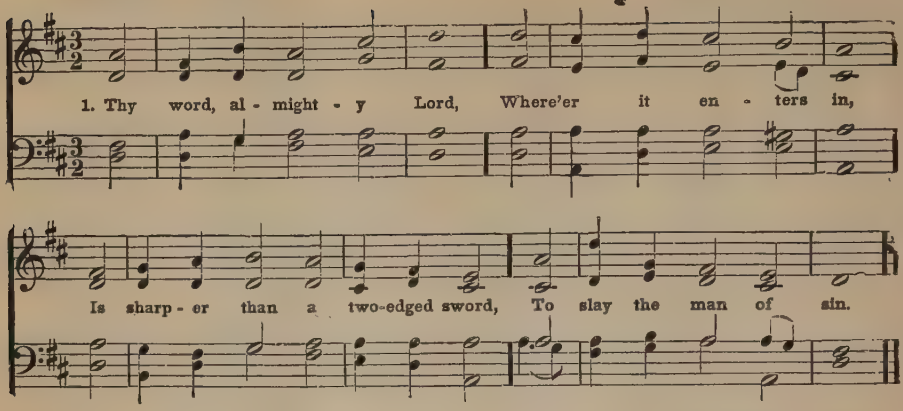
2 Turn us with gentle voice
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

DOVER. S. M. From Aaron Williams.



288 *God's word, quick and powerful.*

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

James Montgomery.

289 *Spreading the Scriptures.*

1 JESUS, the word bestow,
The true, immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

[L. M. Tune, Missionary Chant. Page 69.]

290 *The brightening glory of the Gospel.*

1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

Sir John Bowring.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Selena. Page 82.]

291 *Delight in the Bible.*

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

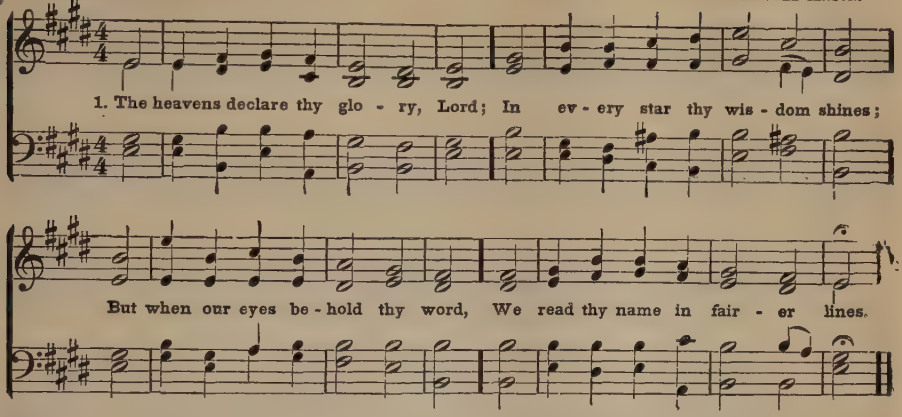
3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

Charles Wesley.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

292 *The two revelations.*

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

293 *The everlasting word.*

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir Robert Grant.

294 *The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*

1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow:
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

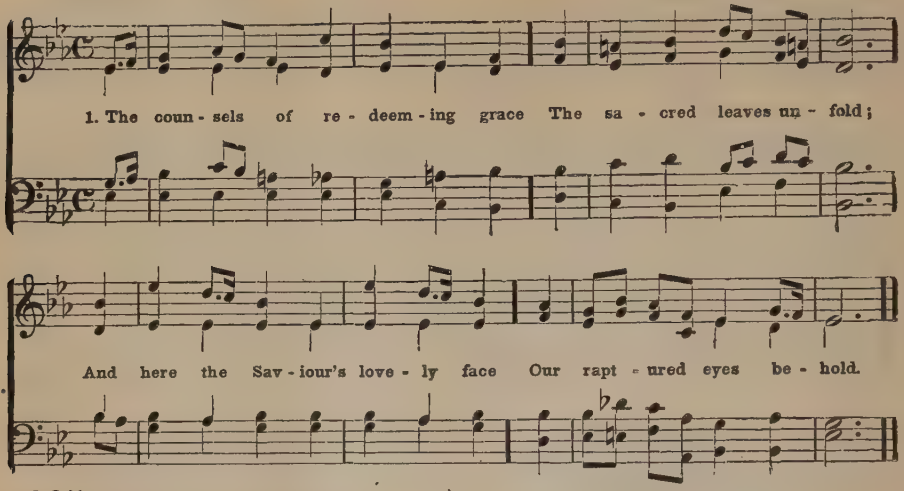
3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong,
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

BURLINGTON. C. M. JOHN FRECKLETON BURROWS



295 *Riches of God's word.*

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

Samuel Stennett.

296 *Glory of the Scriptures.*

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

297 *Bible precious.*

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

298 *Revelation disseminated.*

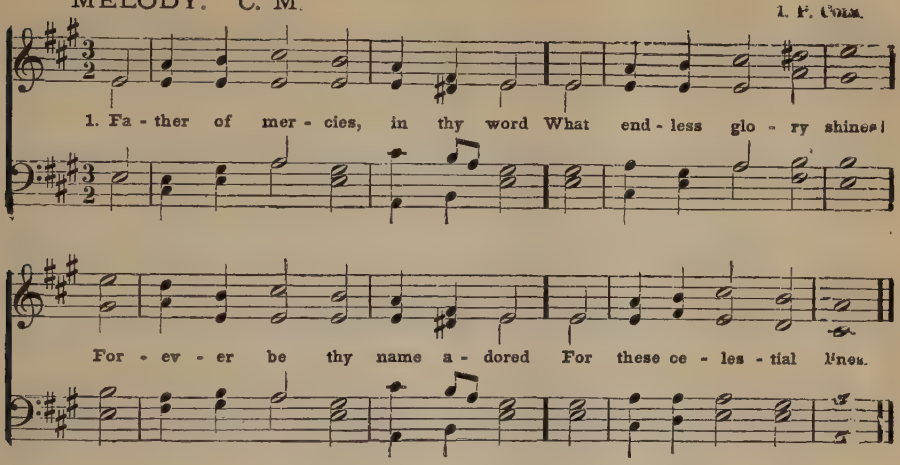
1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttress, alt

MELODY. C. M.



299 *Excellence and sufficiency.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

300 *Light from heaven.*

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night.
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

301 *God giveth the increase.*—1 Cor. 3: 7.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wôrd is cast
Like seed upon the ground;
O let the dew of heaven descend,
And shed its influence round.

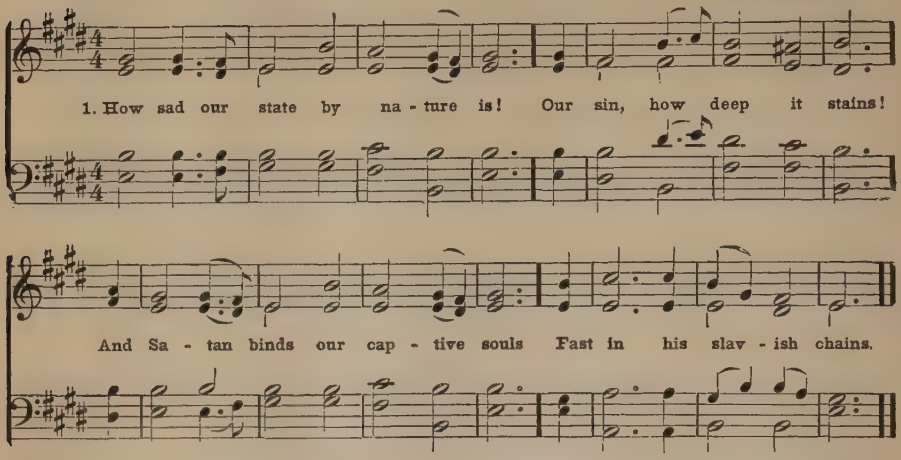
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
May it take root in every heart,
And grow in faith and love.

3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,
The rising plant destroy.

4 Where'er the word of life is sown,
A large increase bestow;
That all who hear thy message, Lord,
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, alt. by W. F. Hall.

HAVEN. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



302 *Lord, help my unbelief.*

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts.

303 *Without God in the world.*

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley.

304 *His pitying love.*

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

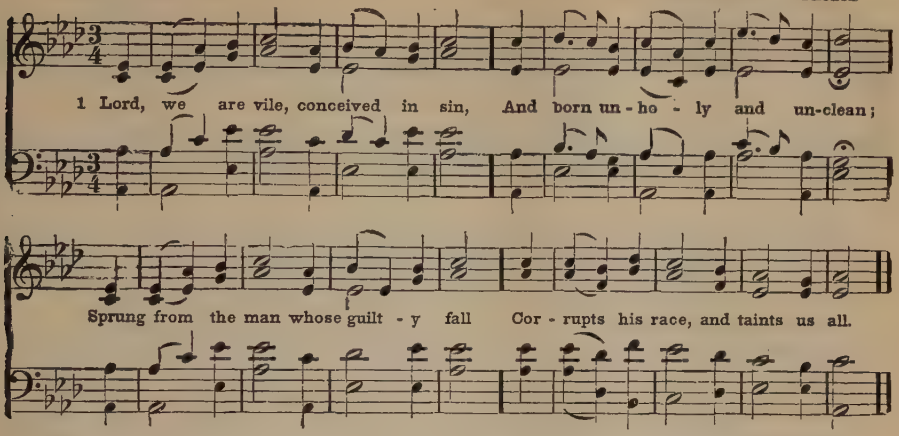
4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts

LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.


1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born un - ho - ly and un-clean;
Sprung from the man whose guilt - y fall Cor - rupts his race, and taints us all.

305 *Original corruption and actual sin.*

1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we 're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

306 *The great Physician.*

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele.

307 *Inbred leprosy.*

1 JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

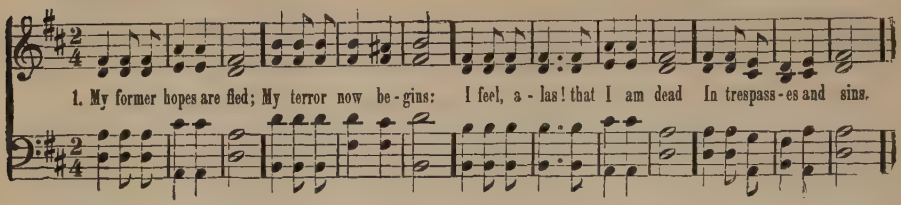
2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse,
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

Charles Wesley.

SHAWMUT. S. M. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



308 *In trespasses and sins.*

1 My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

3 With trembling hope I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

4 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

William Cowper.

309 *Dependence on the Spirit.*

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew;

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Anne Steele.

310 *Helpless and guilty.*

1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place.
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts.

311 *Obduracy bemoaned.*

1 O that I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

Charles Wesley.

312 *Christ our ransom.*

1 Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

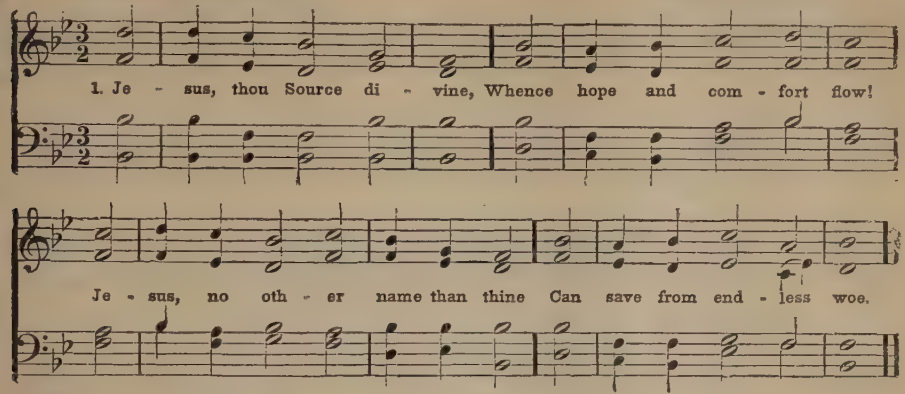
2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

John Fawcett.

STATE STREET. S. M. JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.



313 *The only name.*

1 JESUS, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow!
Jesus, no other name than thine
Can save from endless woe.

2 None else will Heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide!
And cheer the fainting heart.

4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where joy forever reigns.

Anne Steele.

314 *The precious blood.*

1 GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

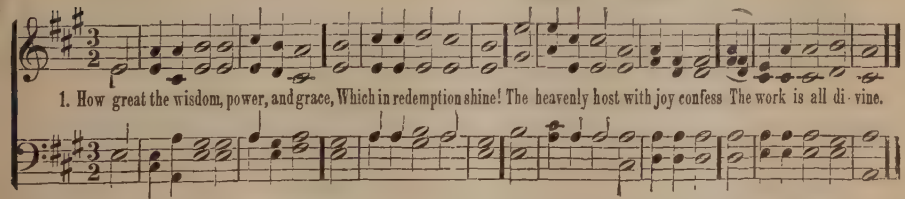
2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

Benjamin Beddome.

AZMON. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. How great the wisdom, power, and grace, Which in redemption shine! The heavenly host with joy confess The work is all di - vine.

315 *Wonders of redemption.*

1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

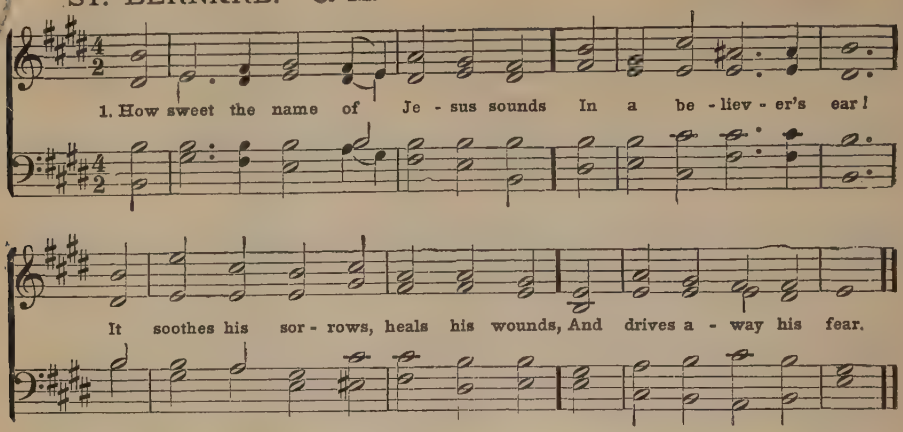
2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

Benjamin Beddome.

ST. BERNARD. C. M. LONDON TUNE BOOK.



316 *The dearest name.*

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

317 *Ceaseless goodness.*

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

318 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

1 THOU art the Way:—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth:—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

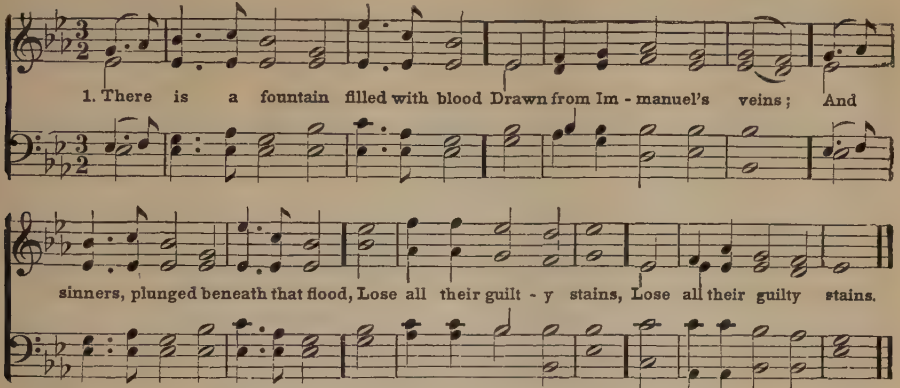
3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im - manuel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

319 *The cleansing fountain.*

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

William Cowper.

320 *The piercéd hand.*

1 WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

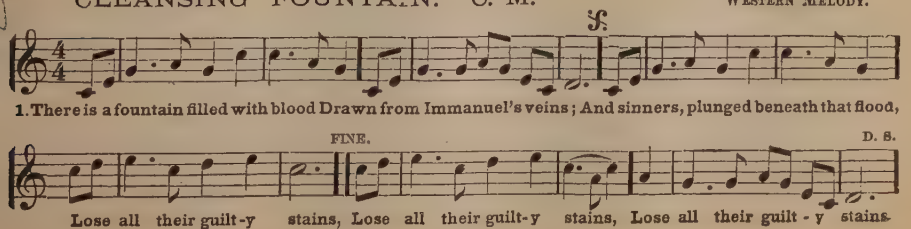
4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander

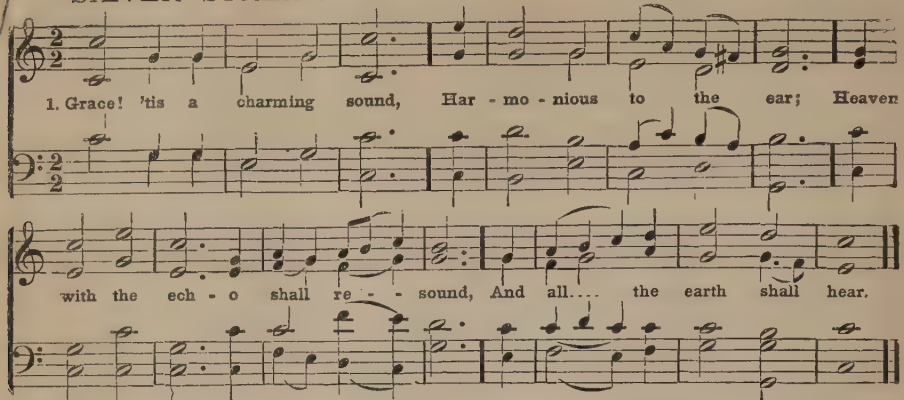
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
FINE.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



321 *Grace.*

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Philip Doddridge.

322 *Our debt paid upon the cross.*

1 WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

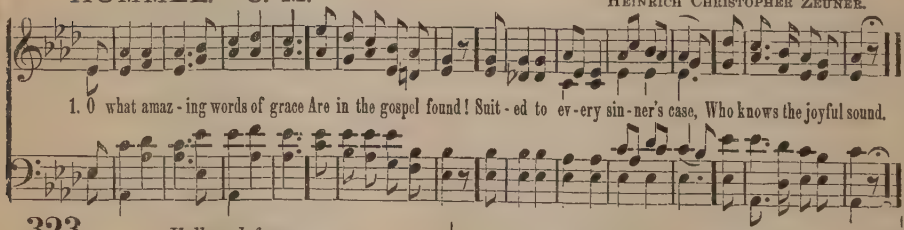
4 There our High Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sovereign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

Samuel Stennett, alt.

HUMMEL. C. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.



323 *Full and free.*

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

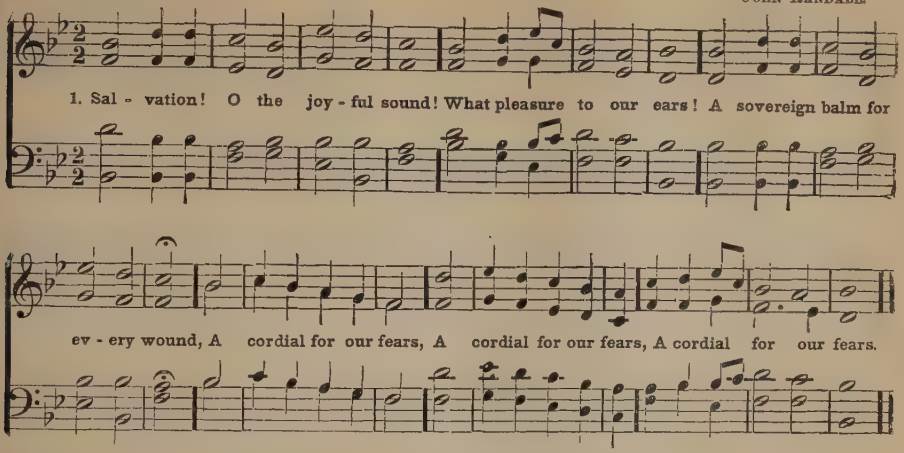
4 Whoever will—O gracious word!
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

Samuel Medley, alt.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.


1. Sal - vation! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for
ev - ery wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

324 *The joyful sound.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

325 *The all-sufficient Saviour.*

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

326 *The gospel feast.*

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

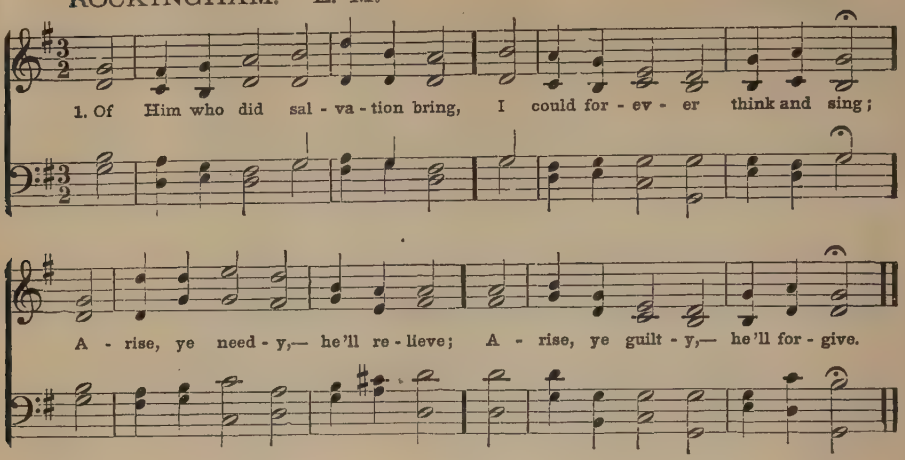
4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



327 *Love which passeth knowledge.*

1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by A. W. Boehm.

328 *The divine Teacher.*

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring.

329 *The gift unspeakable.*

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

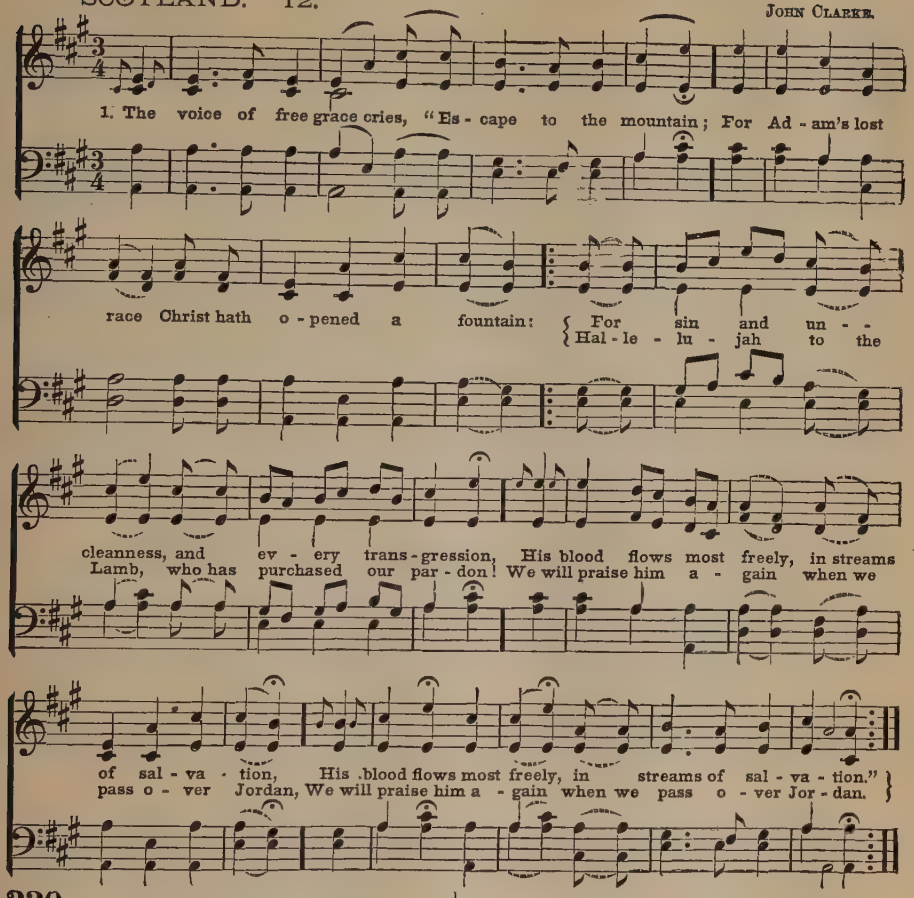
3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one

Charles Wesley.

SCOTLAND. 12.

JOHN CLARKE.


1. The voice of free grace cries, "Es - cape to the mountain; For Ad - am's lost
race Christ hath o - pened a fountain: { For sin and un - - - Hal - le - lu - jah to the
cleanness, and ev - ery trans - gression, His blood flows most freely, in streams
Lamb, who has purchased our par - don! We will praise him a - gain when we
of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal - va - tion." }
pass o - ver Jordan, We will praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan. }

330 *The voice of free grace.*

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon!
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

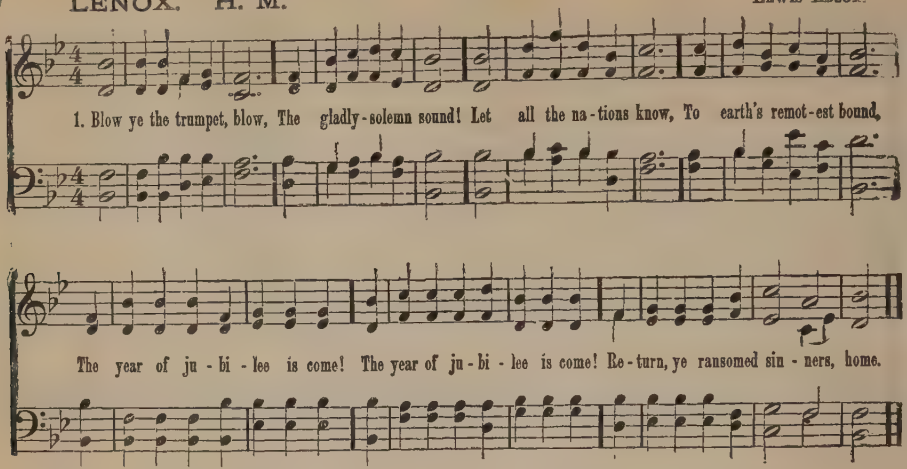
3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We 'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

Richard Burdsall.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly-solemn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's remot-est bound,
The year of ju-bi-lee is come! The year of ju-bi-lee is come! Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

331 *The year of jubilee.*

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

332 *Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb.*

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

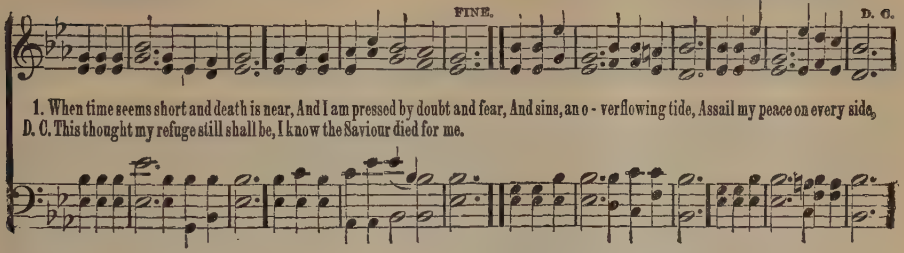
5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

CHARLES WESLEY.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


FINE.
D. C.
1. When time seems short and death is near, And I am pressed by doubt and fear, And sins, an o - verflowing tide, Assail my peace on every side,
D. C. This thought my refuge still shall be, I know the Saviour died for me.

333 *He died for me.*

1 WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

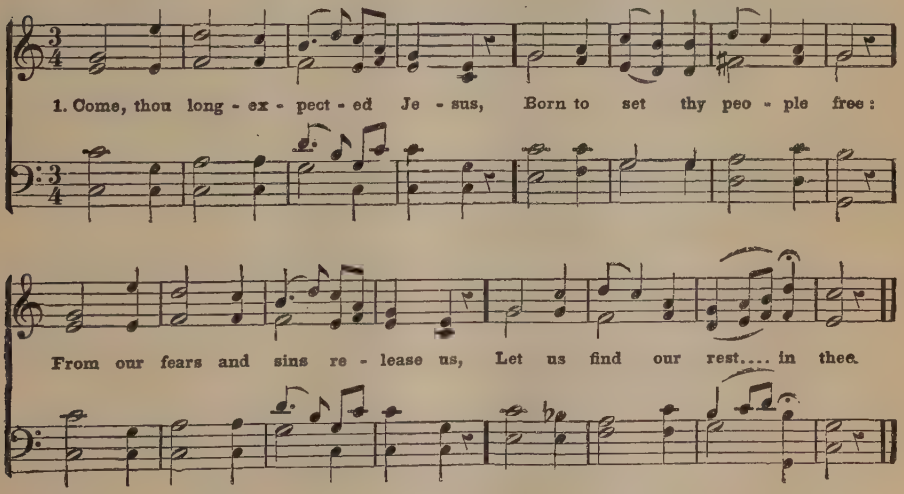
2 His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

3 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

George W. Bethune.

WILSON. 8, 7.

FROM FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



334 *The Desire of nations.*

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

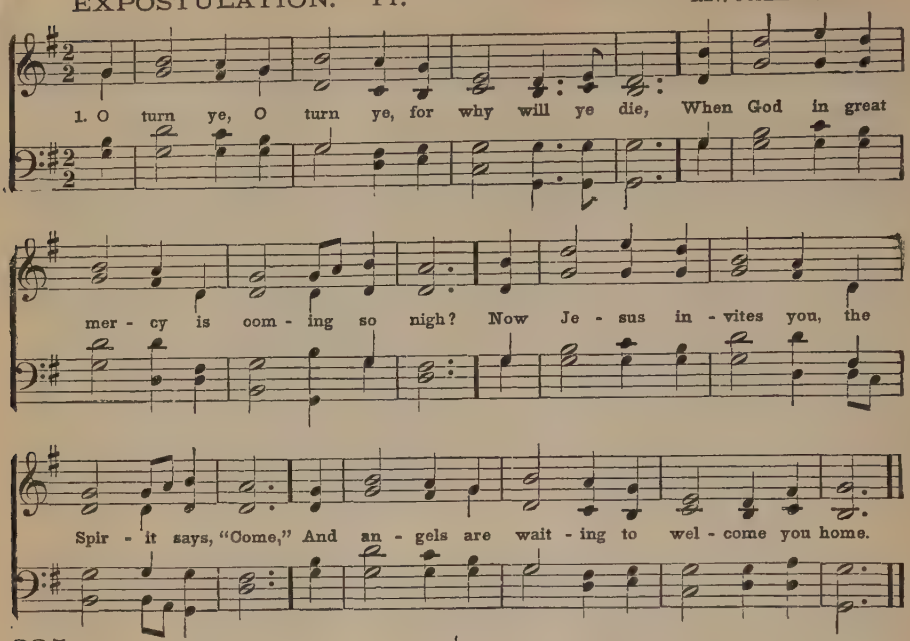
3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

EXPOSTULATION. 11.

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

335

Turn ye.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

JOSIAH HOPKINS.

336

Delay not.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

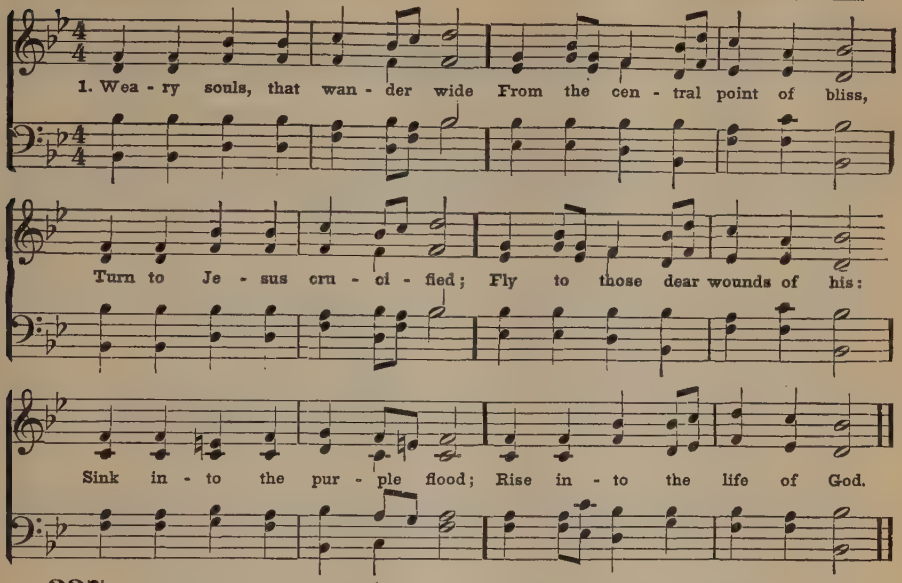
4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

ROSEFIELD. 7, 61.

REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Wea - ry souls, that wan - der wide From the cen - tral point of bliss,
Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied; Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink in - to the pur - ple flood; Rise in - to the life of God.

337 *Fly to Jesus.*

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

338 *Come, and welcome.*

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis.

339 *The work of sin.*

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son!

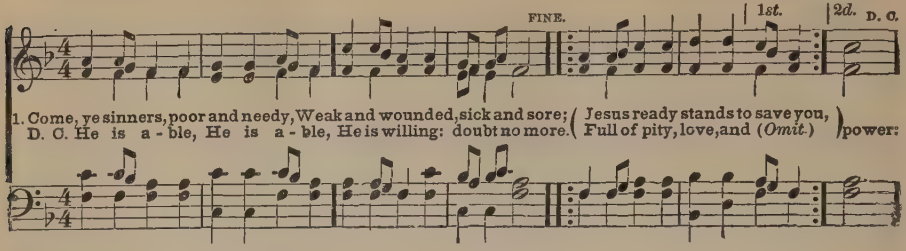
2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open all his wounds again?
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

Charles Wesley.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.


FINE.
1st.
2d. D. C.
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you,
D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more. Full of pity, love, and (Omit.) power:

340 *Invitation hymn.*

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

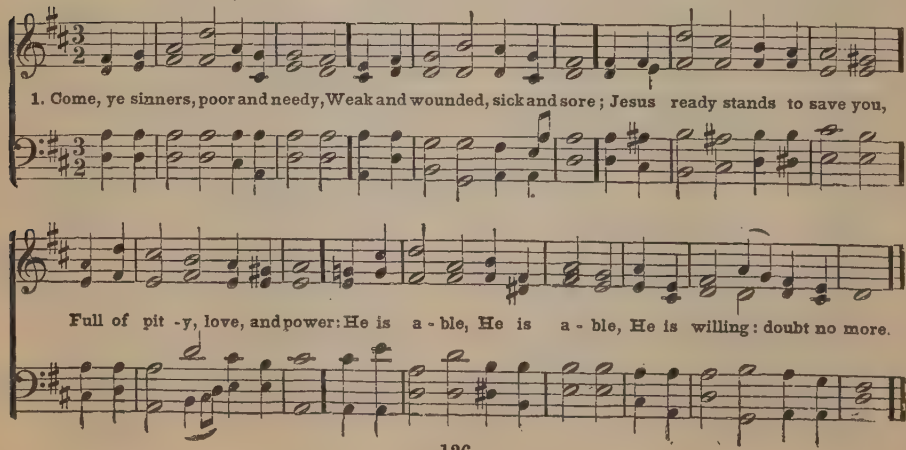
6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

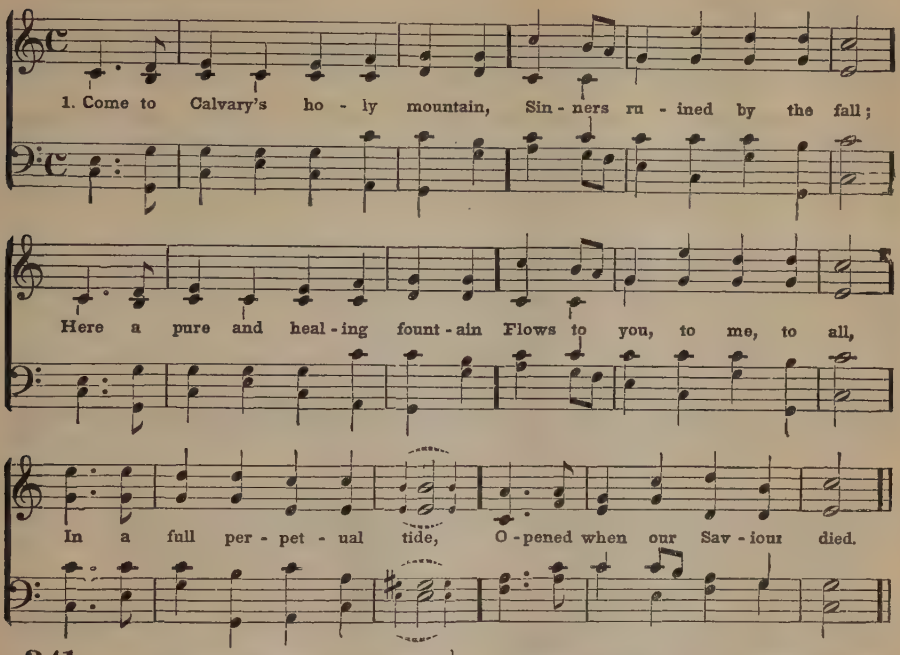
ALBYN. 8, 7, 4.

REV. JOHN BLACK.


1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pit - y, love, and power: He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.

NEANDER. 8, 7, 7, or 8, 7, 4.

REV. JOACHIM NEANDER.


1. Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sin - ners ru - ined by the fall;
Here a pure and heal - ing fount - ain Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sav - iour died.

341 *The healing fountain.*

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the lost a refuge find.
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks need thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful; he will never
Break his covenant sealed in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

James Montgomery.

342 *Hear, and live.*

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen.

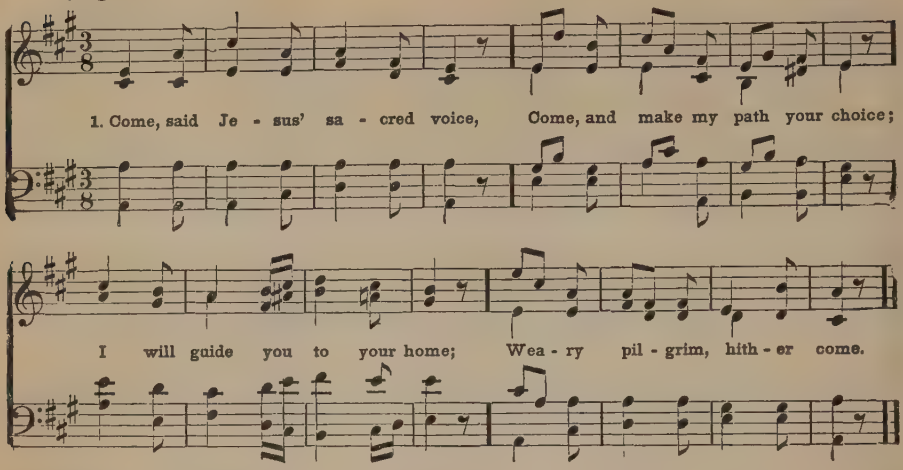
343 *The last call.*

1 HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

Andrew Reed.

HORTON. 7. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



344 *The gracious call.*

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

345 *Delay dangerous.*

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

346 *At Zion's gate.*

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate:
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly light appears.

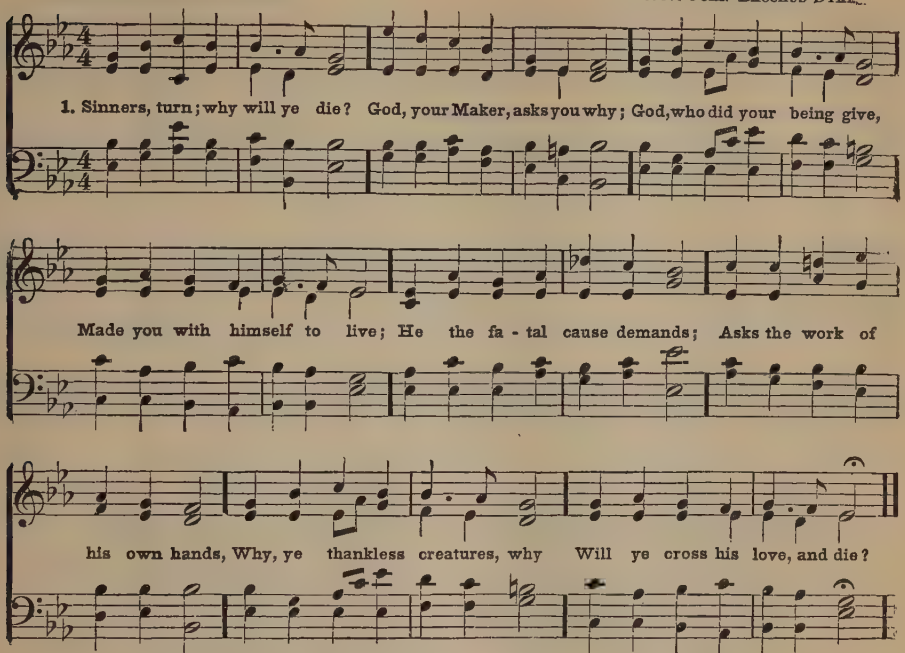
2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain;
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in certain rapture die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

George Crabbe.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. D.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.


1. Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why; God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live; He the fa - tal cause demands; Asks the work of
his own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

FIRST PART.

347 *Why will ye die?*

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,—
Spiritually dead in sin;
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

348 *Tender expostulation.*

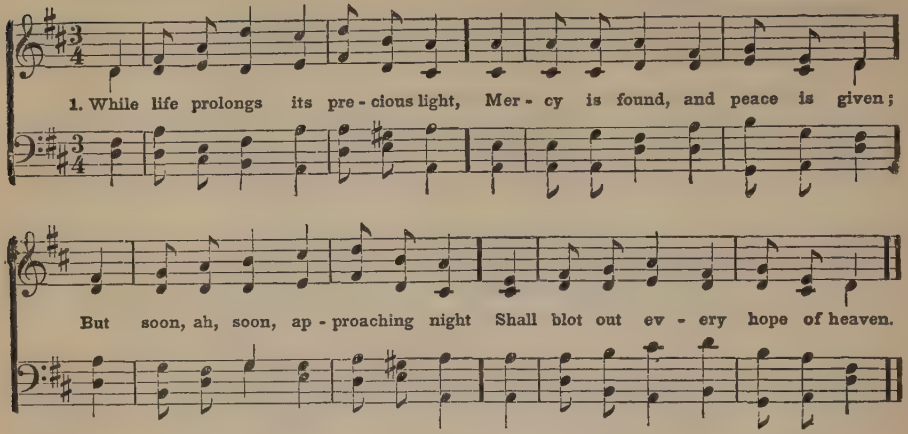
1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 "Turn," he cries, "ye sinners, turn:"
By his life, your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

Charles Wesley.

WELLS. L. M. ARR. FROM ISRAEL HOLDROYD.


1. While life prolongs its pre - cious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, ap - proaching night Shall blot out ev - ery hope of heaven.

349 *The accepted time.*

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

FIRST PART.

350 *All things are ready.*

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready,—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

351 *The bliss of penitence.*

1 COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

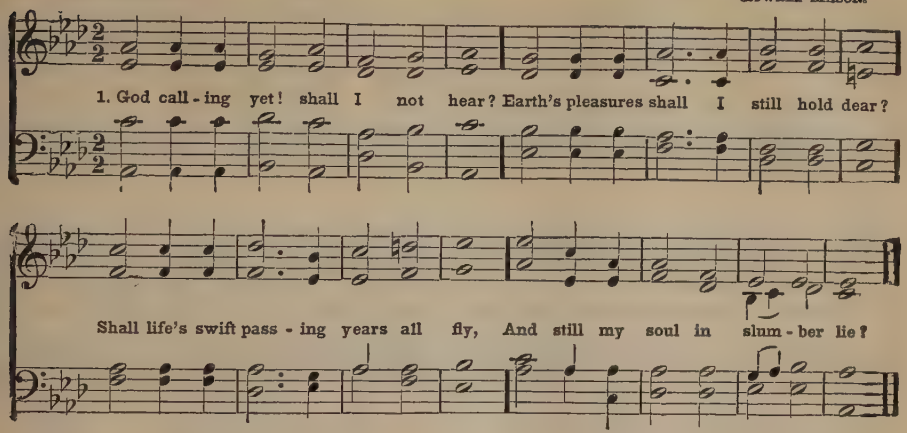
4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

352 *God calling yet.*

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

353 *Quench not the Spirit.*—1 Thess. 5: 19.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde

354 *Haste, traveler, haste!*

1 HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

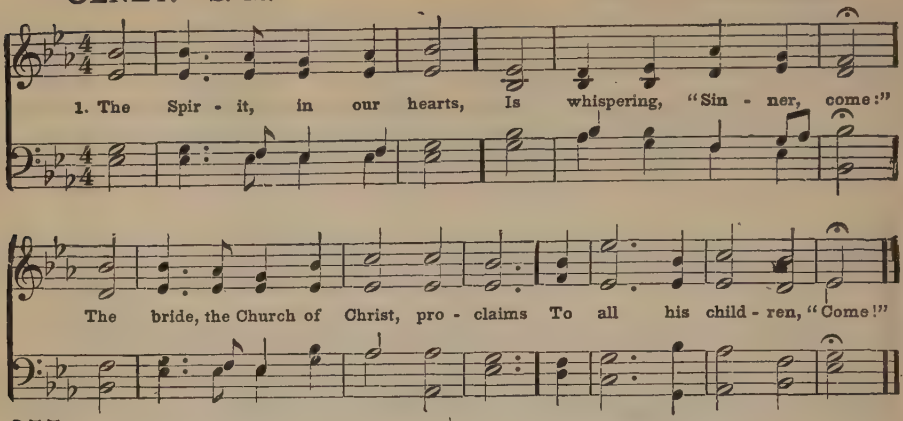
2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

William B. Collyer.

OLNEY. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



355 *Whosoever will.*—Rev. 22: 17.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. Onderdonk.

356 *The guardianship of angels.*

1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
We through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

3 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know;
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow:
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

4 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

John Wesley.

357 *All things are ready.*—Matt. 22: 4.

1 "ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young
Come, and be richly fed.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

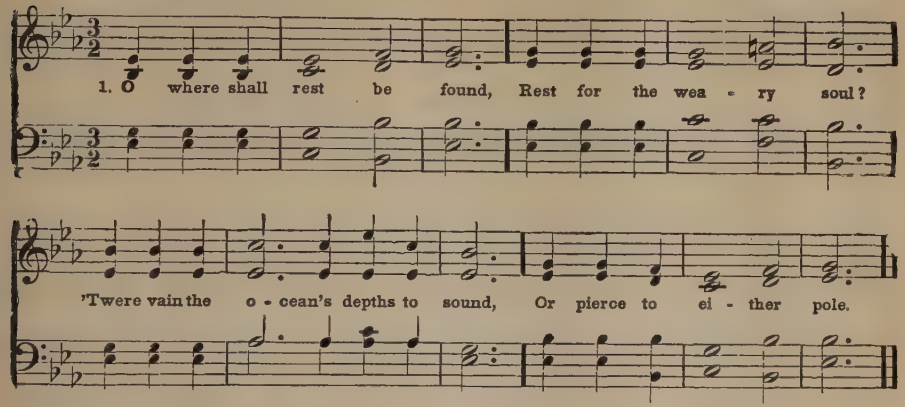
3 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.

4 "All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane.

CAPELLO. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



358 *The second death.*

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

359 *Accepting the invitation.*

1 COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home;
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call,
"O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely,
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

Charles Wesley, alt.

360 *Seek Him while he may be found.*

1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

Robert C. Brackenbury.

361 *The day of grace.*

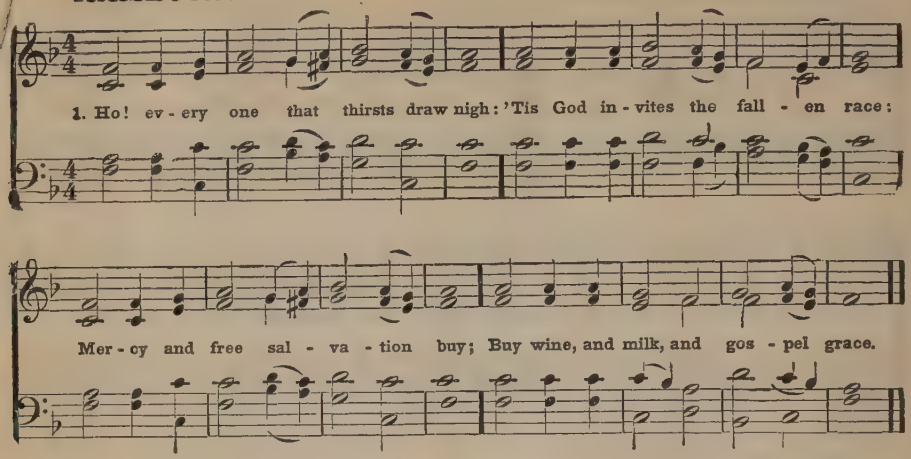
1 NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

HAMBURG. L. M. ARR. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT, BY LOWELL MASON.


1. Ho! ev - ery one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race:
Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos - pel grace.

362 *The abundance of His grace.*

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

John Wesley.

363 *Come to me.*

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me!"

4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!

5 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

364 *The gospel feast.*

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

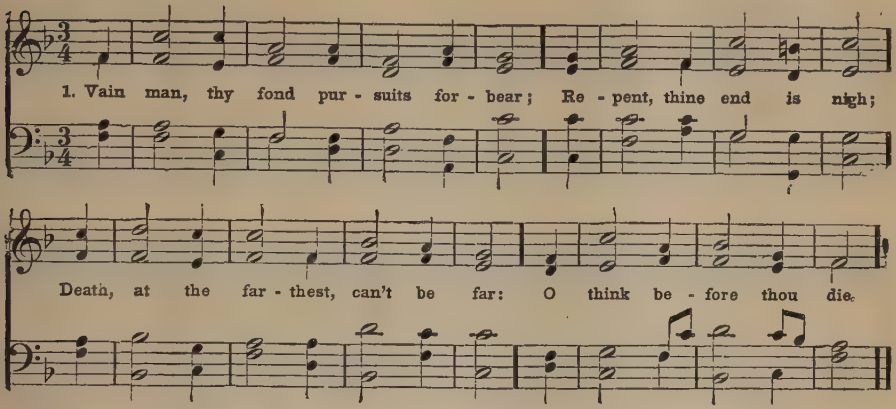
4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. AARON WILLIAMS.



365 *Sin kills beyond the tomb.*

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

366 *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*
Prov. 27: 1.

1 WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high!
Where sin and grief and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

M. Wilks.

367 *The Justifier of the ungodly.*

1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

Charles Wesley.

368 *The hammer of His word.*

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn!

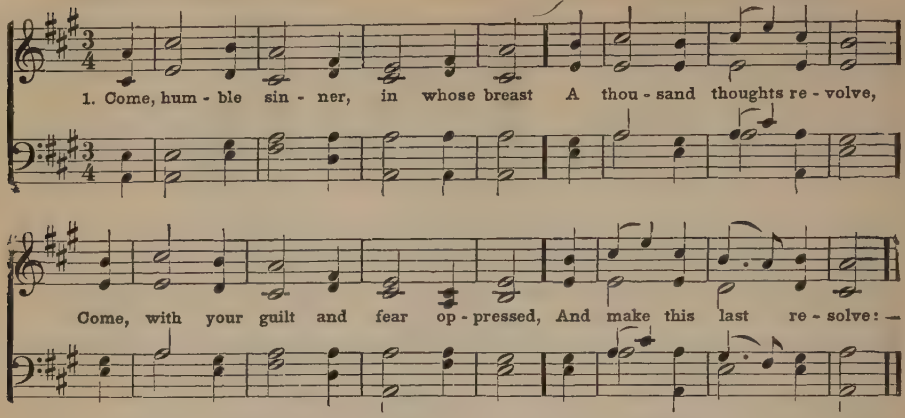
3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

Charles Wesley.

BALERMA. C. M.

ADAPTED BY R. SIMPSON.


1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve: —

369 *Desperate resolution.*

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

370 *The wanderer recalled.*

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

William B. Collyer, alt.

371 *No peace to the wicked.*

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

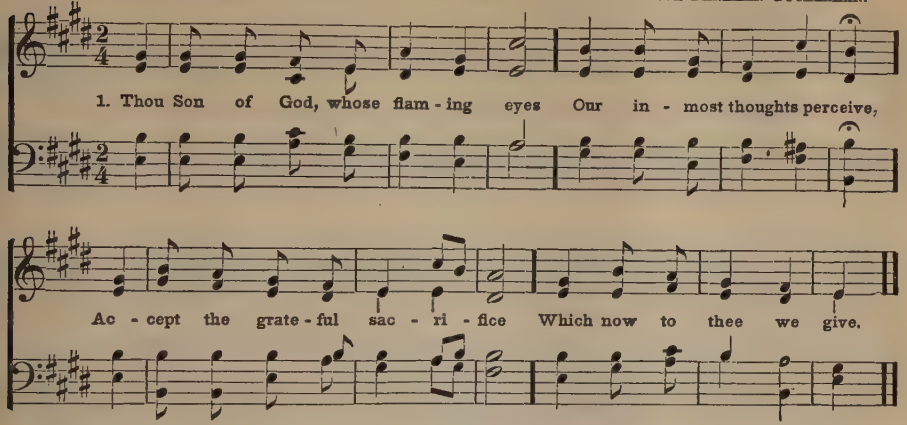
5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

John Fawcett.

FAITHFUL. C. M.

SAMUEL PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.


1. Thou Son of God, whose flam - ing eyes Our in - most thoughts perceive,
Ac - cept the grate - ful sac - ri - fice Which now to thee we give.

372 *The voice that wakes the dead.*

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

373 *Warnings multiplied.*

1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

Reginald Heber.

374 *Waiting to be gracious.*

1 JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears, to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee;
For thee he weeps and dies.

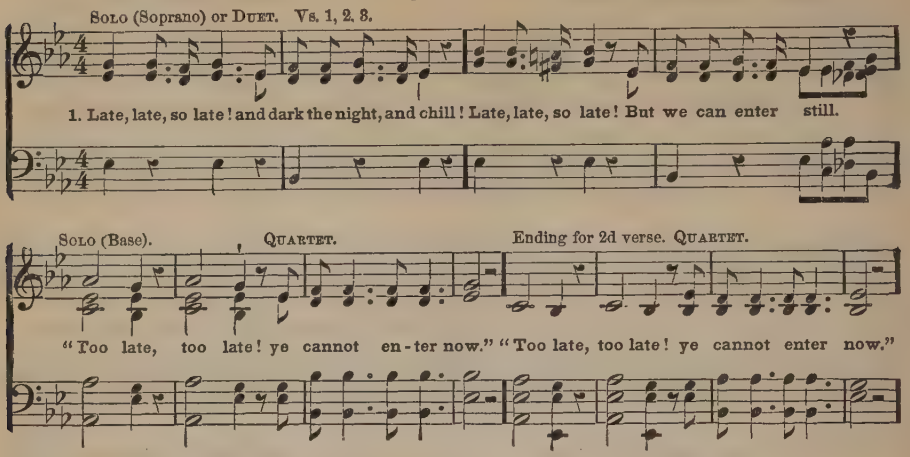
4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

TOO LATE. 10.

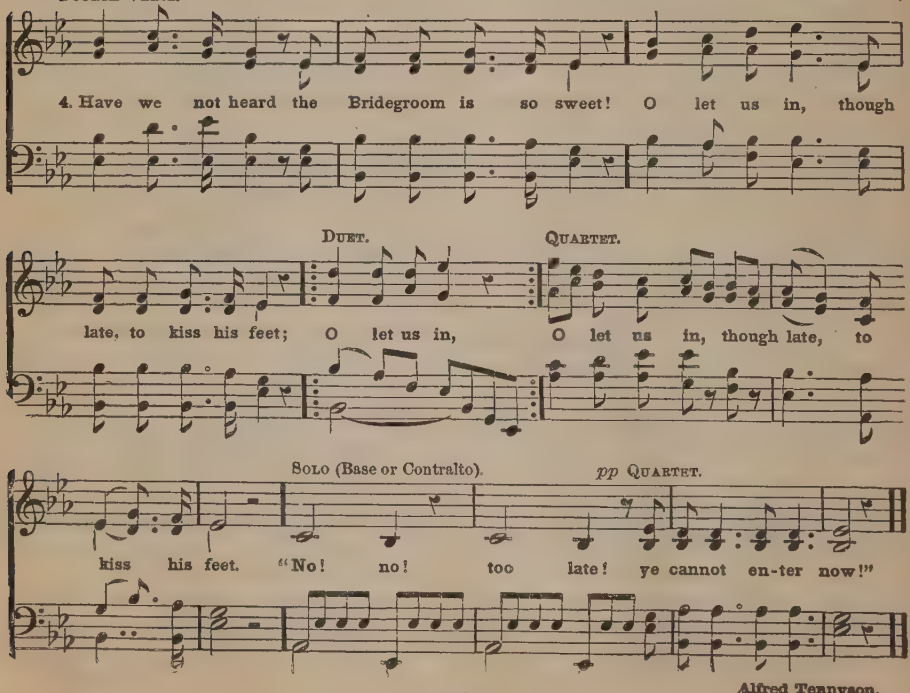
LINDSAY, ARR. BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


SOLO (Soprano) or DUET. Vs. 1, 2, 3.
1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
SOLO (Base). QUARTET. Ending for 2d verse. QUARTET.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot en-ter now." "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

375 *Too late!*

2 No light had we;—for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

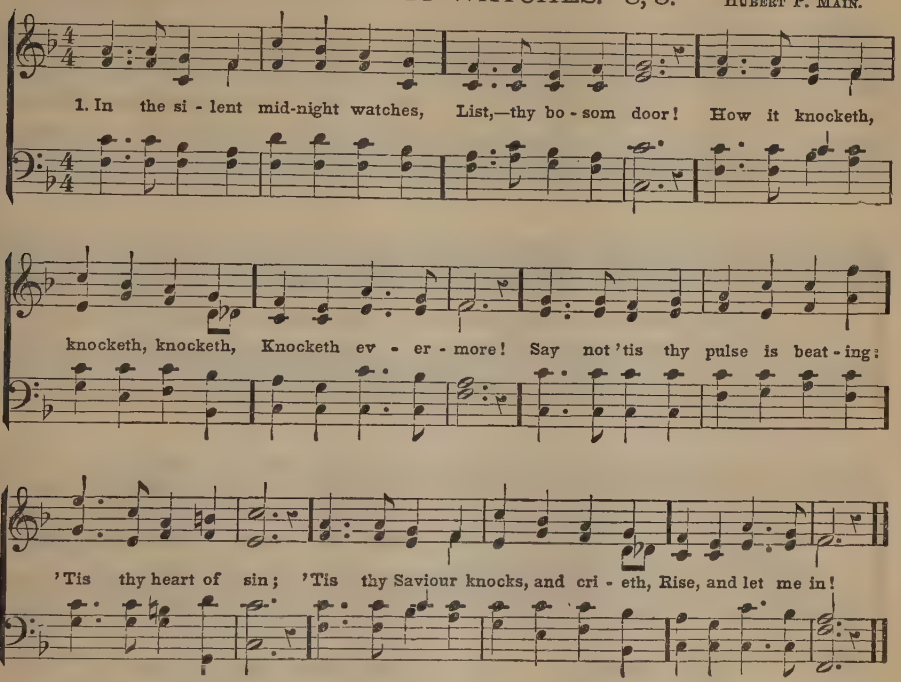
3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night—
O let us in, that we may find the light.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!"


FOURTH VERSE.
4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet! O let us in, though
DUET. QUARTET.
late, to kiss his feet; O let us in, O let us in, though late, to
SOLO (Base or Contralto). pp QUARTET.
kiss his feet. "No! no! too late! ye cannot en-ter now!"

Alfred Tennyson.

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES. 8, 5.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. In the si - lent mid-night watches, List,—thy bo - som door! How it knocketh,
knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more! Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat - ing:
'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and cri - eth, Rise, and let me in!

376 *Mercy, death, doom.*

1 IN the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

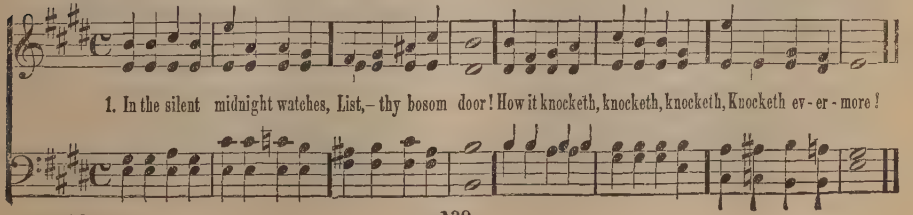
2 Death comes down with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not.

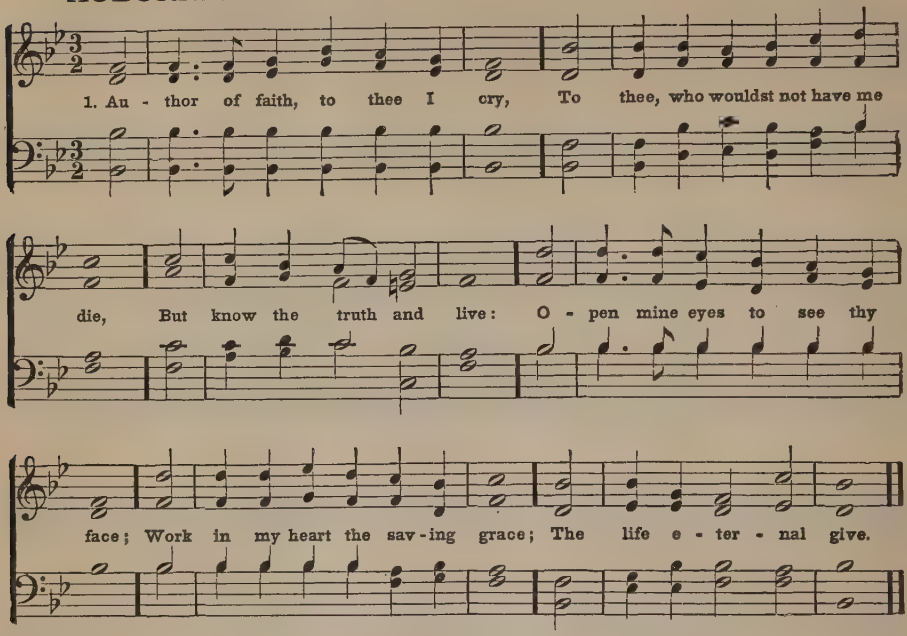
A. Cleveland Coxe.

WOOD END. 8, 5.

REV. G. P. MERRICK.



AUBURNDALE. C. P. M. OLEN L. CARTER.


1. Au - thor of faith, to thee I cry, To thee, who wouldst not have me
die, But know the truth and live: O - pen mine eyes to see thy
face; Work in my heart the sav - ing grace; The life e - ter - nal give.

377 *The gift of faith.*

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove;
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven,

Charles Wesley.

378 *Pleading the sacrifice of Christ.*

1 O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—
I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

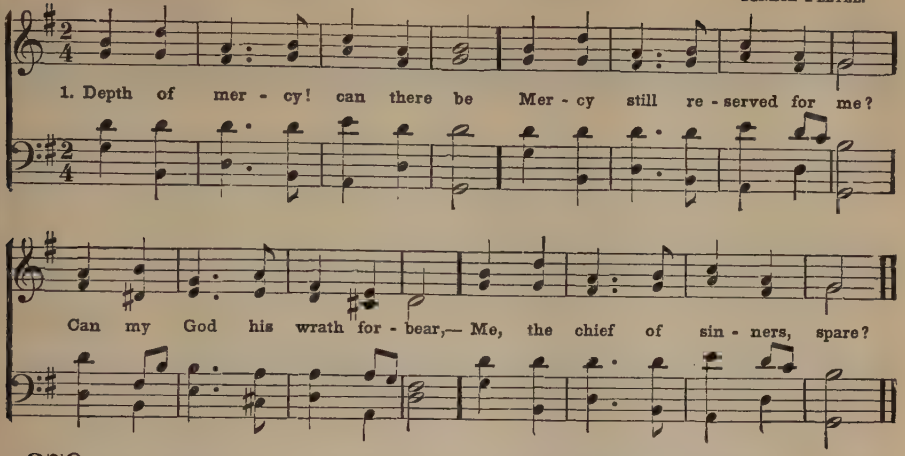
2 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace,
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell forever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

Charles Wesley.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



379 *Depth of mercy.*

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

380 *With Thee is mercy.*

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Send me to eternal fire.

4 But with thee is mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Thomas Raffles.

[C. P. M. Tune, Auburndale. Page 140.]

381 *The Man on Calvary.*

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee, and mourn,
On thee, whom we have slain,—
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy sacred pain.

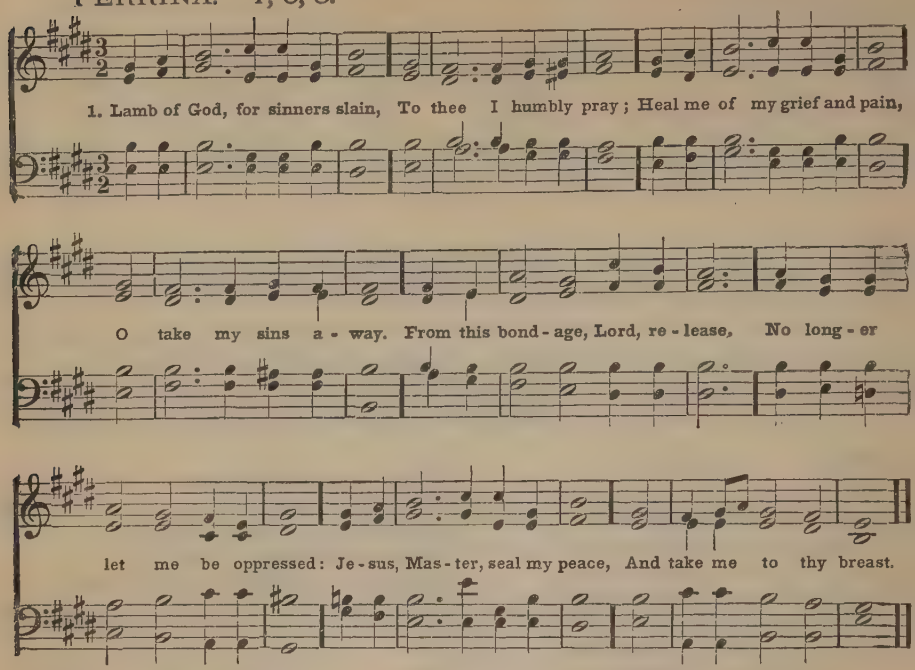
2 O give us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,—
To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls! to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

Charles Wesley.

PERRINA. 7, 6, 8. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Lamb of God, for sinners slain, To thee I humbly pray; Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins a - way. From this bond - age, Lord, re - lease, No long - er
let me be oppressed: Je - sus, Mas - ter, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

382 *Looking unto Jesus.*

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppressed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possessed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

Charles Wesley.

383 *Remember Calvary.*

1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

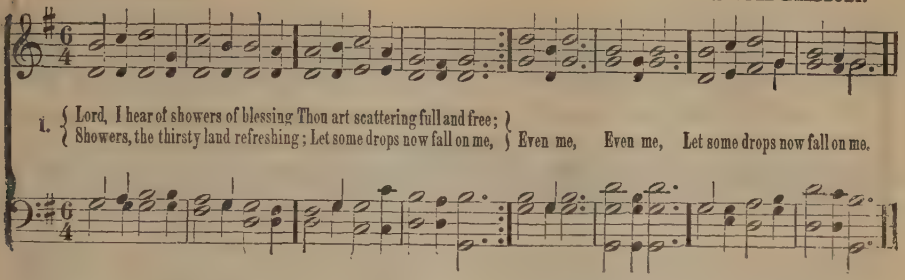
2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley.

EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me, Even me, Let some drops now fall on me.

384 *Even me.*

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

[7, 6, 8. Tune, Perrina. Page 142.]

385 *Saved by grace.*

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley.

[7, 6, 8. Tune, Perrina. Page 142.

386 *Refuge in the blood of the Lamb.*

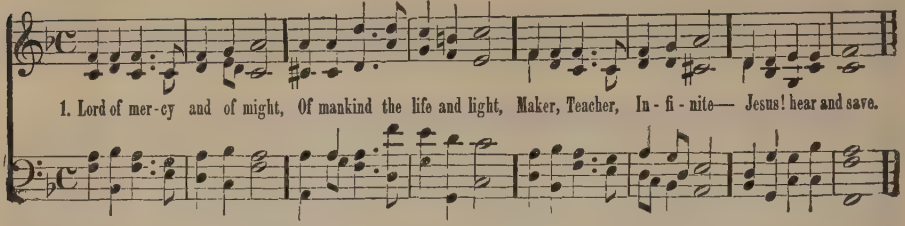
1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace,
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley.

GREY. 7, 5. Rev. F. R. Grey.



387 *Hear, and save.*

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite—
Jesus! hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
Jesus! hear and save.

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus! hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then—
Jesus! hear and save.

Reginald Heber.

[S. M. Tune, Dennis. Page 60.]

388 *The soul's home.*

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

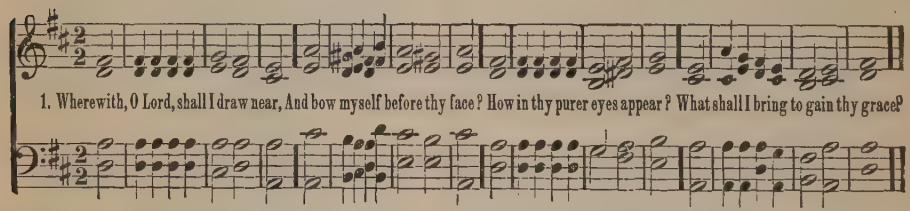
2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William A. Muhlenberg.

ASHWELL. L. M. Lowell Mason.


1. Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near, And bow myself before thy face? How in thy purer eyes appear? What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

389 *The sinner's only plea.*

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

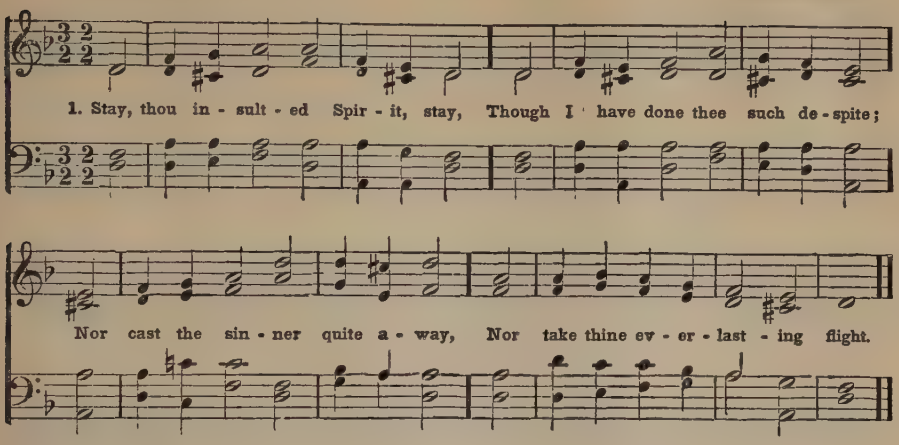
4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast showed:
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ.


1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done thee such de - spite;
Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

390 *The withdrawal of the Spirit deprecated.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

391 *Pleading for pity.*

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

392 *The sinner's only hope.*

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

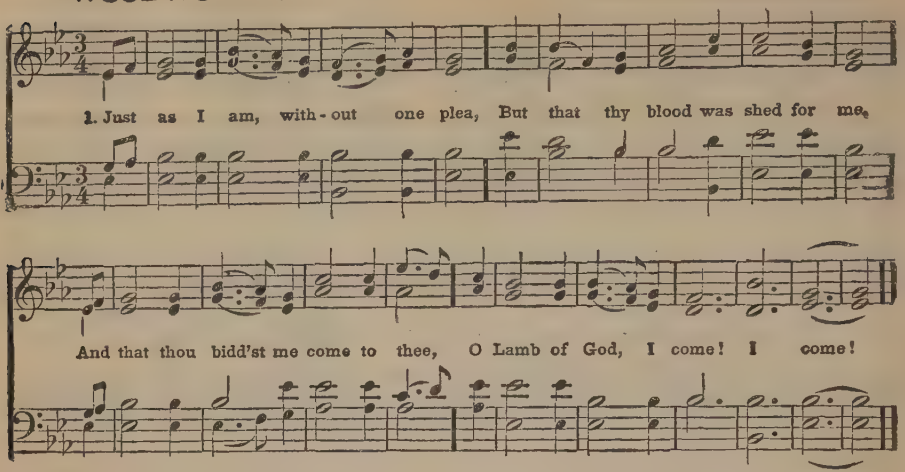
2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

393 *Just as I am.*

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

394 *Dawning hope.*

1 MY soul before Thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

C. F. Richter. Tr. by J. Wesley.

395 *Only Jesus.*

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

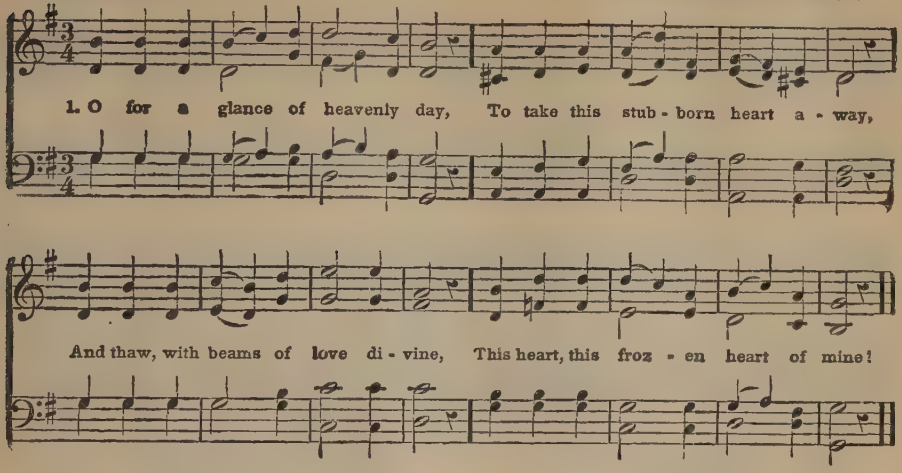
2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Charles Wesley.

ROSE HILL. L. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.


1. O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stub - born heart a - way,
And thaw, with beams of love di - vine, This heart, this froz - en heart of mine!

396 *Stubbornness of heart.*

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

397 *Only by faith.*

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Charles Wesley.

398 *The kind Physician.*

1 JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

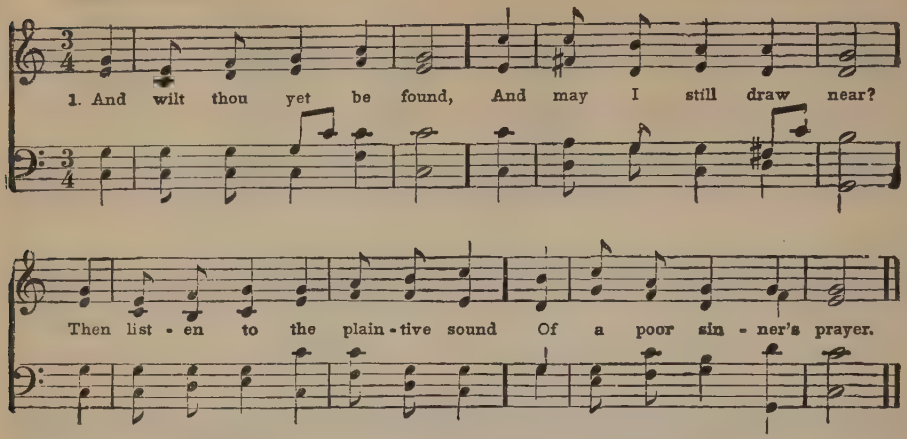
3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

Charles Wesley.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



FIRST PART.

399 *Restore my peace.*

1 AND wilt Thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

400 *Yearning for deliverance.*

1 WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

Charles Wesley.

THIRD PART.

401 *The surrender.*

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

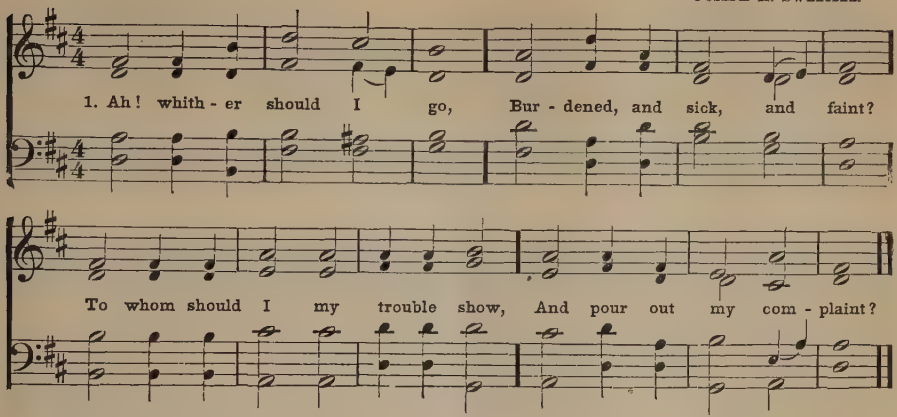
5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

OWEN. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



402 *To whom shall I go?*

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

Charles Wesley.

403 *Out of the depths.*

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.

3 O hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above,
The waters soon will cease!
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery.

404 *For a broken heart.*

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

405 *The Son of God in tears.*

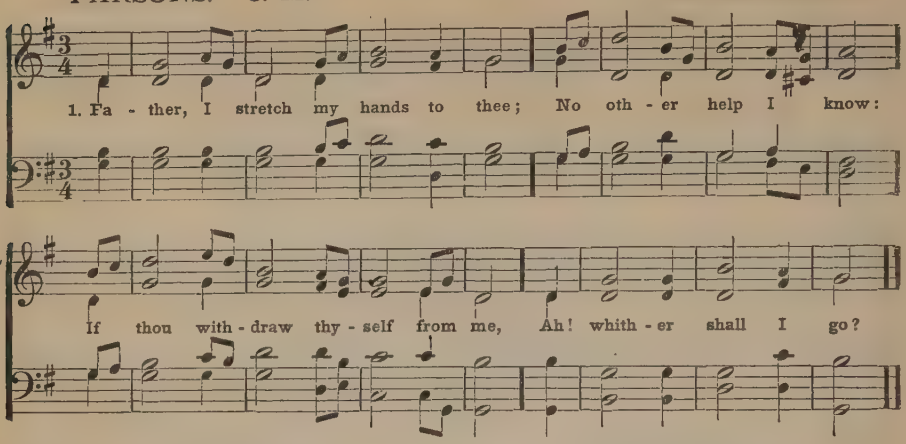
1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

PARSONS. C. M. * ARR. FROM S. HUBBARD.



406 *Unwearied earnestness.*

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

Charles Wesley.

407 *Earnest desire for pardon.*

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to a thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

408 *Reposing on Christ.*

1 WE sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

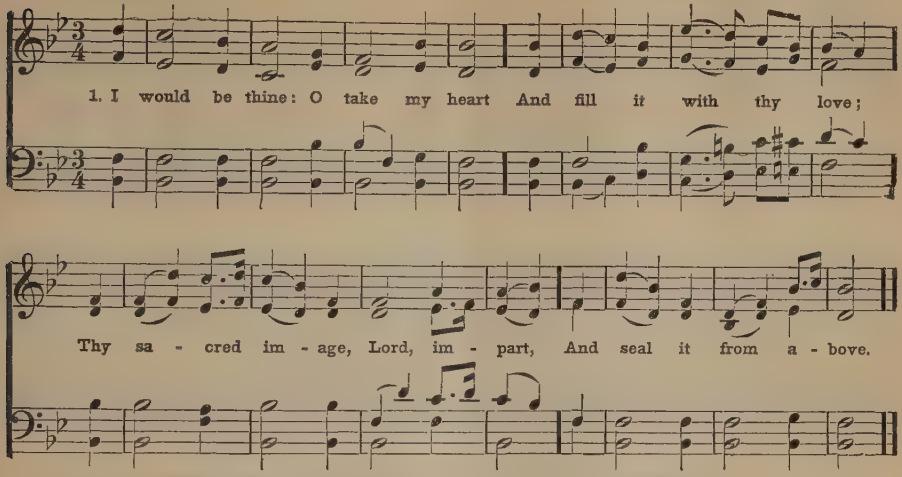
2 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light!
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

3 Around thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven thy glory sings;
And earth, for which thou cam'st to die,
Loud with thy praises rings.

4 Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes thy face would see:
O let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee!

Bernard of Clairvaux.

BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.

409 *I would be Thine.*

1 I WOULD be thine: O take my heart
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

Andrew Reed.

410 *Sincere contrition.*

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

Charles Wesley.

411 *The Sun of righteousness.*

1 O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quickening power
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

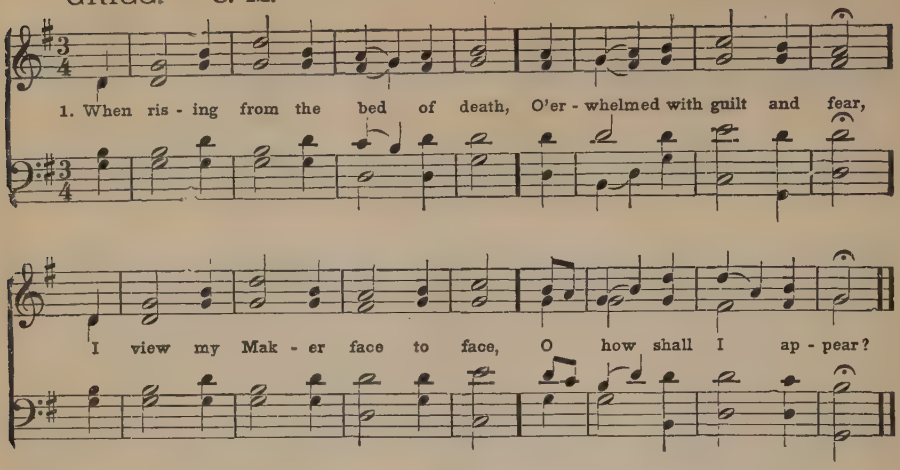
John Wesley.

Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

GRIGG. C. M. JOSEPH GRIGG.



412 *Timely penitence.*

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison.

413 *All things possible to God.*

1 O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

3 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

414 *The prodigal's return.*

1 THE prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I 'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I 'll ask a servant's place."

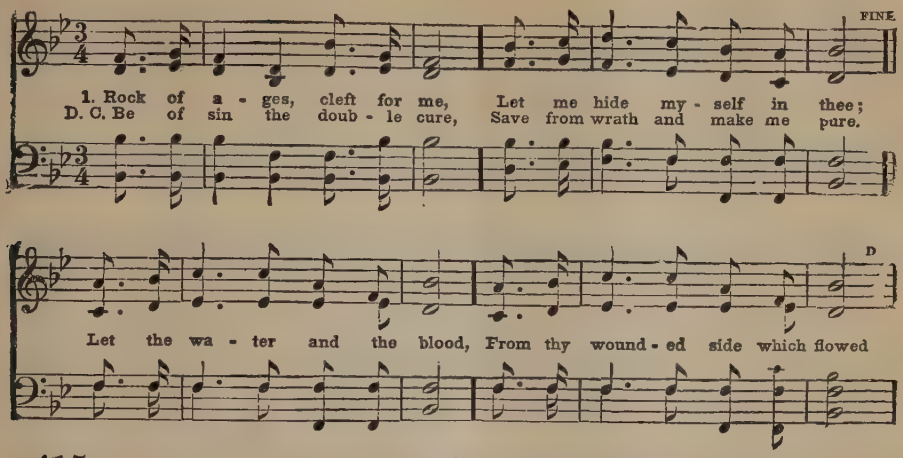
4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

TOPLADY. 7, 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed

415 *Rock of ages.*

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt.

416 *The true Light.*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

417 *The Litany.*

1 BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

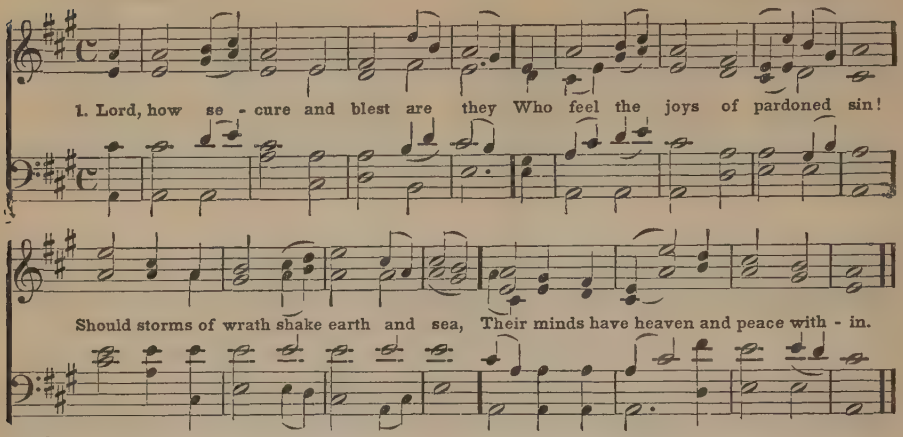
2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant

WIMBORNE. L. M. JOHN WHITAKER.


1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace with - in.

418 *Peace and hope of the righteous.*

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

419 *Filial love and longing.*

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Evanston. Page 155.]

420 *The soul's anchorage.*

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

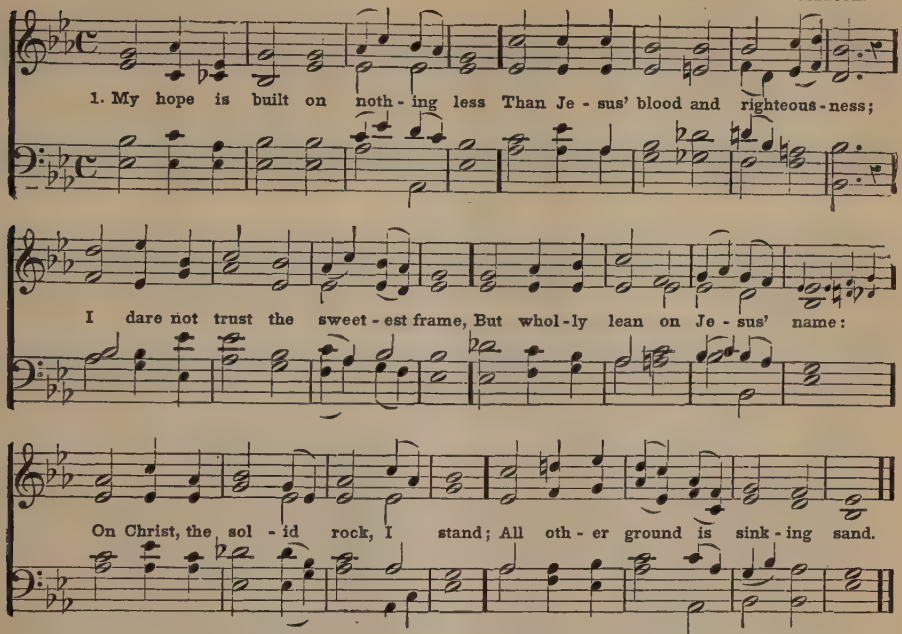
2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

Johann A. Rothe. Tr. by J. Wesley.

EVANSTON. L. M. 61. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name:
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

421 *Christ, the solid rock.*

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

422 *Alive in Christ.*

1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

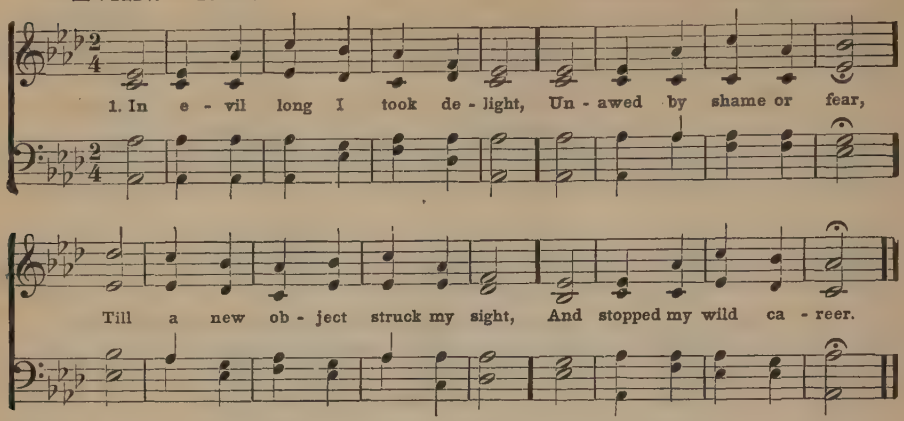
3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley.

EVAN. C. M. REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



423 *Convicted,—pardoned.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

424 *The earnest of redemption.*

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

425 *The blood of sprinkling.*

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

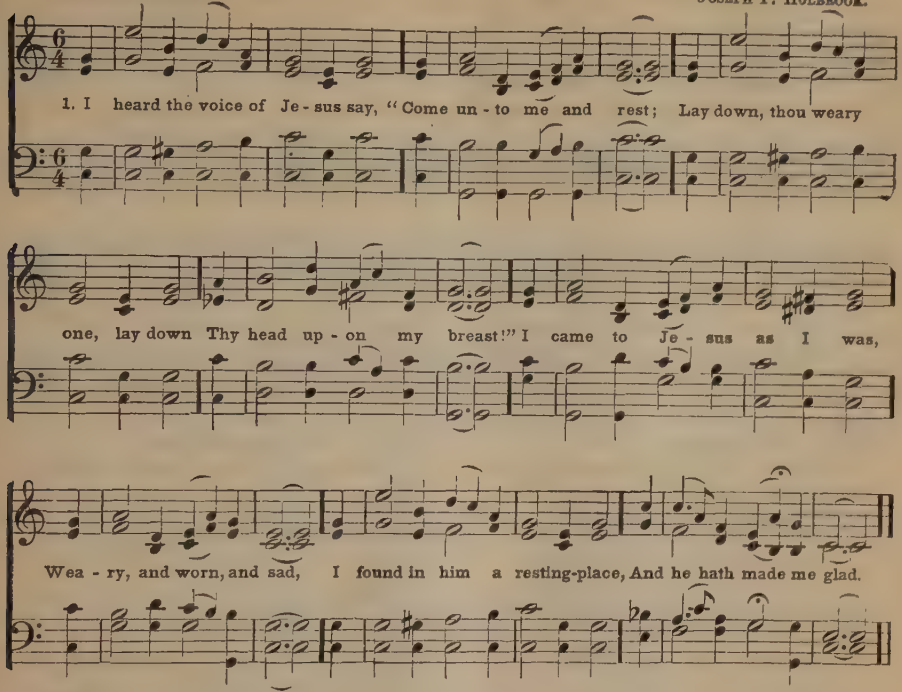
3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

TRUMAN. C. M. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was,
Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting-place, And he hath made me glad.

426 *The voice of Jesus.*

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

427 *Amazing grace.*

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

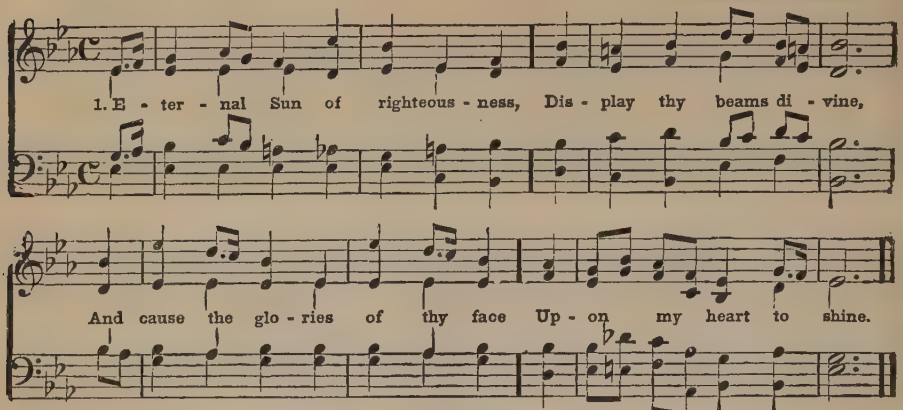
2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton

BURLINGTON. C. M.

JOHN FREEKLETON BURROWS.



428 *Reconciliation with God.*

1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

4 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

429 *Delightful assurance.*

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

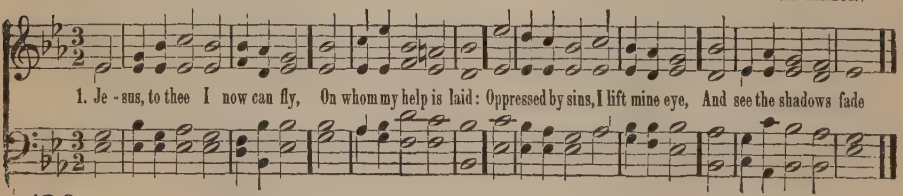
3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by that witness from on high,
Unwavering I believe;
And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



430 *Peace in believing.*

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

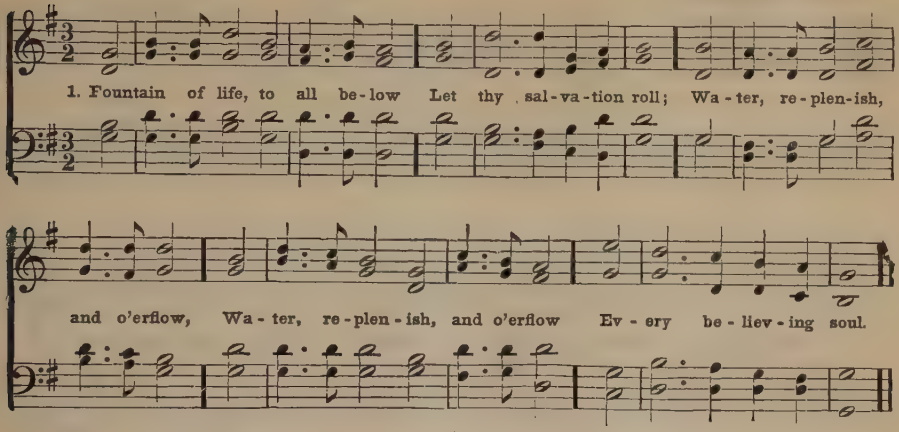
3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.


1. Fountain of life, to all be-low Let thy sal-va-tion roll; Wa-ter, re-plen-ish,
and o'erflow, Wa-ter, re-plen-ish, and o'erflow Ev-ery be-liev-ing soul.

431 *The well of life.*

1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

432 *Victorious faith.*

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

433 *His boundless grace.*

1 WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

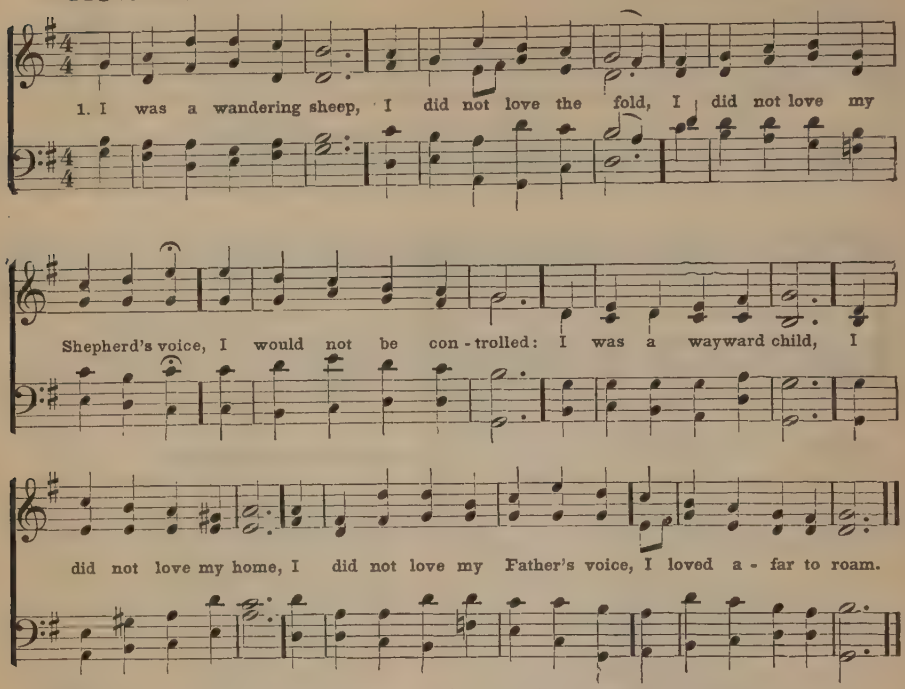
3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

Charles Wesley.

MORRIS. S. M. * Rev. John Black.


1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled: I was a wayward child, I
did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

434 *No more a wandering sheep.*

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar.

435 *The revealing Spirit.*

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That he who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

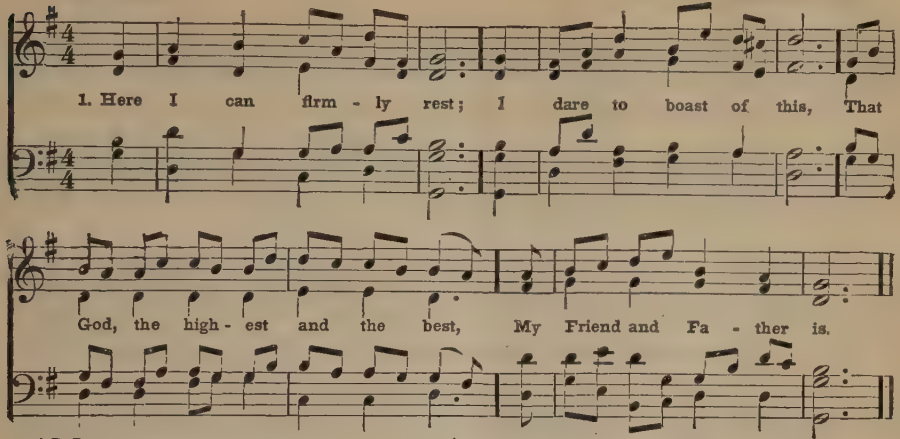
2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Charles Wesley.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



436 *God, my Father.*

1 HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

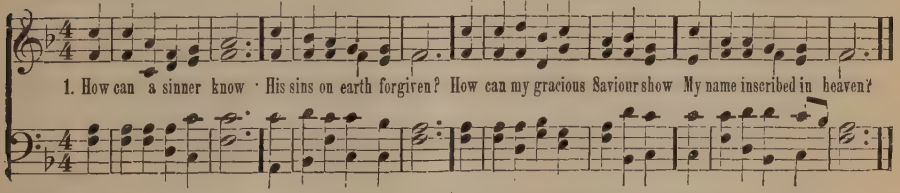
5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



437 *Knowledge of forgiveness.*

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

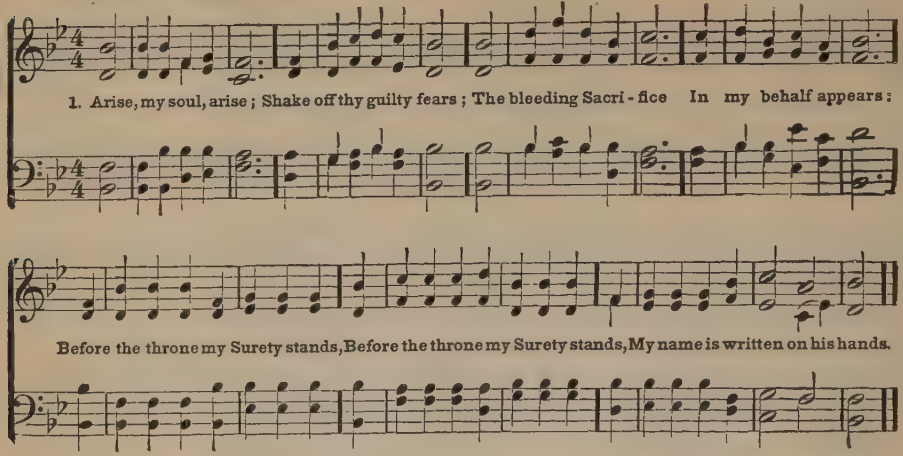
4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwel'
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.


1. Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri-fice In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

438 *Abba, Father.*—Rom. 8: 15.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Charles Wesley.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.]

439 *The inward witness.*

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

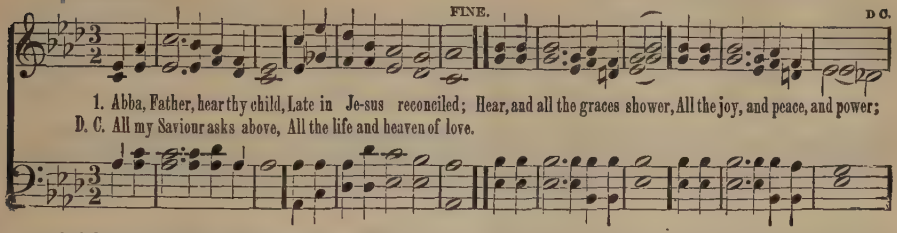
4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, "Abba, Father," cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known,
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

VIOLA. 7, 61.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


FINE.
D.C.
1. Abba, Father, hear thy child, Late in Je-sus reconciled; Hear, and all the graces shower, All the joy, and peace, and power;
D. C. All my Saviour asks above, All the life and heaven of love.

440 *The indwelling Spirit.*

1 ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail.

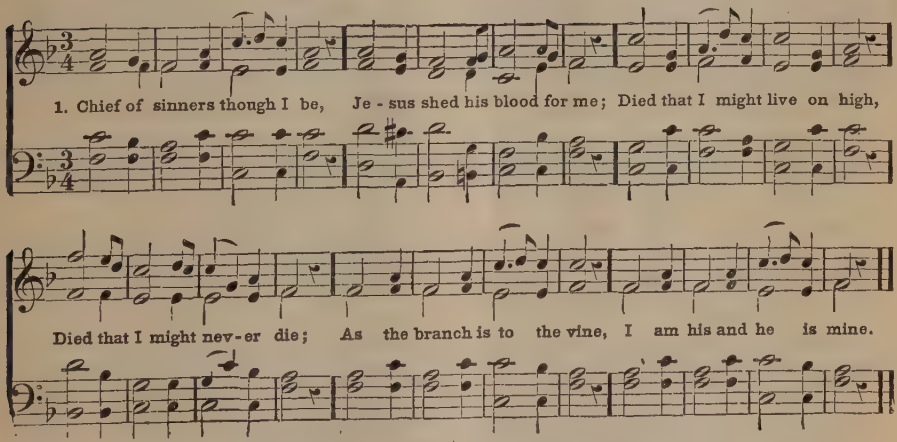
3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

REPOSE. 7. 61.

ARR. BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Chief of sinners though I be, Je - sus shed his blood for me; Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might nev-er die; As the branch is to the vine, I am his and he is mine.

441 *Chief of sinners.*

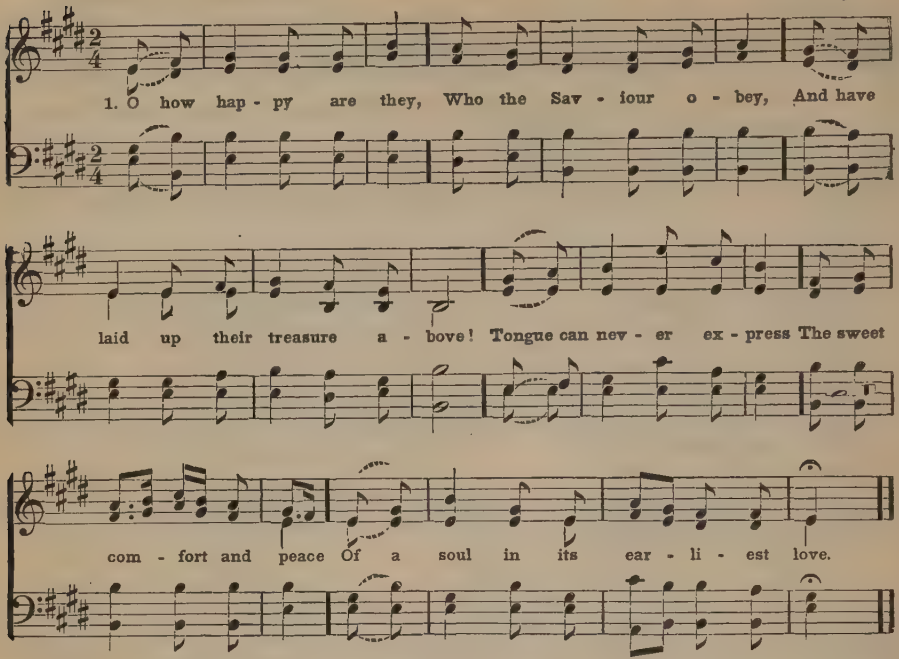
1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

McComb.

RAPTURE. 12, 9. R. D. HUMPHREYS.


1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have
laid up their treasure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet
com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

442 *The joys of conversion.*

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

[7, 6, 7. Tune, Amsterdam. Page 401.]

443 *The righteousness of faith.*

1 OFT I in my heart have said,—
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

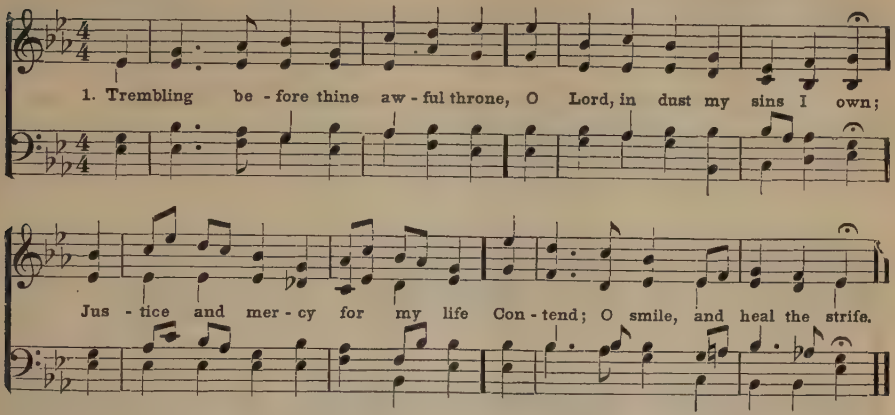
2 Oft I in my heart have said,—
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeigned humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell in me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
While Christ to me it brings:
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth and in thy heart
The word is ever nigh."

Charles Wesley.

SAMSON. L. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. Trembling be - fore thine aw - ful throne, O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Jus - tice and mer - cy for my life Con - tend; O smile, and heal the strife.

444 *The new joy.*

1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

5 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Augustus L. Hillhouse.

445 *The realizing light of faith.*

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same;

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou:
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

446 *Salvation by grace.*

1 WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

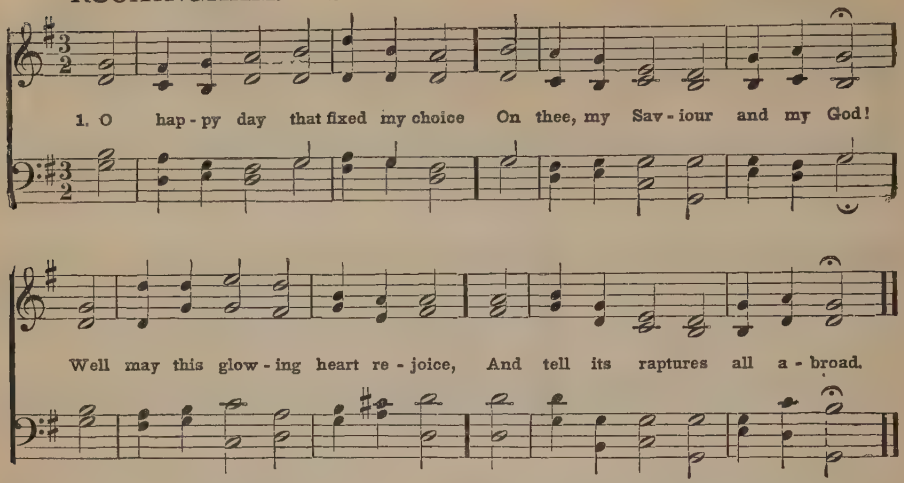
2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak
O let it speak us up to God!

Charles Wesley.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

447 *O happy day!*

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

448 *Salvation by faith.*

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord,
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Wolfgang C. Dessler. Tr. by J. Wesley.

449 *Forgiving love.*

1 MY soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransomed powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

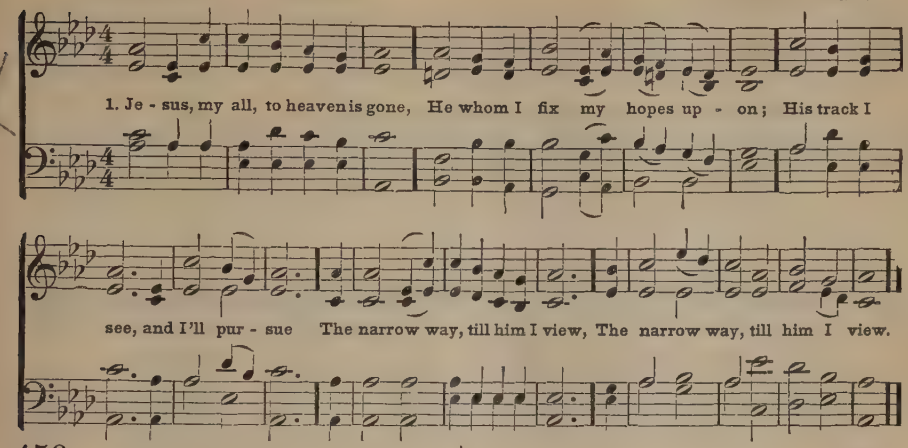
2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

John H. Livingstone.

DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.


1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I
see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way, till him I view, The narrow way, till him I view.

450 *The highway of holiness.*

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 LO! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

451 *His sovereign grace.*

1 GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abrah'm's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day
In Jesus' lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from naught.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
And praise thee in the highest heaven.

Charles Wesley.

452 *The Lord our righteousness.*

1 LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

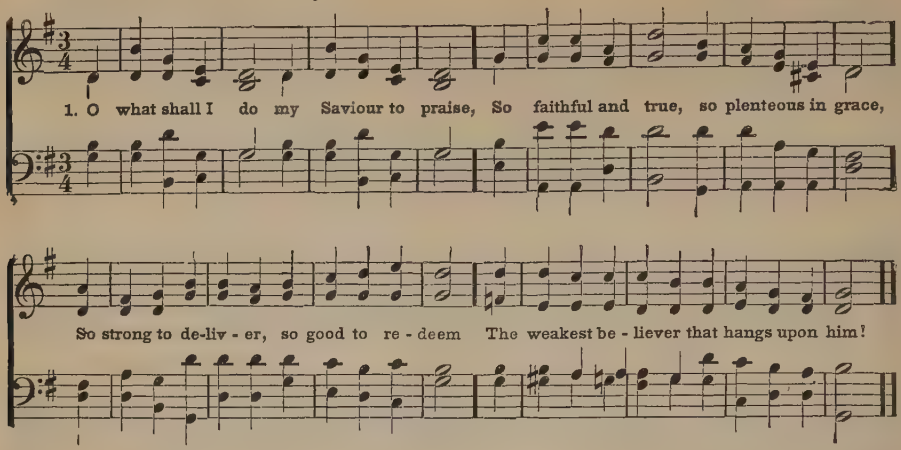
3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

HOUGHTON. 10, 11.

WILLIAM GARDINER.


1. O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to de-liv - er, so good to re - deem The weakest be - liever that hangs upon him!

453 *His plenteous grace.*

1 O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace:

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

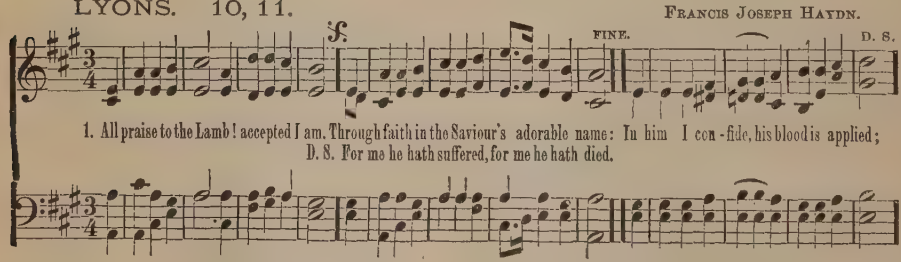
4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defense;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

Charles Wesley.

LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.


f.
FINE.
D. S.
1. All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am. Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name: In him I con-fide, his blood is applied;
D. S. For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

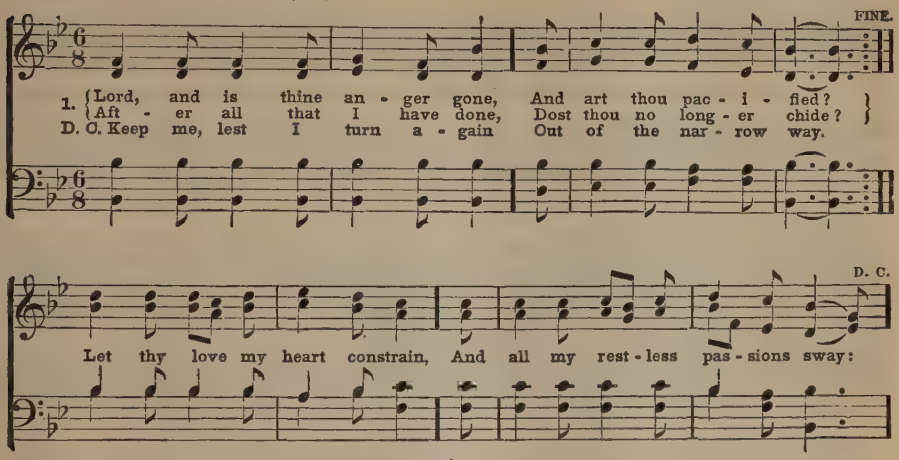
454 *Accepted in the Beloved.*

1 ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes:
In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

Charles Wesley.

ROCKPORT. 7, 6, 8. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


FINE.
1. {Lord, and is thine an - ger gone, And art thou pac - i - fied?
{Aft - er all that I have done, Dost thou no long - er chide?
D. C. Keep me, lest I turn a - gain Out of the nar - row way.
D. C.
Let thy love my heart constrain, And all my rest - less pas - sions sway:

455 *Tears of joy.*

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

3 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

456 *Nothing but Christ crucified.*

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

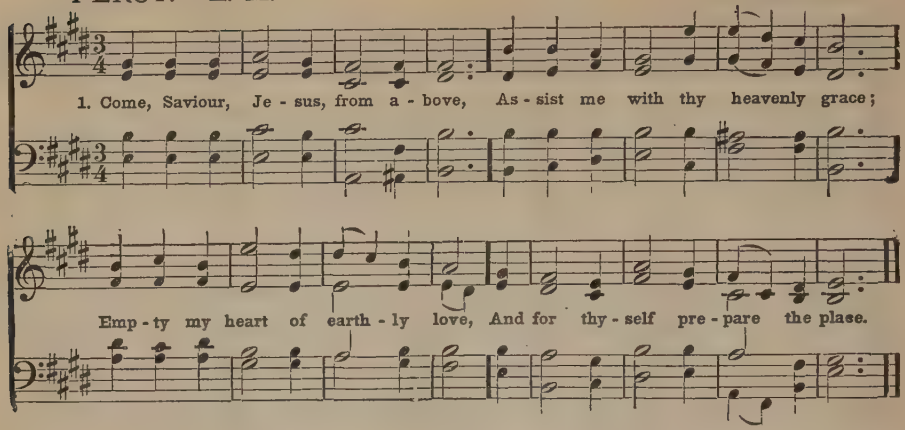
3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

PERCY. L. M. H. PERCY SMITH.


1. Come, Saviour, Je - sus, from a - bove, As - sist me with thy heavenly grace;
Emp - ty my heart of earth - ly love, And for thy - self pre - pare the place.

457 *Renouncing all for Christ.*

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Mad. A. Bourignon. Tr. by J. Wesley.

458 *Personal consecration.*

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn:
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,—
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,—
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

Charles Wesley.

459 *Living to God.*

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

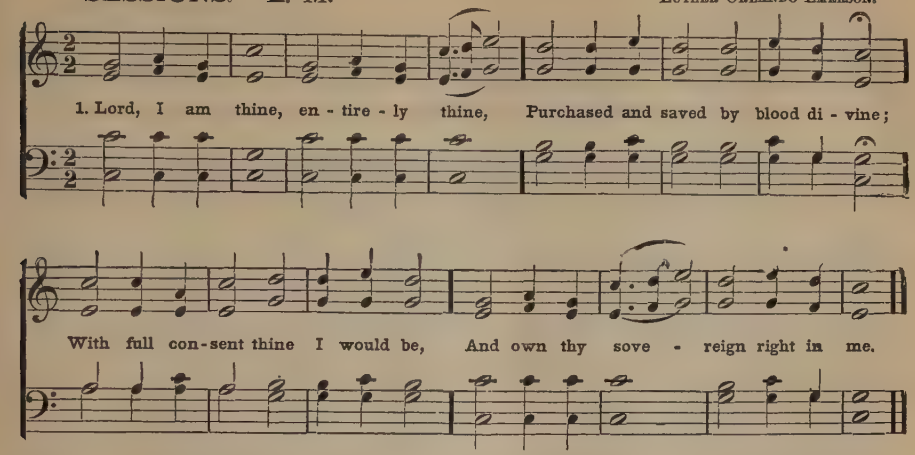
2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. M. J. Cotterill.

SESSIONS. L. M. LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.


1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;
With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sove - reign right in me.

460 *The vow sealed at the cross.*

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

461 *Thirsting for perfect love.*

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

462 *The Lord is my portion.*—Lam. 3: 24.

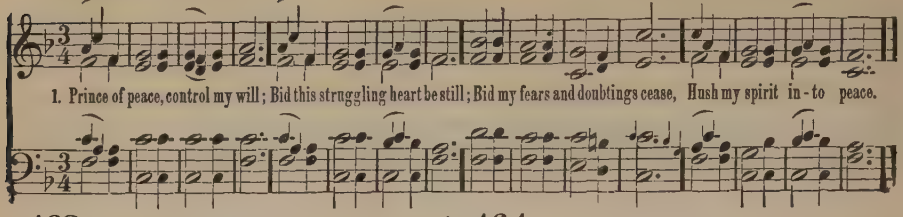
1 O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

Charles Wesley.

ALETTA. 7. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in-to peace.

463 *Perfect peace.*

1 PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

464 *The mind of Jesus.*

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Sweetly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

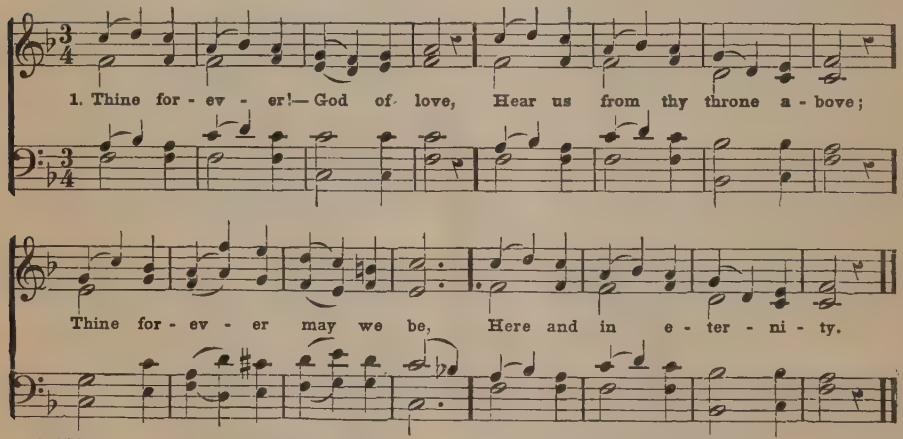
2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown:
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 To thy gracious will resigned,
All thy will by me be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to live with God.

James Montgomery.

FISK. 7.



465 *Thine forever.*

2 Thine forever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

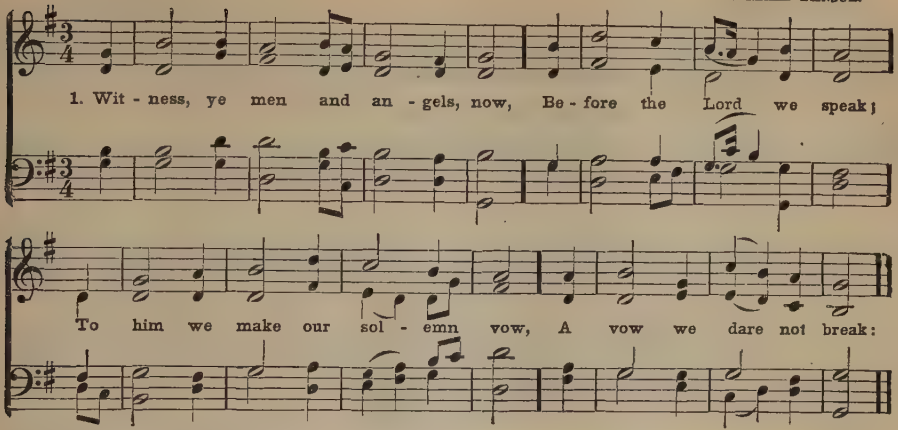
3 Thine forever!—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever!—thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mrs. Mary F. Maude.

BARBY. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



466 *The solemn vow.*

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome.

467 *I will take the cup of salvation.*—Ps. 116: 13.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts he hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 My vows I will to his great name
Before his people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon his altar lay.

3 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe
To thee whate'er is mine,
Born in thy family below,
And by redemption thine.

4 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon his name.

5 Praise him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Till, gathered to the Church above,
We sing the songs of heaven.

Samuel Wesley.

468 *Accept my heart.*

1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridge.

469 *Soul and body dedicated to the Lord*

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

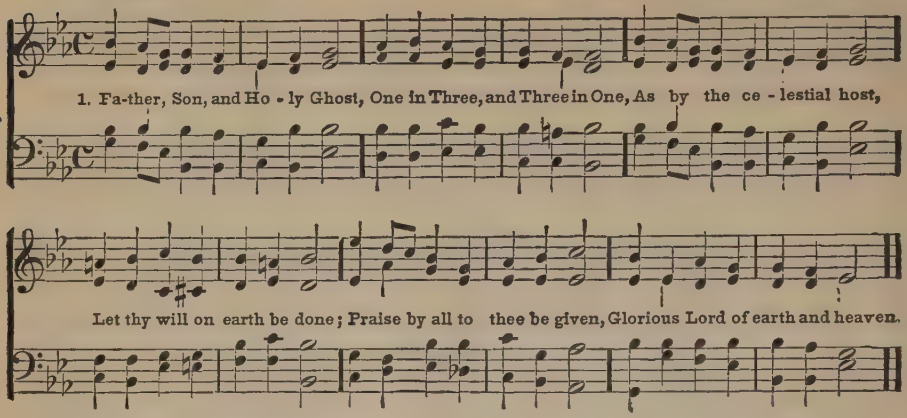
2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley

DURBIN. 7, 61. REV. W. D. MACLAGAN.


1. Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One, As by the ce - lestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be given, Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

470 *Entire consecration.*

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

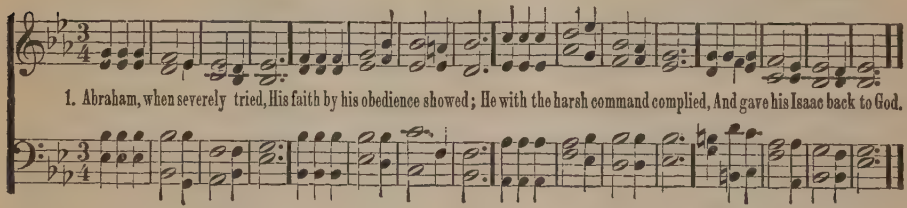
2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

4 Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

SAXBY. L. M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.


1. Abraham, when severely tried, His faith by his obedience showed; He with the harsh command complied, And gave his Isaac back to God.

471 *The trial of Abraham.*

1 ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

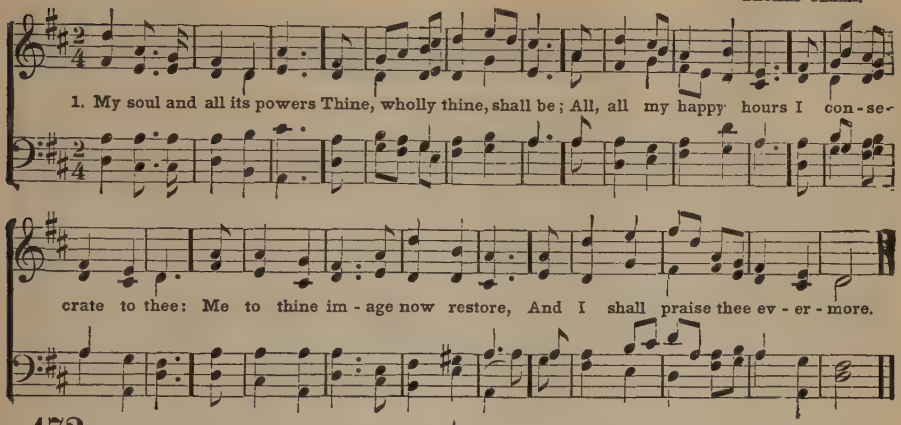
5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,—
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

Charles Wesley.

WARSAW. H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.


1. My soul and all its powers Thine, wholly thine, shall be; All, all my happy hours I con-se-
crate to thee: Me to thine im-age now restore, And I shall praise thee ev-er-more.

472 *Dedication to God.*

1 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

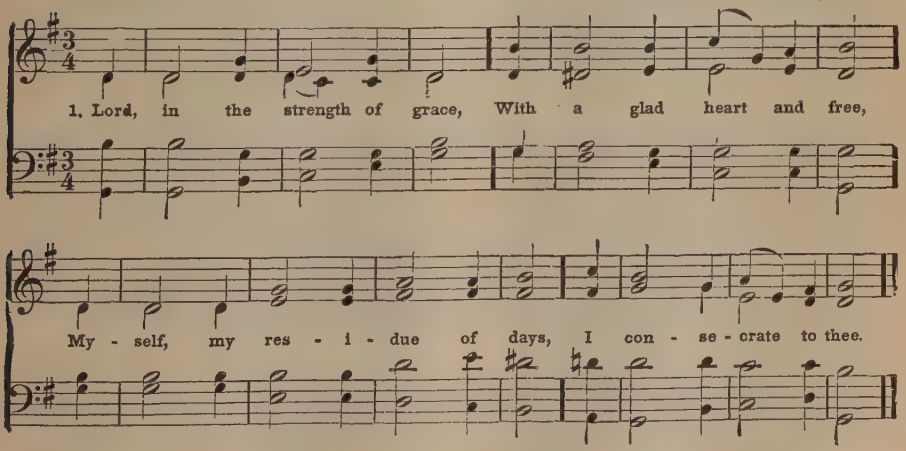
2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

Charles Wesley.

MARSHALL. S. M.

REV. GEORGE JARVIS GEER, D. D.



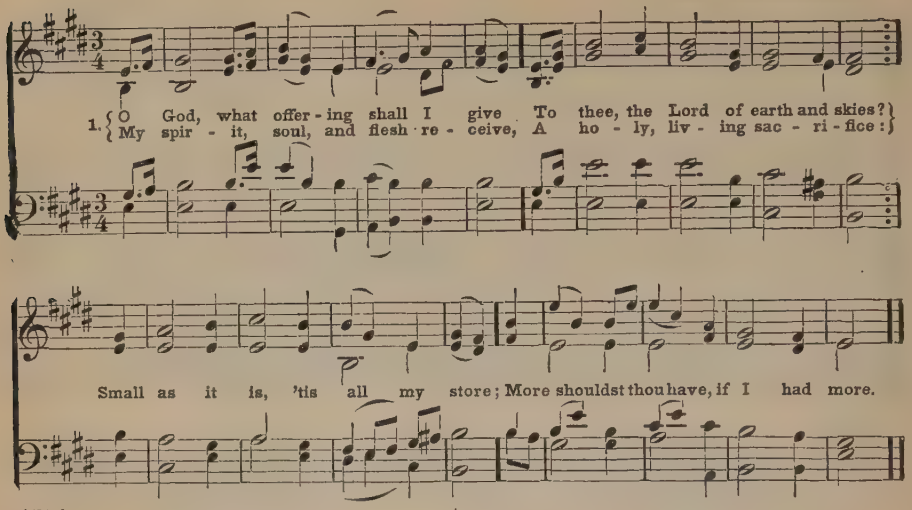
473 *Self-consecration.*

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 61. REV. WILLIAM YOAKLEY.


1. O God, what offer - ing shall I give To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spir - it, soul, and flesh re - ceive, A ho - ly, liv - ing sac - ri - fice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store; More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

474 *A living sacrifice.*

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine:
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

Joachim Lange. Tr. by J. Wesley

475 *The single eye.*

BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding hand to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfill all righteousness.

2 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

3 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
Mold as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

Charles Wesley.

476 *The prize of our high calling.*

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

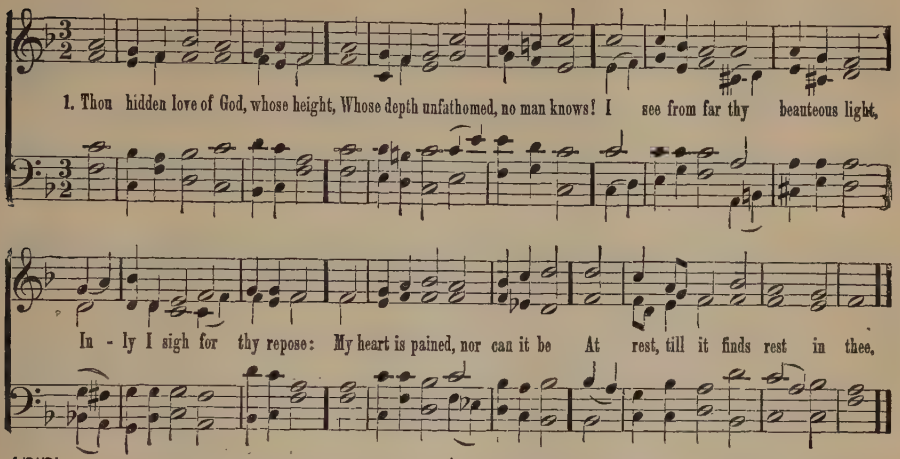
2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows! I see from far thy beauteous light,
In - ly I sigh for thy repose: My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

477 *Christ in you, the hope of glory.*

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

478 *Pressing toward the mark.*

1 I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

Johann A. Scheffler. Tr. by J. Wesley.

479 *His blood cleanseth from all sin.*

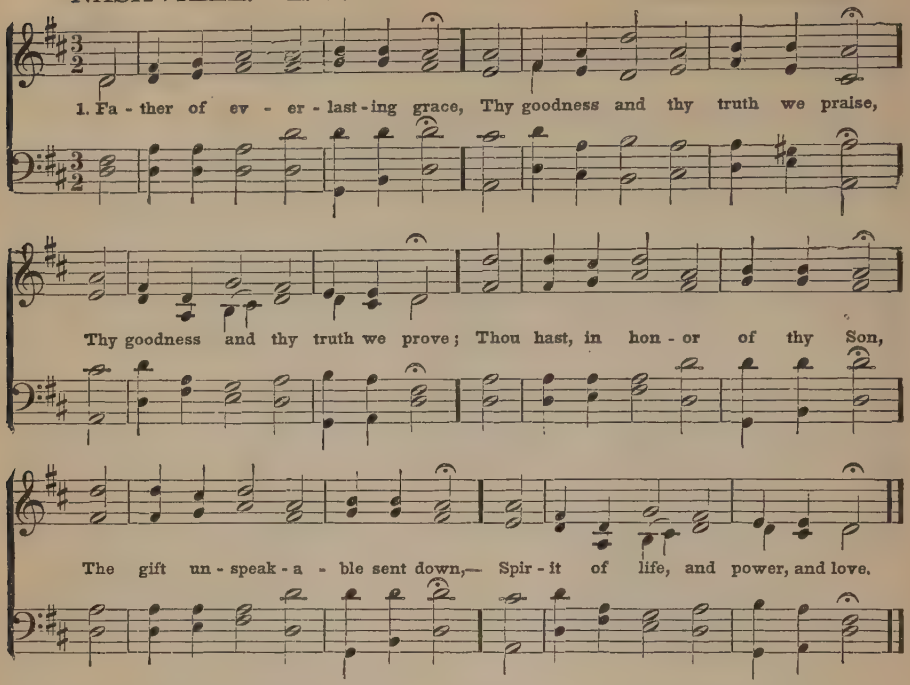
1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

Charles Wesley.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. ADAPTED BY LOWELL MASON


1. Fa - ther of ev - er - last - ing grace, Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove; Thou hast, in hon - or of thy Son,
The gift un - speak - a - ble sent down,— Spir - it of life, and power, and love.

480 *The sealing and sanctifying Spirit.*

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honor of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,—
Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to apply;
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Outsoar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all the saints in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

Charles Wesley.

481 *Crucified with Christ.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

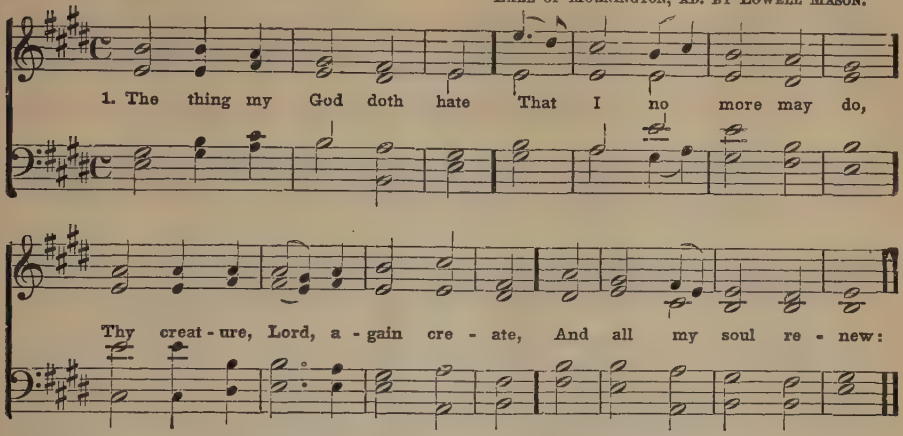
3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

4 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Charles Wesley.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON, AD. BY LOWELL MASON.



482 *The law of love.*

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

Charles Wesley.

483 *The Guide and Counselor.*

1 JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art:
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Charles Wesley.

484 *Christian aspiration.*

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;

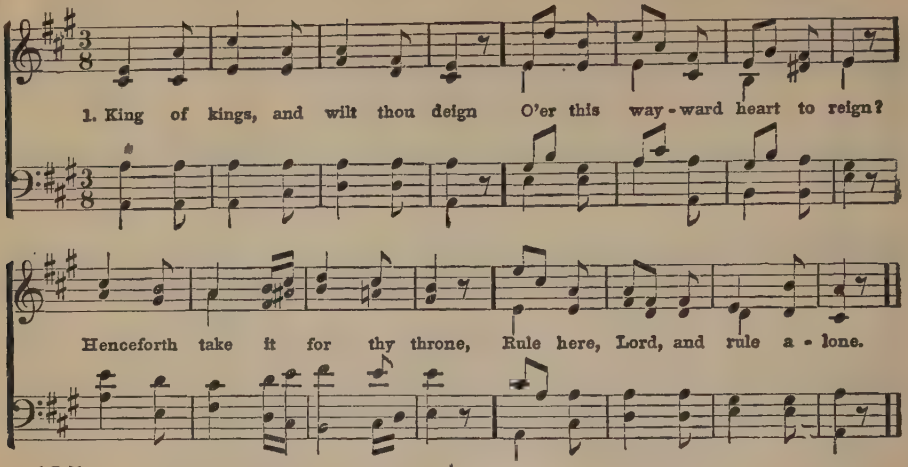
2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name.

4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done.

Charles Wesley.

HORTON. 7. Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee.


1. King of kings, and wilt thou deign O'er this way-ward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne, Rule here, Lord, and rule a-lone.

485 *Loyalty to Christ.*

1 KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

William A. Muhlenberg.

486 *Cut short the work in righteousness.*

1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

Charles Wesley.

487 *Christ comforting mourners.*

1 GRACIOUS soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Restless breathings, earnest moans,
Deep, unutterable groans,
Agonies of strong desire,
Love's suppressed, unconscious fire;

2 Turn again to God, thy rest,
Jesus hath pronounced thee blest:
Humbly to thy Jesus turn,
Comforter of all that mourn:
Happy mourner, hear, and see,
Claim the promise made to thee.

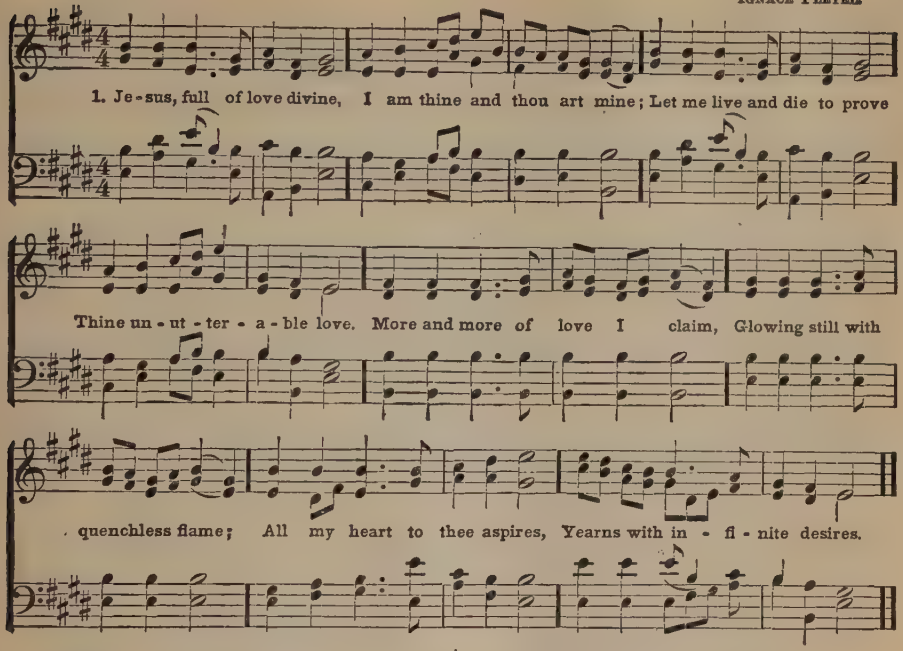
3 Gently will he lead the weak,
Bruisèd reeds he ne'er will break;
Touched with sympathizing care,
Thee he in his arms shall bear,
Bless with late but lasting peace,
Fill with all his righteousness.

4 Lift to him thy weeping eye,
Heaven behind the cloud descry:
If with Christ thou suffer here,
When his glory shall appear,
Christ his suffering son shall own;
Thine the cross, and thine the crown.

Charles Wesley.

ONIDO. 7. D.

IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. Je-sus, full of love divine, I am thine and thou art mine; Let me live and die to prove
Thine un-ut-ter-a-ble love. More and more of love I claim, Glowing still with
quenchless flame; All my heart to thee aspires, Yearns with in-fi-nite desires.

488 *Ineffable love.*

2 Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to thee combined.
Ever since I saw thy face,
Proved thy plenitude of grace,
Chose thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.

3 Jesus, Saviour, thou art mine;
Jesus, all I have is thine;
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.
Love my darkness shall illume,
Love shall all my sins consume:
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love!

Benjamin Gough.

489 *For reviving grace.*

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

490 *Panting for purity.*

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
"As thou art, so let us be!"

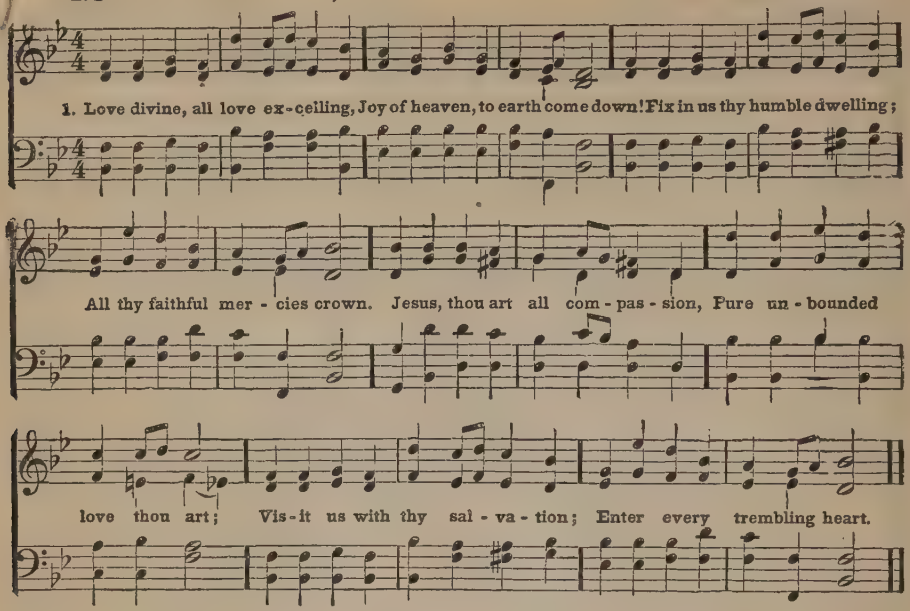
2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

Mrs. Anna S. Dober. Tr. by J. Wesley.

LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love divine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mer-cies crown. Jesus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bounded
love thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; Enter every trembling heart.

491 *The new creation.*

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

492 *The one thing needful.*

1 WELL for him who all things losing
E'en himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught!

2 Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
Calm and pure as saints above!

3 Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

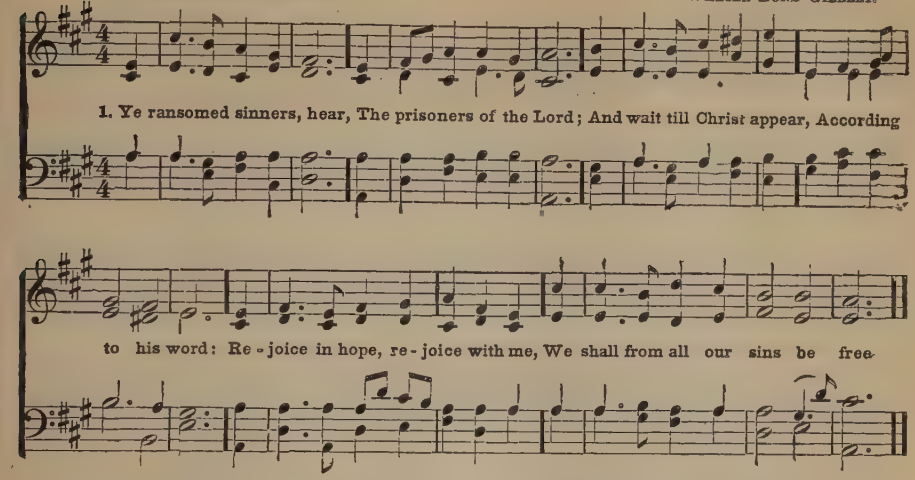
4 O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on him forever
In whom all our fullness lies!

5 Thou, abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by thy cross to thee,
That our senses, soul, and spirit,
Ever one with Christ may be!

Gottfried Arnold. Tr. by Miss C. Winkw. Ab.

PEYTON. H. M.

WALTER BOND GILBERT.


1. Ye ransomed sinners, hear, The prisoners of the Lord; And wait till Christ appear, According
to his word: Re - joice in hope, re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free.

493 *Rejoicing in hope.*

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

[7, 6, 8. Tune, Penitence. Page 204.]

494 *Speak the word.*

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Thou my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know;
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee:
Son of God, thyself reveal;
Engrave thy name on me.
As in heaven, be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

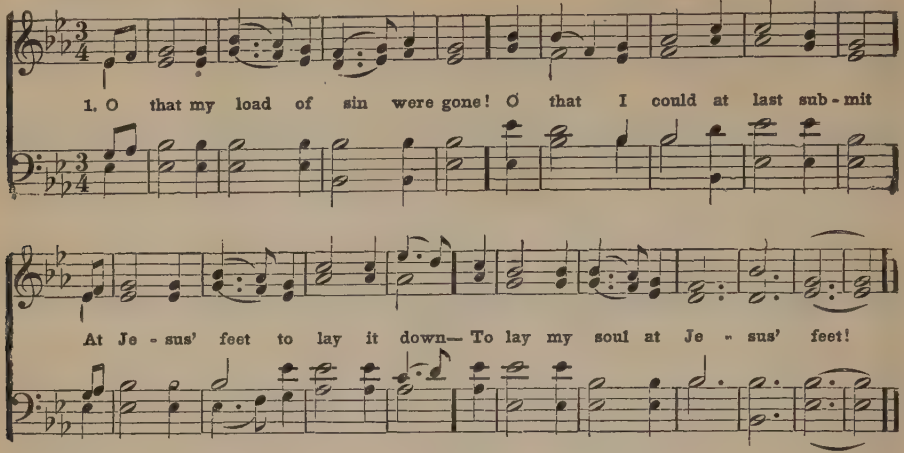
Charles Wesley.

Doxology.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

Isaac Watts.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



495 *The yoke easy and the burden light.*

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

496 *Following the Saviour.*

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

497 *For constant devotedness.*

1 LORD, fill me with a humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

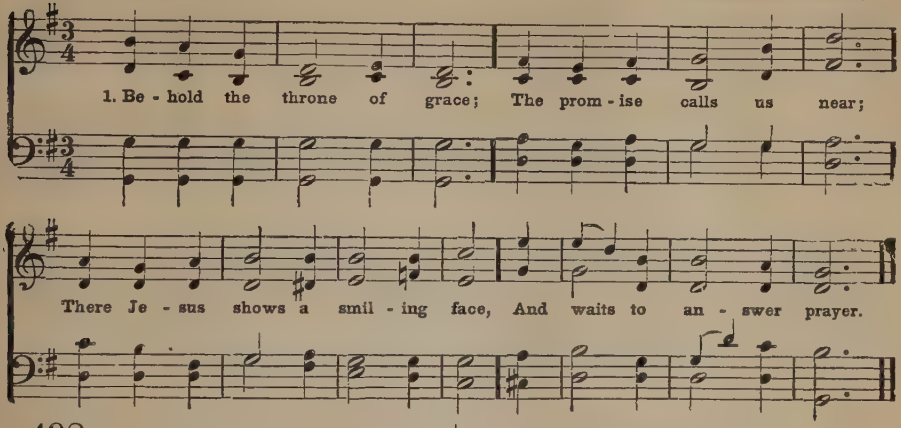
3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



498 *The throne of grace.*

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love,
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

499 *Living temples.*

1 AND will the mighty God,
Whom heaven cannot contain,
Make me his temple and abode,
And in me live and reign?

2 Come, Spirit of the Lord,
Teacher and heavenly Guide!
Be it according to thy word,
And in my heart reside.

3 O Holy, Holy Ghost!
Pervade this soul of mine:
In me renew thy Pentecost,
Reveal thy power divine!

4 Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruits to know;
Thy joy, and peace, and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to show.

5 Be it my greatest fear
Thy holiness to grieve;
Walk in the Spirit even here,
And in the Spirit live.

George Rawson.

500 *Thine, living or dying.*

1 JESUS, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh.

501 *Purity of heart.*

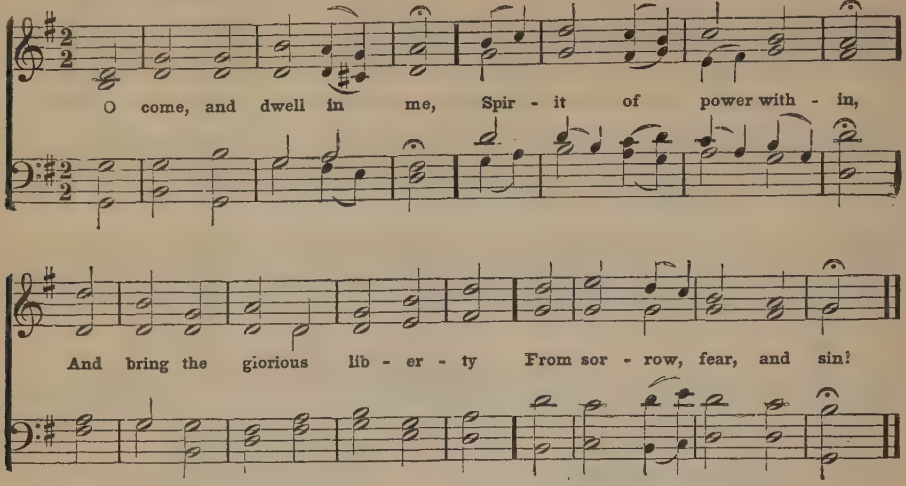
1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



502 *Glorious liberty.*

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

503 *Waiting at the cross.*

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

504 *Charity supreme.*

1 HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

Samuel Stennett, alt.

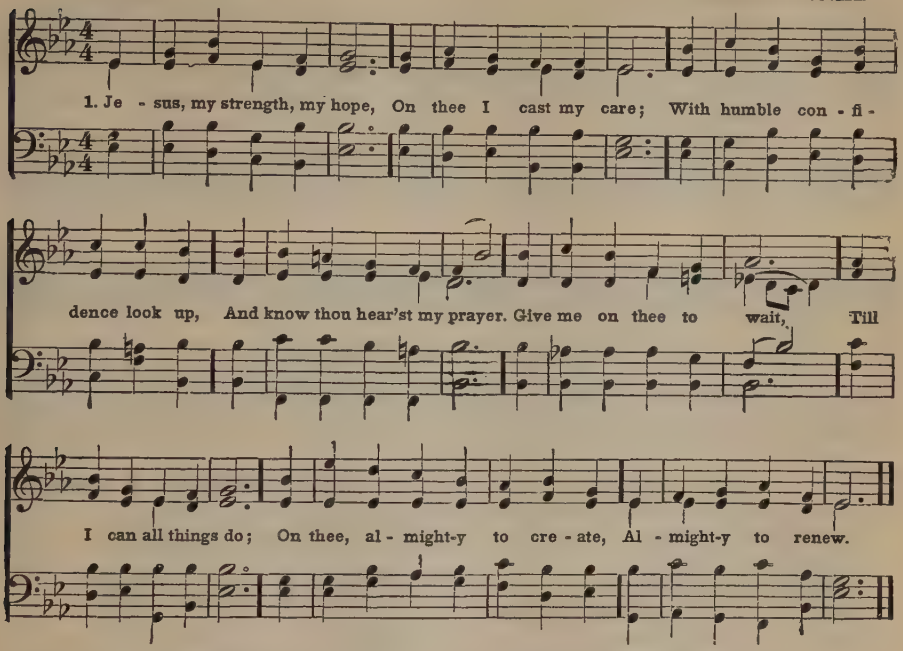
Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

HOPE. S. M. D.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER.


1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care; With humble con - fi -
dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer. Give me on thee to wait, Till
I can all things do; On thee, al - might-y to cre - ate, Al - might-y to renew.

FIRST PART.

505 *For entire consecration.*

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

506 *For perfect submission.*

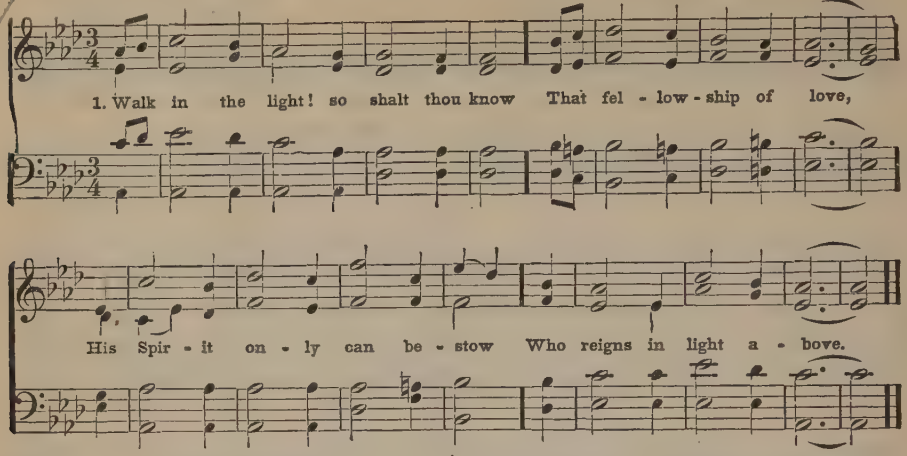
1 I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

MANOAH. C. M. FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.



507 *Walk in the light.*

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

508 *The fullness of God.*

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

509 *The thought of God.*

1 O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and straight the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

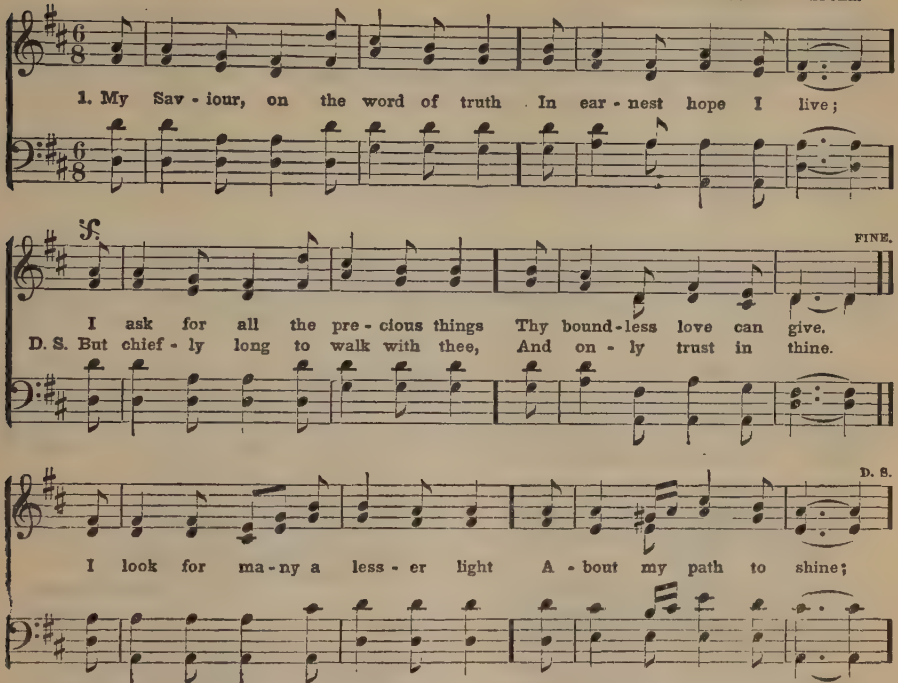
4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick W. Faber.

SPOHR. C. M. D.

ARR. FROM LOUIS SPOHR.


1. My Sav - iour, on the word of truth In ear - nest hope I live;
I ask for all the pre - cious things Thy bound - less love can give.
D. S. But chief - ly long to walk with thee, And on - ly trust in thine.
I look for ma - ny a less - er light A - bout my path to shine;
FINE.
D. S.

510 *For full redemption.*

1 My Saviour, on the word of truth
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine;
But chiefly long to walk with thee,
And only trust in thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in thee;
And still I seek, 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:
Until I find, O Lord, in thee,
The Lowly and the Meek,
The fullness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

Anna L. Waring.

511 *For a tender conscience.*

1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

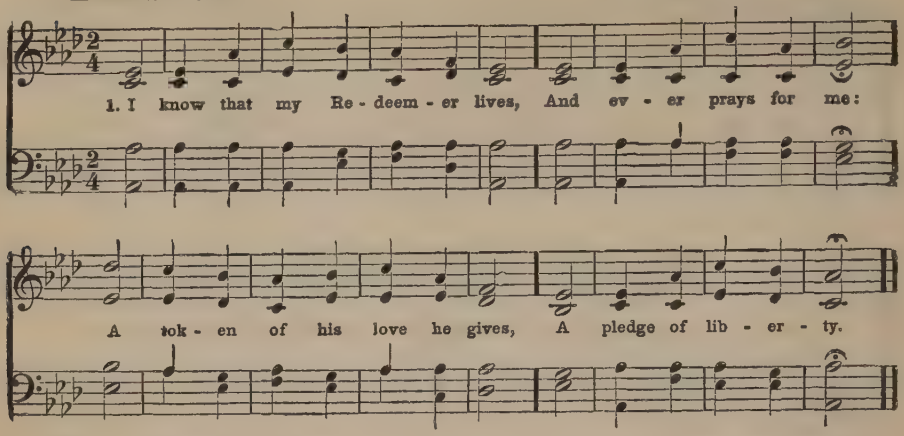
2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley.

EVAN. C. M.

Rev. William Henry Havergal.



512 *The counsel of His grace.*

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

513 *The rest of faith.*

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

514 *Come, Lord Jesus.*

1 O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfill:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God!

Charles Wesley.

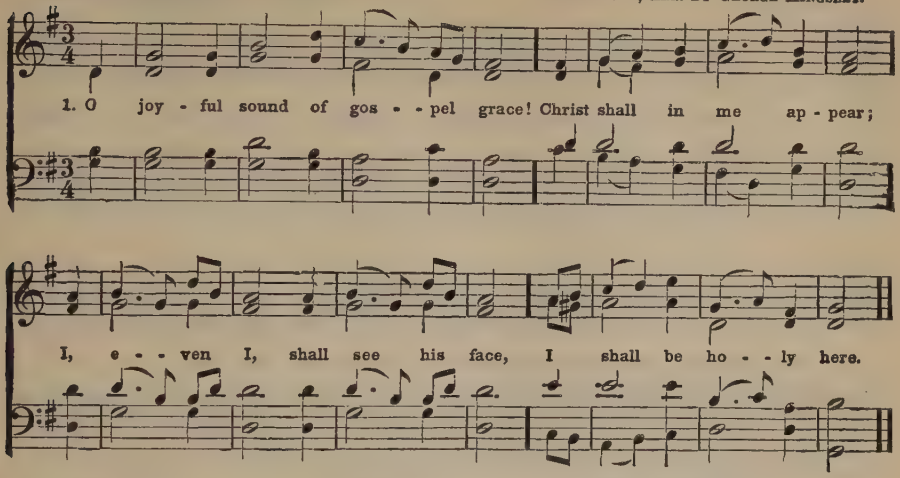
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady

BRIDGMAN. C. M.

BEETHOVEN, ARR. BY GEORGE KINGSLEY.



515 *A present paradise.*

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

Charles Wesley.

516 *The world overcome.*

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton.

517 *In earth, as it is in heaven.*—Matt. 6: 10.

1 JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

Charles Wesley.

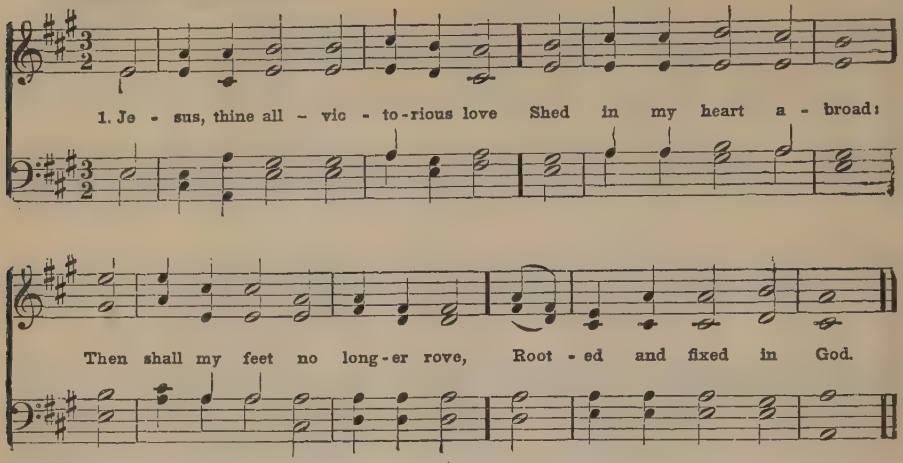
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



518 *The refining fire.*

1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

519 *The affections crucified.*

1 JESUS, my Life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

520 *Give me Thyself.*

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

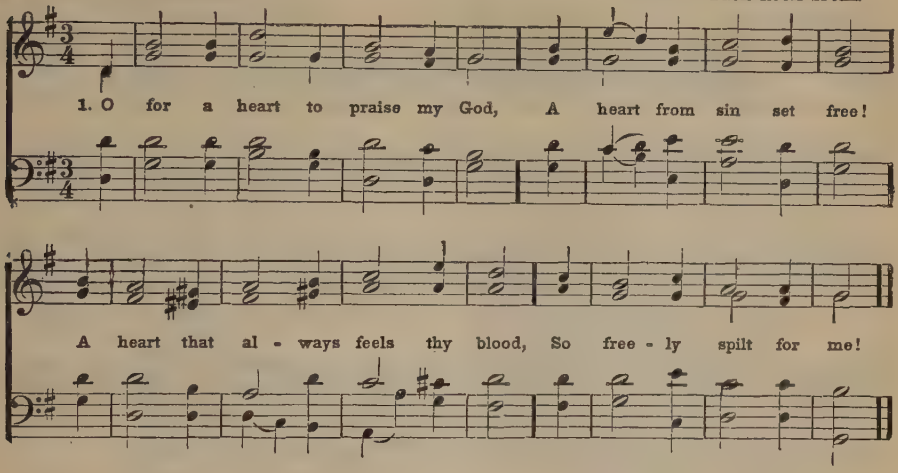
4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

SIMPSON. C. M.

From Louis Spohr.



521 *A perfect heart.*

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

522 *The work wrought.*

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

4 'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

523 *Faith omnipotent.*

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.

2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

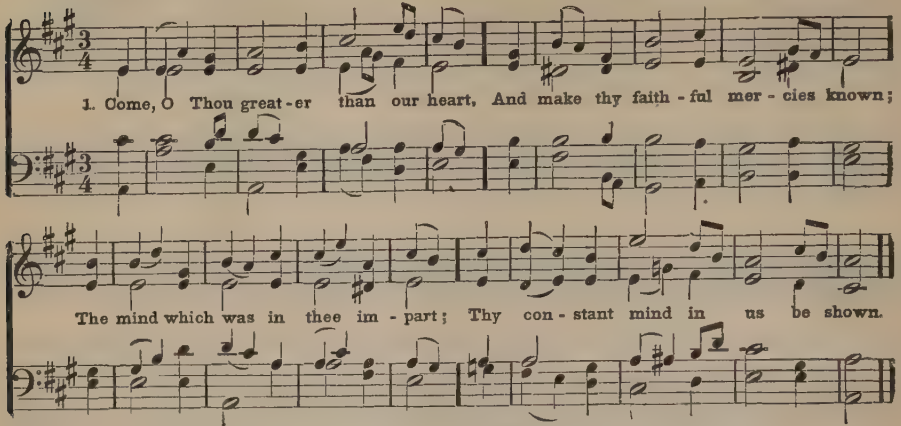
3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

4 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power,

5 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move:
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

JANES. L. M. JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.


1. Come, O Thou great-er than our heart, And make thy faith-ful mer-cies known;
The mind which was in thee im-part; Thy con-stant mind in us be shown.

524 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*—Heb. 4: 9.

1 COME, O Thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

Charles Wesley.

525 *Christ all in all.*

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

526 *Waiting for the promise.*

1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption through thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope;
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

Charles Wesley.

527 *For lowliness and purity.*

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride—the plague expel
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

Charles Wesley.

528 *The Canaan of perfect love.*

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure;

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

Charles Wesley.

529 *The will of God.*

1 HE wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

530 *Heavenly bliss in prospect.*

1 ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

Thomas Gibbons.

531 *The new covenant.*

1 O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God in Jesus pacified.

Charles Wesley.

532 *True perfection.*

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

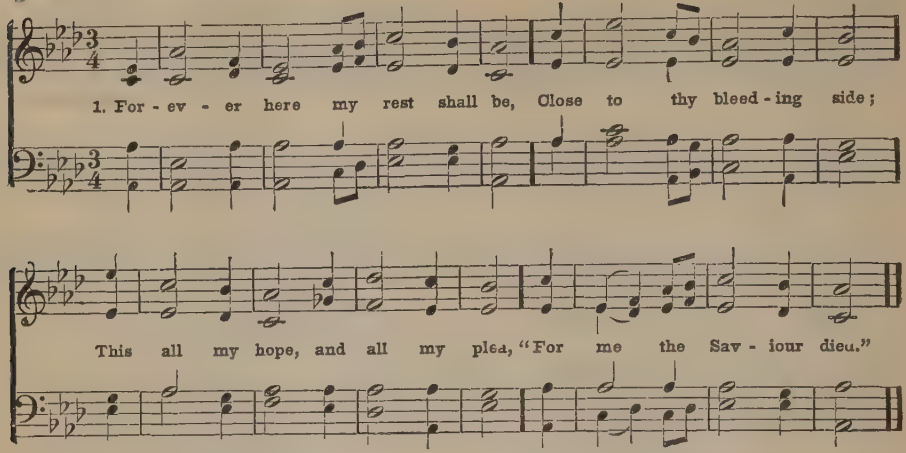
3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fullness of thy saving grace;
O may thy power the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole,
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



533 *Entire purification.*

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

534 *Perfect rest from sin.*

1 JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

Augustus M. Toplady.

535 *The gift of righteousness.*

1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

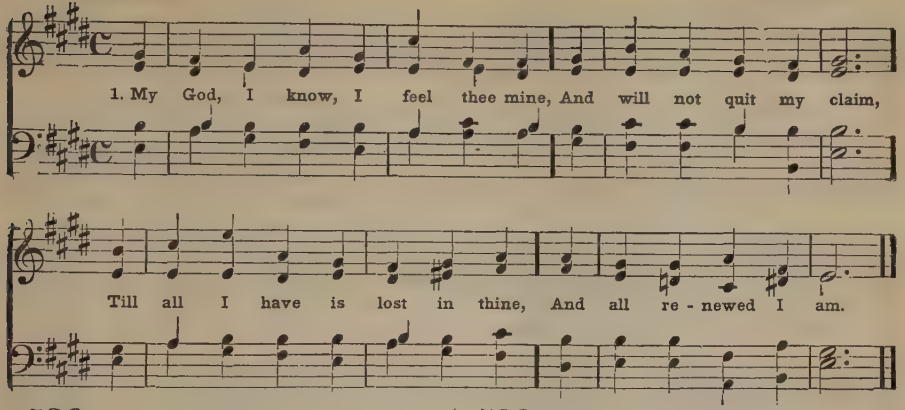
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

LLANDAFF. C. M.

EDWIN MOSS.



536 *Steadfast faith.*

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue:
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.

4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, sanctified by grace,
I only for thy glory burn,
And always see thy face.

Charles Wesley.

537 *Thy will be done.*—Matt. 6: 10.

1 THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

Charles Wesley.

538 *For patience and sanctity.*

1 DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure,
Till bold to say, "My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure."

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

Charles Wesley.

539 *The hope of our calling.*

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

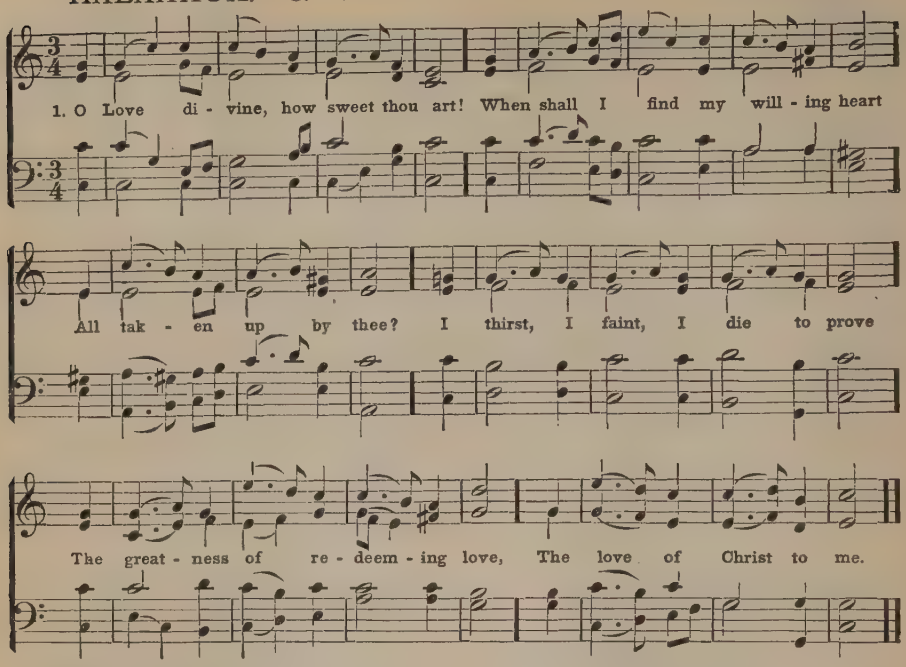
2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

4 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Charles Wesley.

HABAKKUK. C. P. M. EDWARD HODGES.


1. O Love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart
All tak - en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The great - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.

540 *Panting for fullness of love.*

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

541 *The blessed hope.*

1 BUT can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

Charles Wesley.

[C. P. M. Tune, Ariel. Page 11.]

542 *The glorious hope.*

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

Charles Wesley.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.]

543 *Power over temptation.*

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And, starting, cry from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
O save me, or I die."

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.

544 *A present help in trouble.*

1 O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead,
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer, thou!
Haste to mine aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine:
I claim the promise now.

2 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm be past,
Upon thy love alone.

4 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

Charles Wesley.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.]

545 *The pure in heart shall see God.*

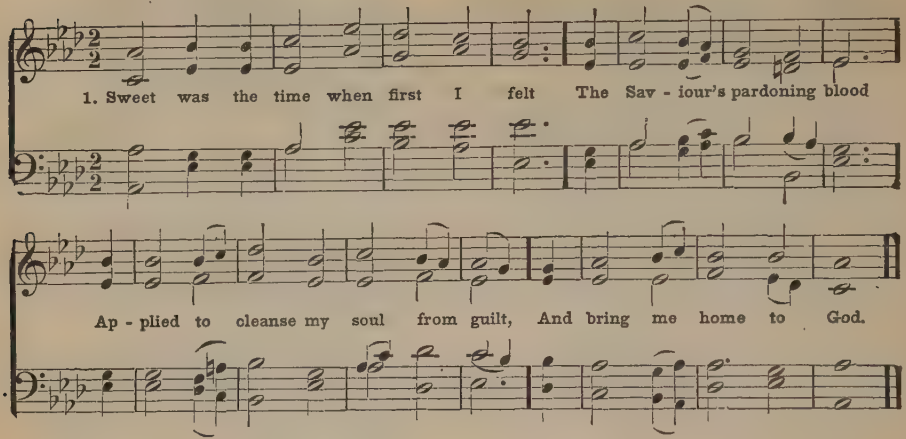
1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
That, with thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fullness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

Charles Wesley.

DEDHAM. C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER.


1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav - iour's pardoning blood
Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

546 *Mourning departed joys.*

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

547 *Sad reflections on spiritual sloth.*

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts.

548 *Returning to Christ.*

1 MY head is low, my heart is sad,
My feet with travel torn,
Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad
To see thy child return!

2 It was thy love that homeward led,
Thine arm that upward stayed;
It is thy hand which on my head
Is now in mercy laid.

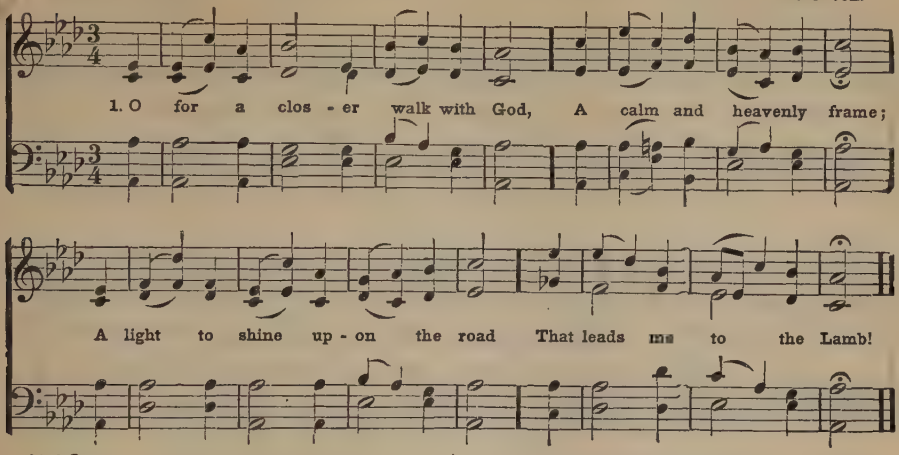
3 O Saviour, in this broken heart
Confirm the trembling will,
Which longs to reach thee where thou ar
Rest in thee and be still.

4 Within that bosom which hath shed
Both tears and blood for me,
O let me hide this aching head,
Once pressed and blessed by thee.

John S. B. Monsell

CHURCH. C. M.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



549 *For the return of the Spirit.*

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

550 *Faint, yet pursuing.*

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

Tate and Brady.

551 *God gracious to the contrite.*

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

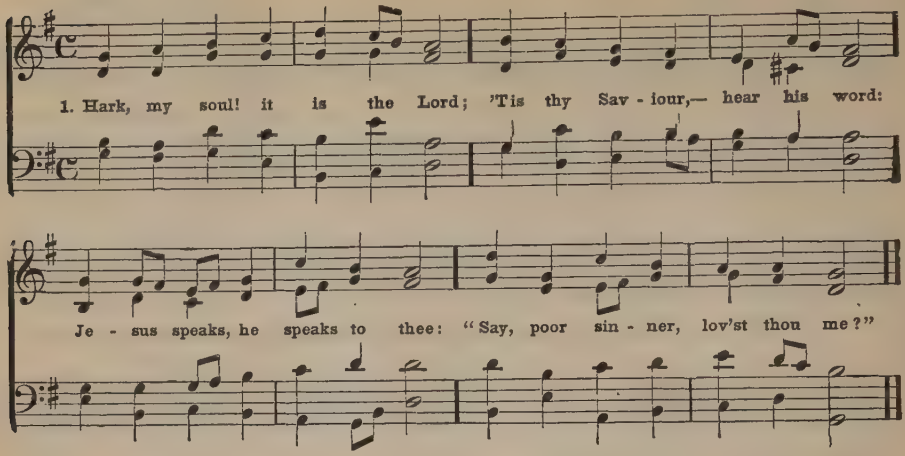
3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

John Morrison.

HALL. 7. WURTEMBURG MELODY.



552 *Love to the Saviour.*

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper.

[S. M. Tune, Ozrem. Page 208.]

553 *God's absence deprecated.*

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

Anne Steele, alt.

[S. M. Tune, Ozrem. Page 208.]

554 *The wanderer returning.*

1 HOW oft this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

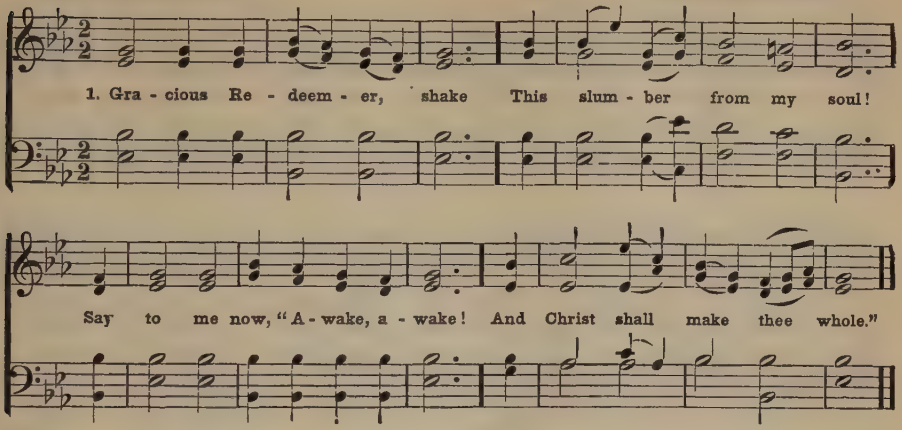
2 Yet mercy calls, "Return;"
Saviour, to thee I come:
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 Thy love so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, alt.

OZREM. S. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



FIRST PART.

555 *The warning voice of Jesus.*

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near;
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein;"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

556 *Commending the soul to God.*

1 THOU seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

Charles Wesley.

557 *Restore my peace.*

1 O JESUS, full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
"Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
"Abundantly forgive."

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

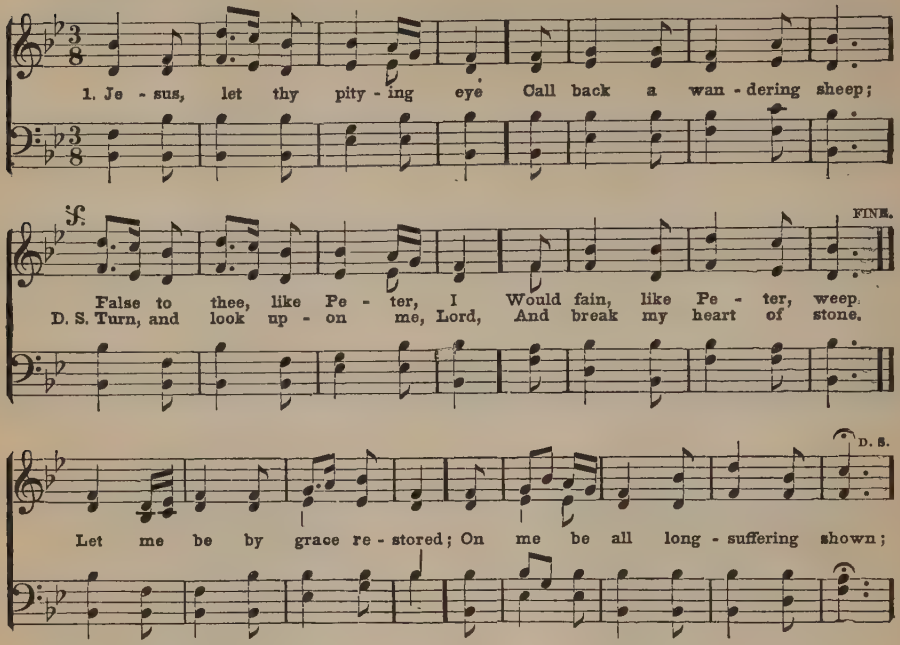
Charles Wesley.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

PENITENCE. 7, 6, 8. WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.


1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan - dering sheep;
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.
D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
FINE.
D. S.
Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long - suffering shown;

558 *Humility and contrition.*

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

559 *The deceitfulness of sin.*

1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

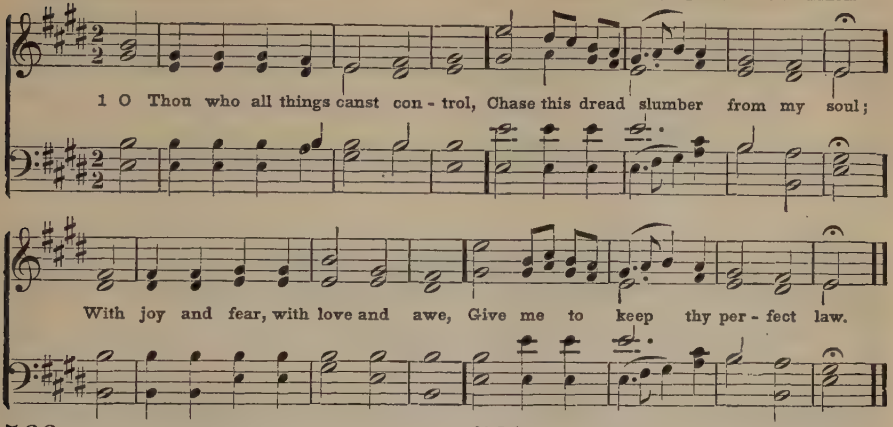
2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Charles Wesley.

WARREN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.


1 O Thou who all things canst con - trol, Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe, Give me to keep thy per - fect law.

560 *Zeal implored.*

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

From the German. Tr. by J. Wesley.

561 *Peace in the favor of God.*

1 O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

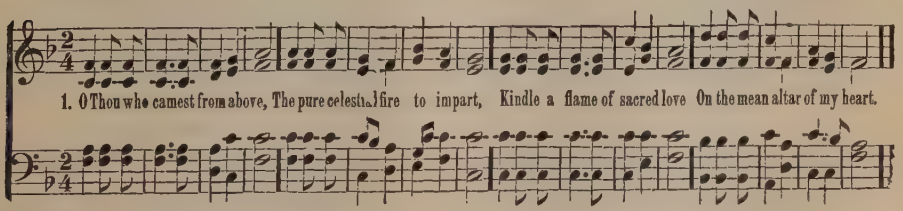
3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

Thomas Kelly.

GALILEE. L. M.

RICHARD LANGDON.



562 *For the fire of divine love.*

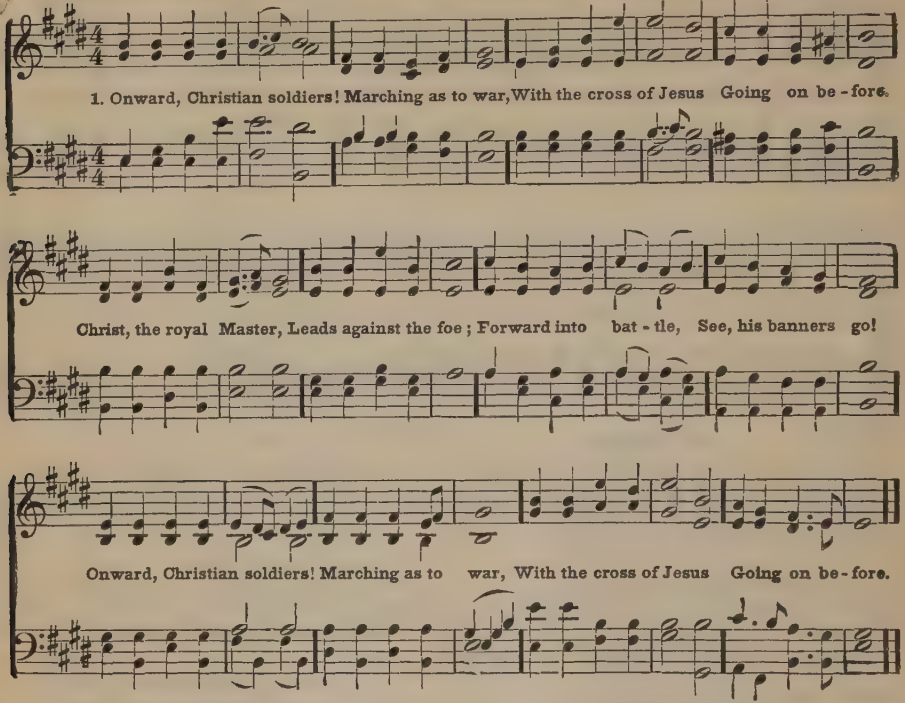
2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

ONWARD. (Christus Victor.) 6, 5. SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.
Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat - tle, See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

563 *Onward, Christian soldiers.*

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

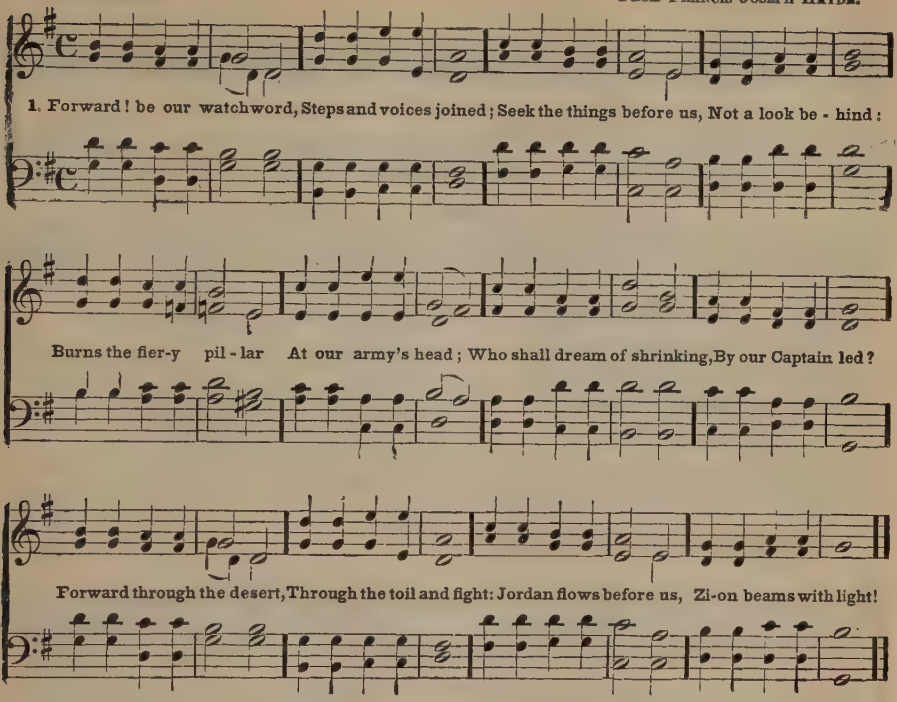
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

ELAH. C. M. From Francis Joseph Haydn.


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be - hind:
Burns the fier-y pil - lar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert, Through the toil and fight: Jordan flows before us, Zi-on beams with light!

564 *Forward into light.*

1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

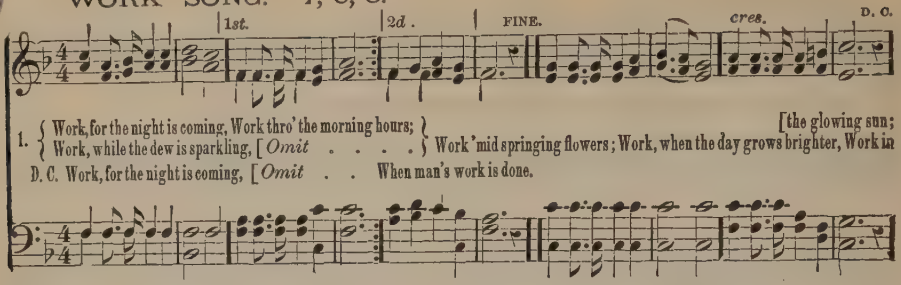
3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

WORK SONG. 7, 6, 5.

LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
cres.
D. C.
1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } [the glowing sun;
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, [Omit . . . . } Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit . . When man's work is done.

565 *Work, while it is day.*

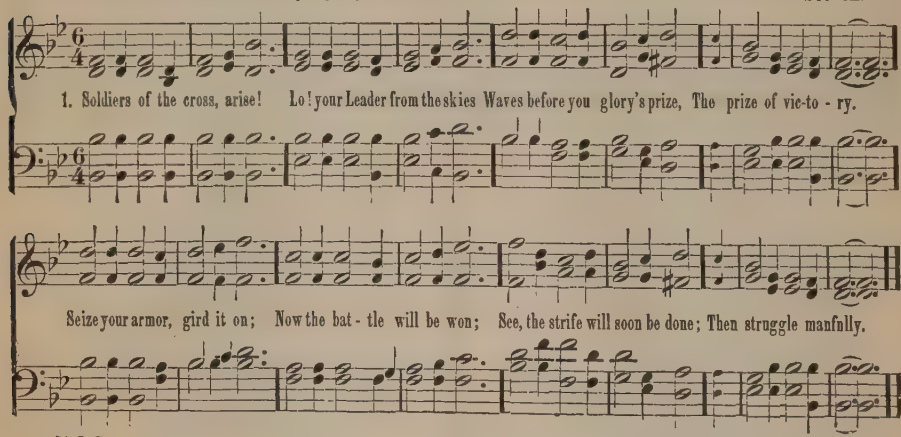
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Sidney Dyer.

CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

SCOTCH.


1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of vic-to - ry.
Seize your armor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won; See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manfully.

566 *The spiritual warfare.*

2 Now the fight of faith begin,
Be no more the slaves of sin,
Strive the victor's palm to win,
Trusting in the Lord:
Gird ye on the armor bright,
Warriors of the King of light,
Never yield, nor lose by flight
Your divine reward.

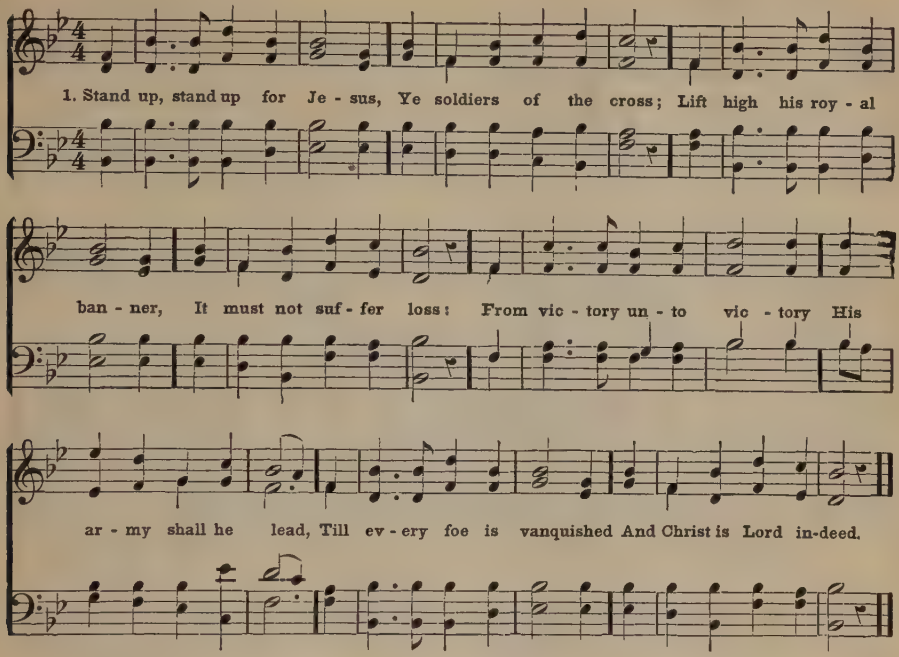
3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Jared B. Waterbury

WEBB. 7, 6. D.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His
ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.

567 *Stand up for Jesus.*

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

568 *Enduring hardness as good soldiers.*

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

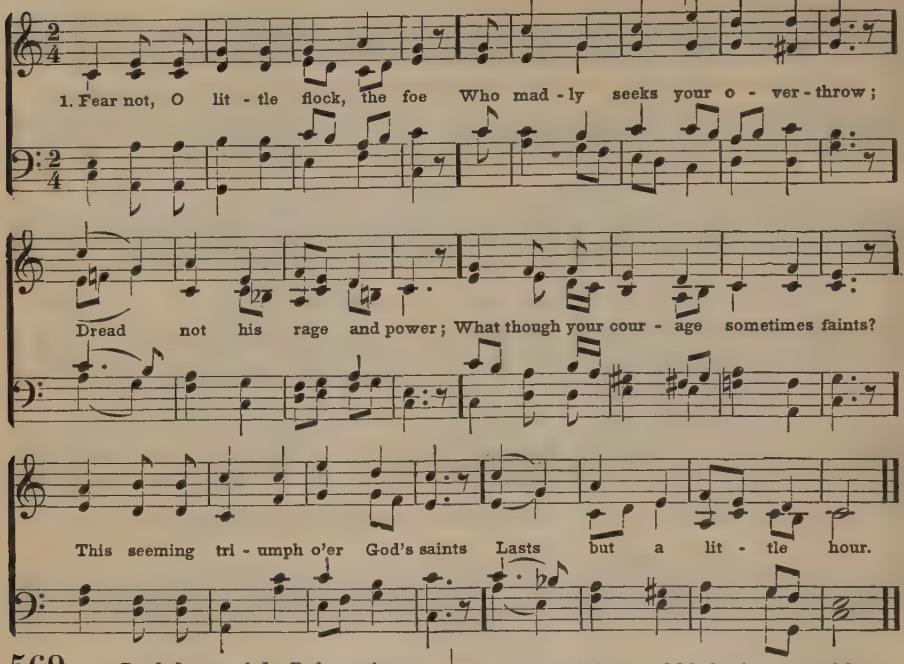
2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Laurence Tuttiett.

MENDELSSOHN. C. P. M.

* Otto Nicolai.


1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw;
Dread not his rage and power; What though your cour - age sometimes faints?
This seeming tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

569 *Battle-hymn of the Reformation.*

2 Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword!

3 As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail;
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy Church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end.

Gustavus Adolphus, in prose. Jacob Fabricius. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

570 *Looking unto Jesus.*

1 Are there not in the laborer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Light of the world! thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

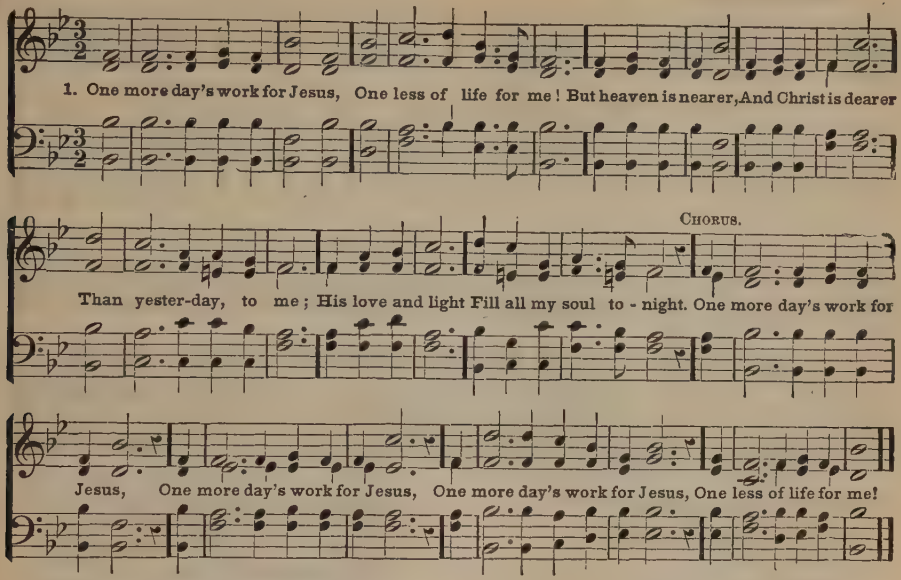
571 *Loving gratitude.*

1 Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

EDINBURGH. 7, 6, 5, 4. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer
CHORUS.
Than yester-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night. One more day's work for
Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

572 *One more day's work for Jesus.*

1 ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.
One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

3 One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.

4 O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

Anna B. Warner.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.]

573 *For the head of a family.*

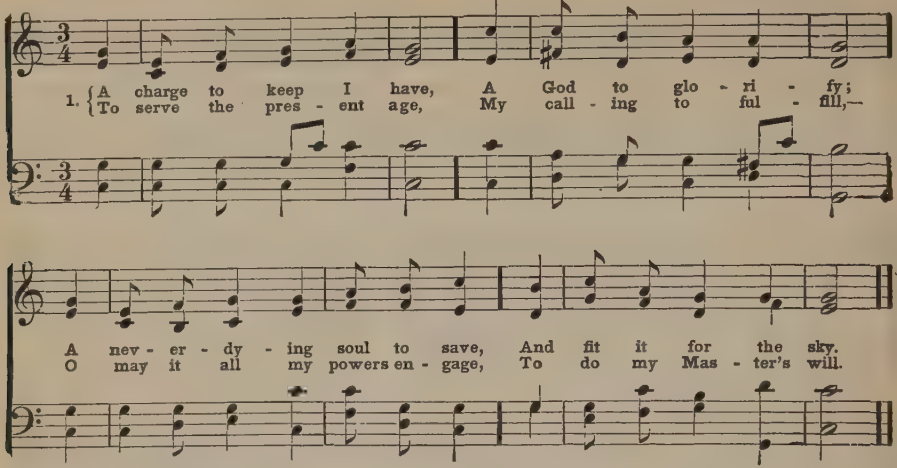
1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians, live.

Charles Wesley.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. {A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
{To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

574 *For watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

575 *Sow beside all waters.*

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

576 *Make haste to live.*

1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

Horatius Bonar.

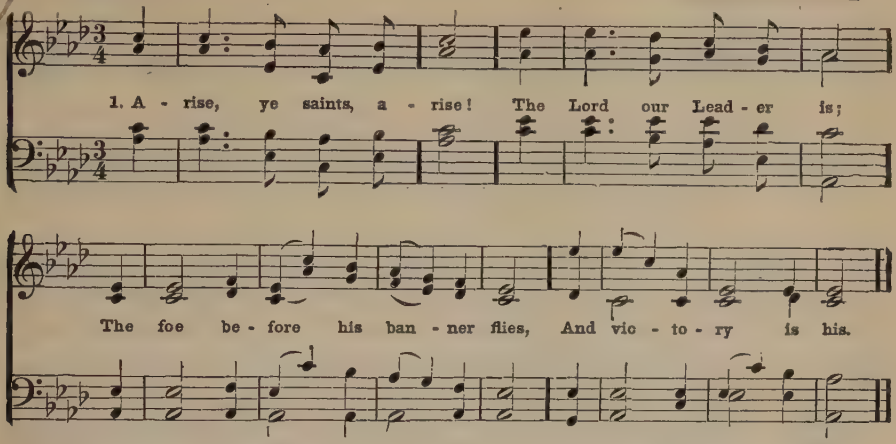
Doxology.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.



577 *Victory on the Lord's side.*

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

578 *Recompense of toil.*

1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

579 *Sowing in tears, reaping in joy.*

1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

580 *On guard.*

1 LET us keep steadfast guard
With lighted hearts all night,
That when Christ comes, we stand pre
pared,
And meet him with delight.

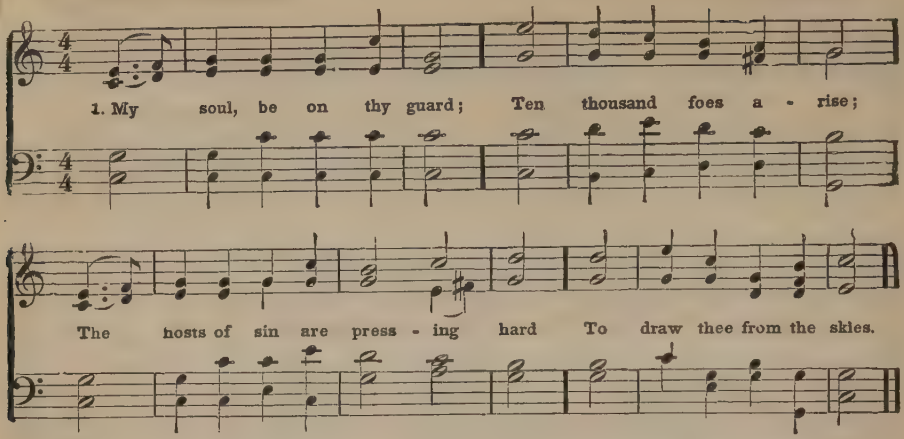
2 At midnight's season chill
Lay Paul and Silas bound,—
Bound, and in prison sang they still,
And singing, freedom found.

3 Our prison is this earth,
And yet we sing to thee:
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,
Set us, believing, free!

4 Meet for thy realm in heaven,
Make us, O holy King!
That through the ages it be given
To us thy praise to sing.

Breviary.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



581 *Perseverance.*

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

582 *The standard of the cross.*

1 Hark, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand—
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

583 *Courage—victory.*

1 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

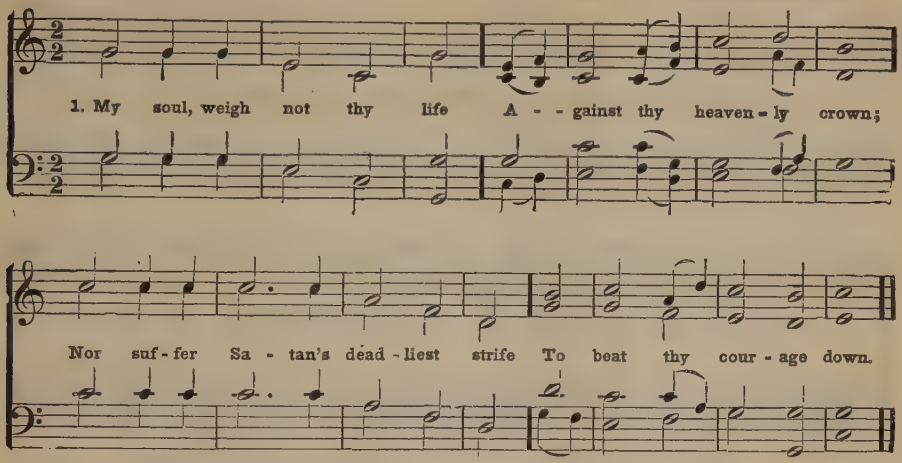
2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

CLAPTON. S. M.

REV. WILLIAM JONES.



584 *Weigh not thy life.*

1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Unknown.

585 *Victory.*

1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

586 *The mind that was in Christ.*

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

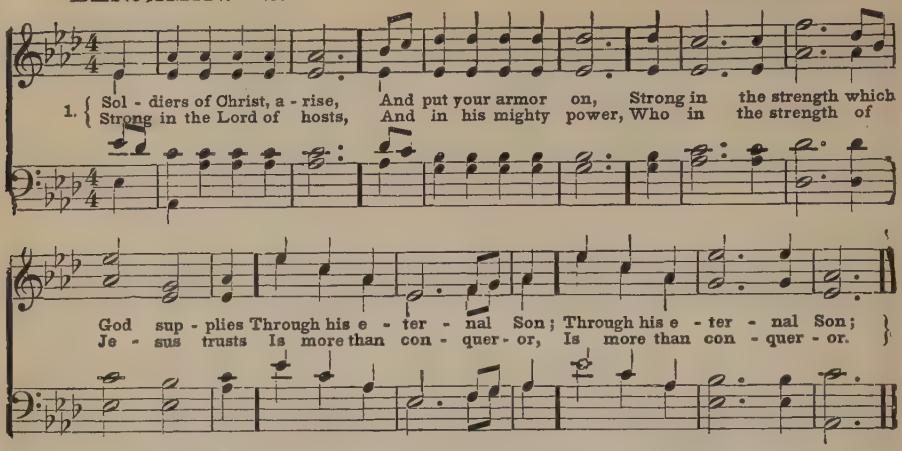
4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee;
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

BENJAMIN. S. M. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. { Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which
Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of
God sup - plies Through his e - ter - nal Son; Through his e - ter - nal Son;
Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or, Is more than con - quer - or.

FIRST PART.

587 *The whole armor of God.*

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

588 *The shield of faith.*

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

THIRD PART.

589 *The well-fought day.*

1 PRAY, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

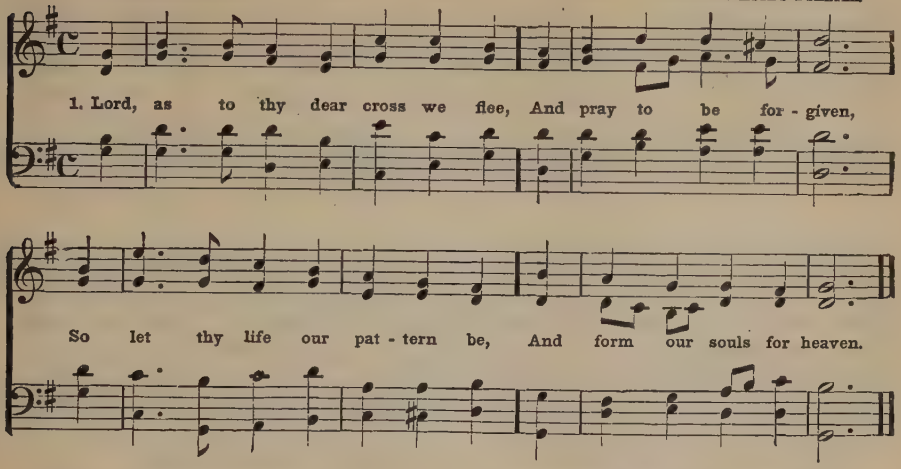
2 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley.

WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

THOMAS ESTE'S PSALTER.



590 *Bearing the cross.*

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

John H. Gurney.

591 *Christian courage.*

1 WORKMAN of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Frederick W. Faber.

592 *Toil sanctified.*

1 SON of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to thine.

2 Servant, at once, and Lord of all,
While dwelling here below,
Thou didst not scorn our earthly toil
And weariness to know.

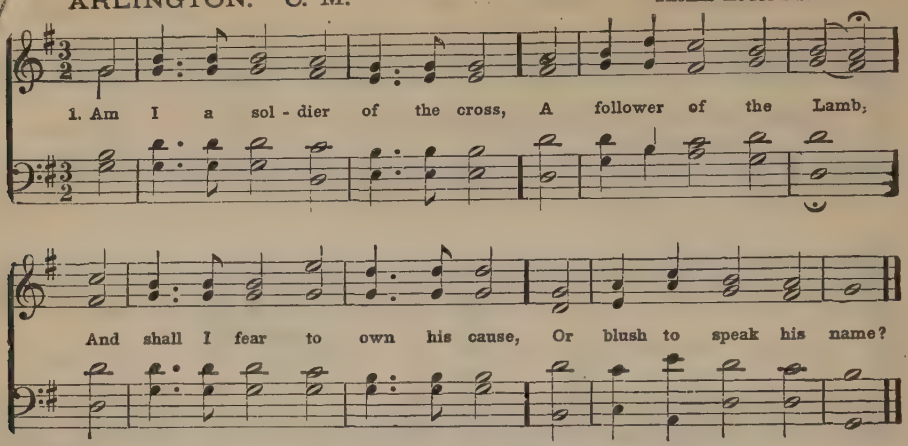
3 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

4 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free:
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

5 O when wilt thou, my life, appear?
Then gladly will I cry,
"'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finished, Lord," and die!

Charles Wesley.

ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.



593 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

594 *The race for glory.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

595 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

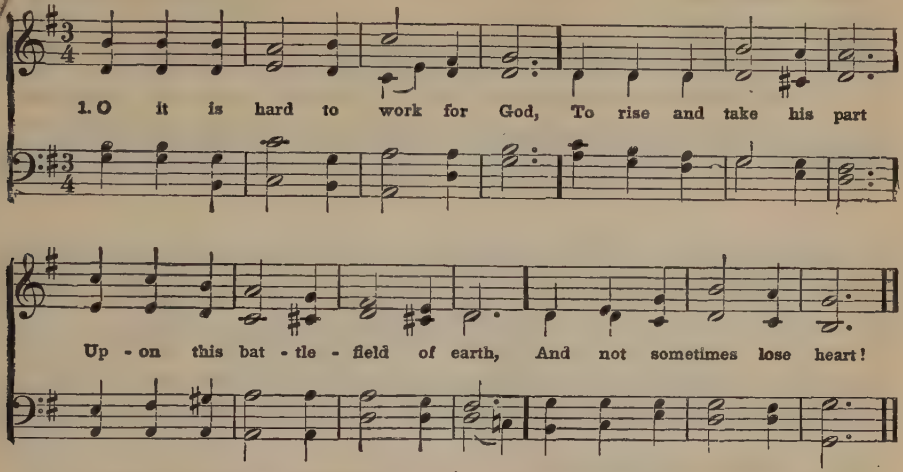
3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.



596 *To doubt, disloyal.*

1 O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick W. Faber.

597 *Week-day worship.*

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton.

598 *More reapers.*

1 O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

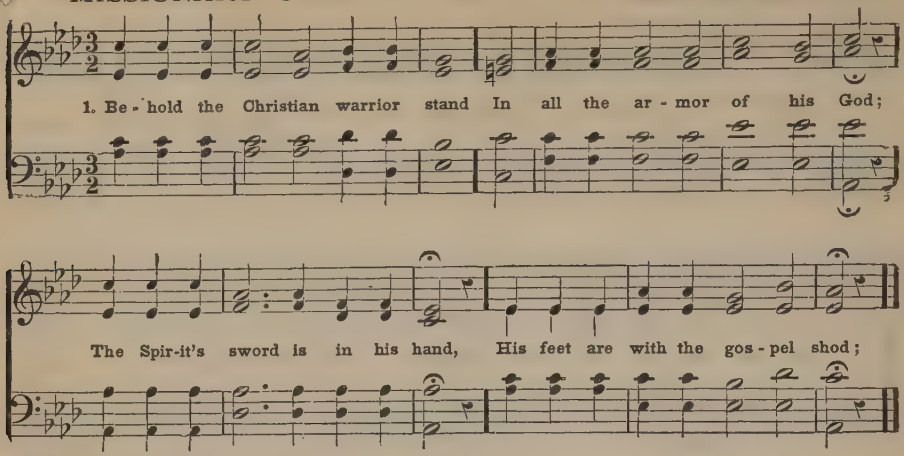
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER


1. Be - hold the Christian warrior stand In all the ar - mor of his God;
The Spir-it's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gos - pel shod;

599 *The Christian warrior.*

1 BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

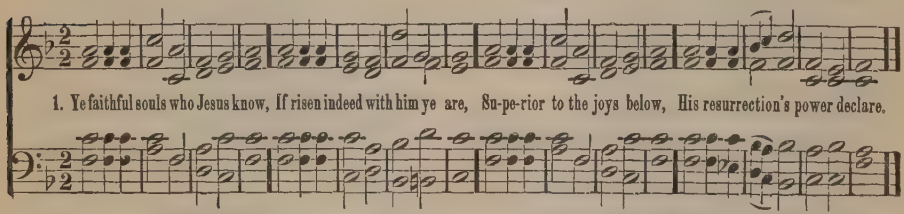
3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

BISHOP. L. M.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Ye faithful souls who Jesus know, If risen indeed with him ye are, Su-pe-rior to the joys below, His resurrection's power declare.

600 *Your life is hid with Christ in God.*

1 YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

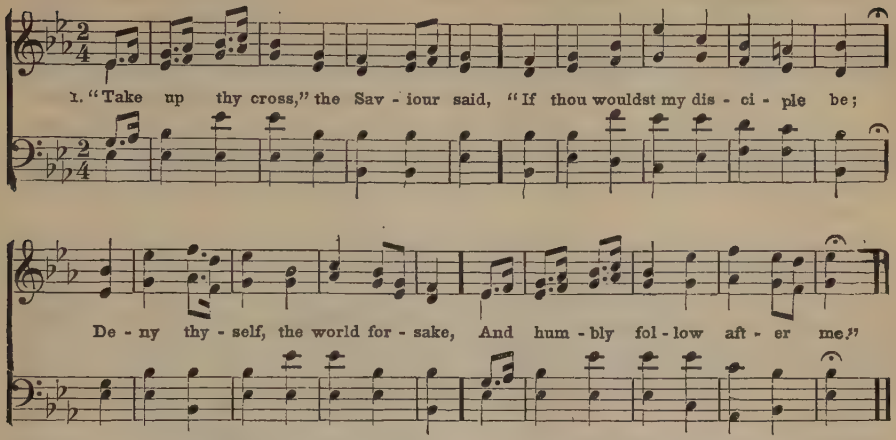
5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

ILLINOIS. L. M.

REV. JONATHAN SPILMAN, ARR. BY THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low aft - er me."

601

Take up thy cross.

1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest.

602

The sure reward.

1 IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

3 And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

John G. Whittier.

603

Zeal in labor.

1 GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not
The Master praises,—what are men?

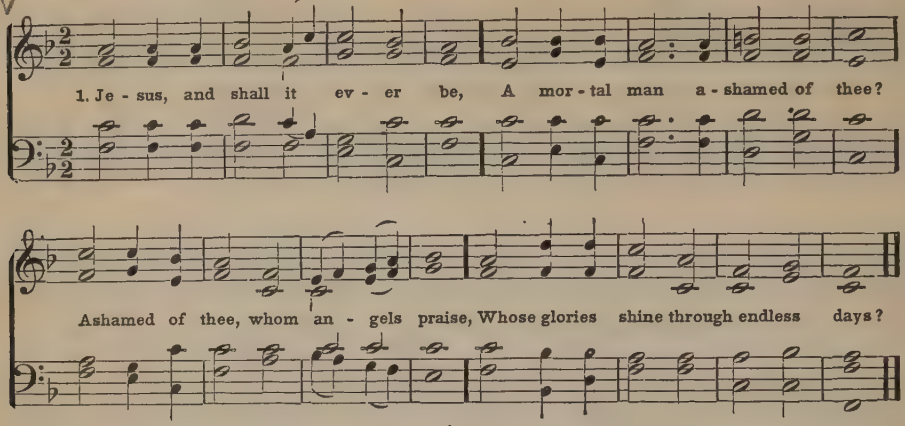
3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

604 *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, alt. by B. Francis.

605 *Living to Christ.*

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge.

606 *Beginning the labors of the day.*

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

607

[8, 7. Tune, Autumn. Page 94.]

The Master calling.

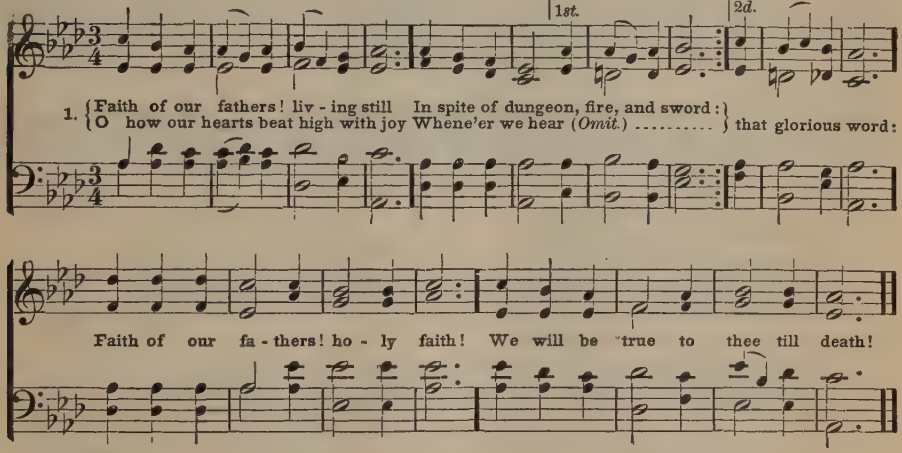
1 HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.

ADAPTED BY J. G. WALTON.


1st.
2d.
1. {Faith of our fathers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
{O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear (*Omit.*) ..... } that glorious word:
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

608

Faith of our fathers.

1 FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber.

609

[7, 6, 8. Tune, Penitence. Page 204.]

Thy service is perfect freedom.

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

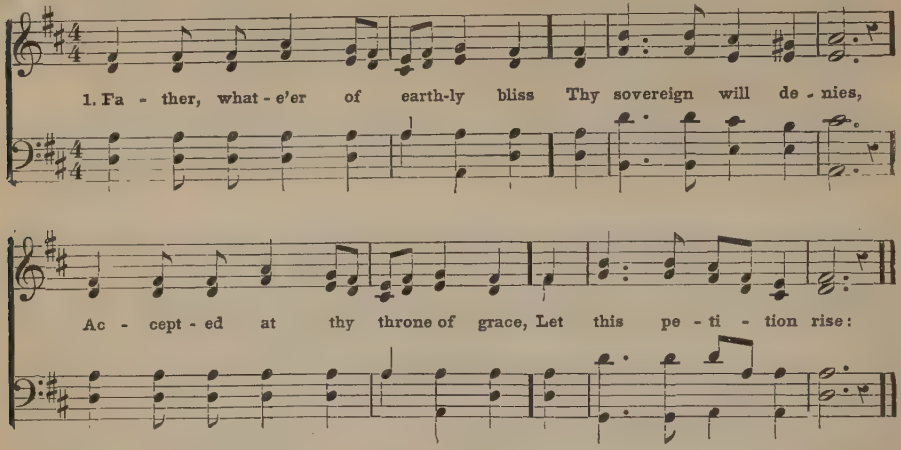
2 Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee, to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

Charles Wesley.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS GEORGE NÄEGELI, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



610 *A calm and thankful heart.*

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

611 *The only solace in sorrow.*

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

612 *Consolation in sickness.*

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid;

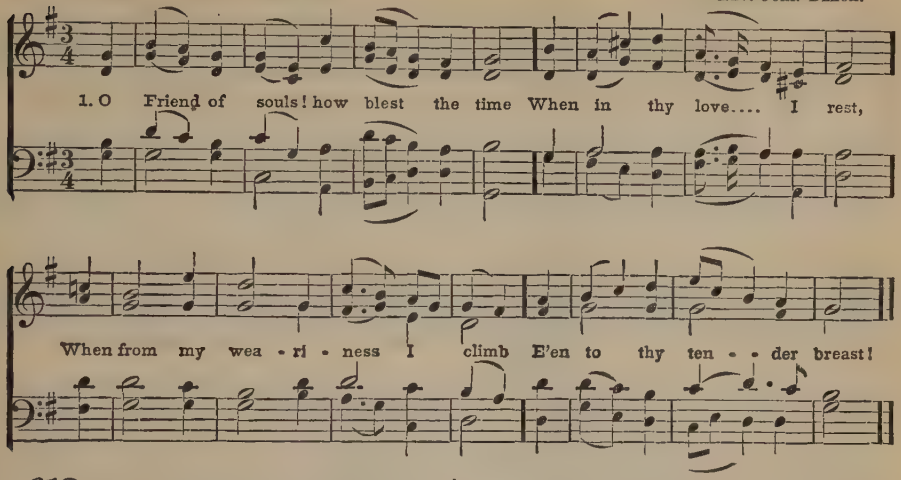
5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

Augustus M. Toplady.

ST. AUGUSTINE. C. M.

* Rev. John Black.



613 *Friend of souls.*

1 O Friend of souls! how blest the time
When in thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast!

2 The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

3 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.

4 And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

5 To others, death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.

6 Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

Wolfgang C. Dessler.

614 *Unfaltering trust.*

1 Father of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

William J. Irons.

615 *Crosses and blessings.*

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

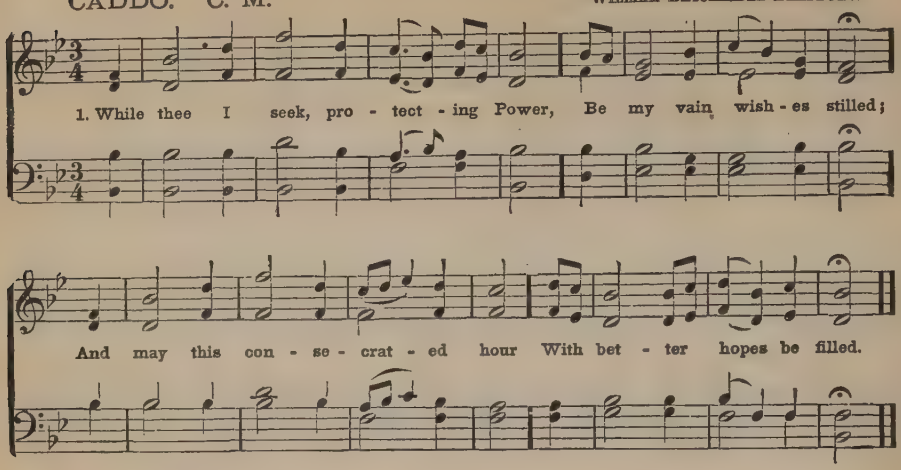
2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

James Hervey.

CADDO. C. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



616 *Habitual devotion.*

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

617 *Acquiescence in the Divine will.*

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply.
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

James Merrick.

618 *Overwhelming grief.*

1 O THOU, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suffering Son,—

2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

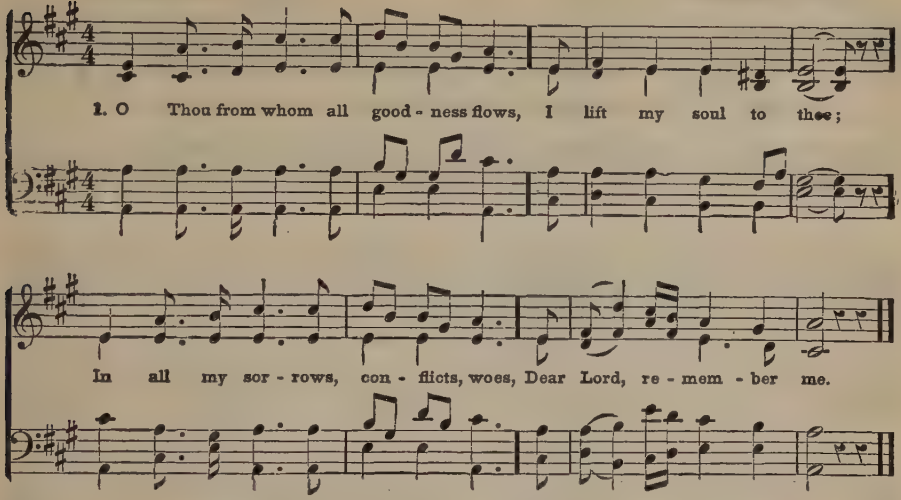
3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Father, thy will be done,"—

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans

GOULD. C. M.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD.



619 *Remember me!*

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Thomas Haweis.

620 *Light at evening.*

1 WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
"Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head
At eve it shall be light!"

3 Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
"At eve it shall be light."

Bernard Barton.

621 *Grateful acknowledgment.*

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

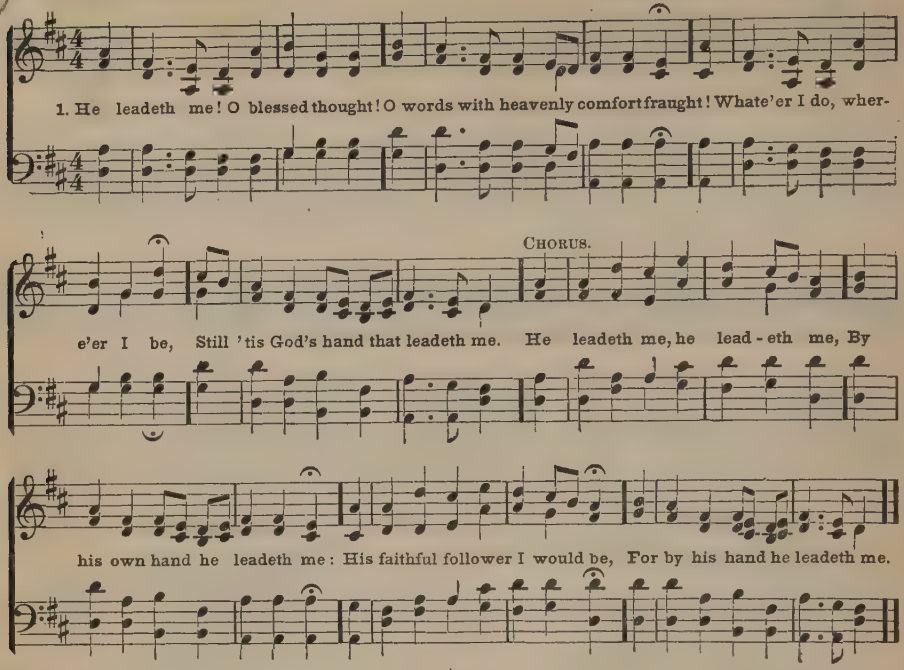
2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

Isaac Watts.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, he lead - eth me, By
his own hand he leadeth me: His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

622 *He leadeth me.*

1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore.

623 *Patient thankfulness and trust.*

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

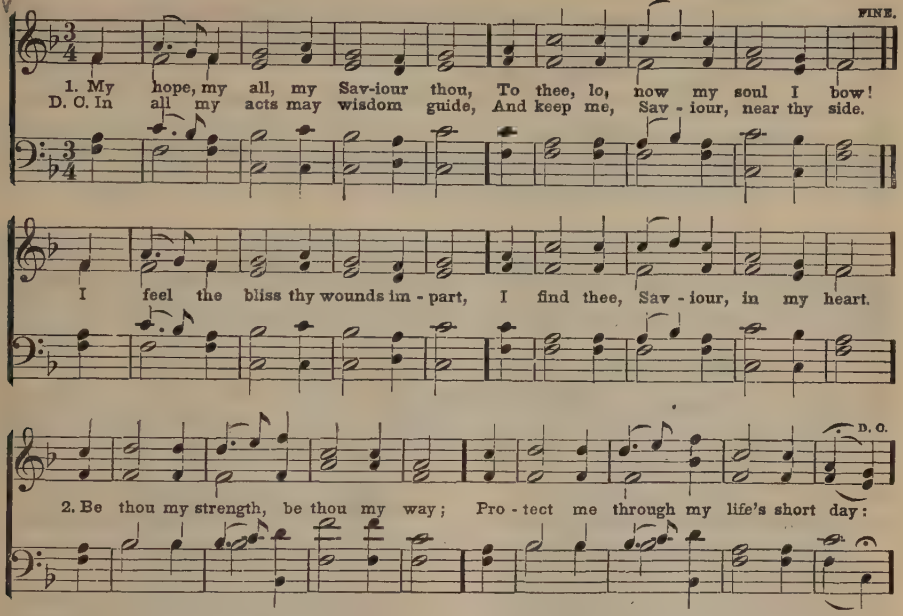
5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O Death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley.

FILLMORE. L. M. D.

* Jeremiah Ingalls.


FINE.
1. My hope, my all, my Sav-iour thou, To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
D. C. In all my acts may wisdom guide, And keep me, Sav - iour, near thy side.
I feel the bliss thy wounds im - part, I find thee, Sav - iour, in my heart.
D. C.
2. Be thou my strength, be thou my way; Pro - tect me through my life's short day:

624 *For sustaining grace.*

1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Thomas Coke.

625 *Friend of the friendless.*

1 God of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

William Cowper.

626 *In hope, believing against hope.*

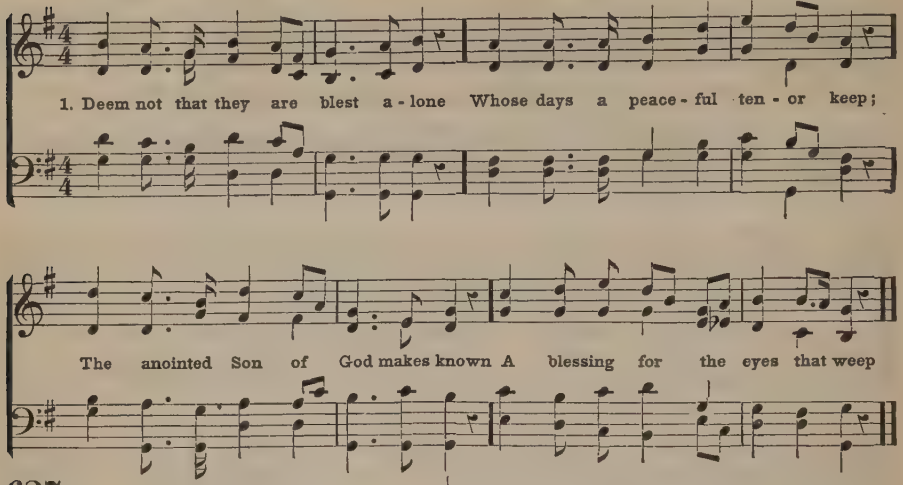
1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place!
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.

Charles Wesley.

DWIGHT. L. M.

ARR. BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Deem not that they are blest a - lone Whose days a peace - ful ten - or keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known A blessing for the eyes that weep

627

Blessing for mourners.

1 DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William C. Bryant.

628

Resignation.

1 THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

J. Roscoe.

629

Sympathetic love.

1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

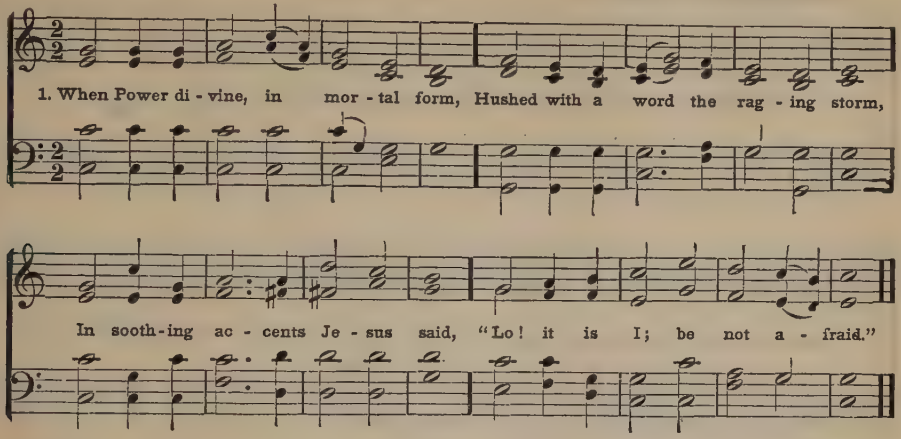
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver W. Holmes.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. When Power di - vine, in mor - tal form, Hushed with a word the rag - ing storm,
In sooth-ing ac - cents Je - sus said, "Lo! it is I; be not a - fraid."

630 *It is I; be not afraid.*—Matt. 14: 27.

1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove,—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour is come,
And shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

Sir J. E. Smith.

631 *Meekness and patience.*

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown:
O may I conquer through thy blood.

5 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

C. F. Richter. Tr. by J. Wesley.

632 *Comfort in the promises.*

1 O GOD, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

Charlotte Richardson.

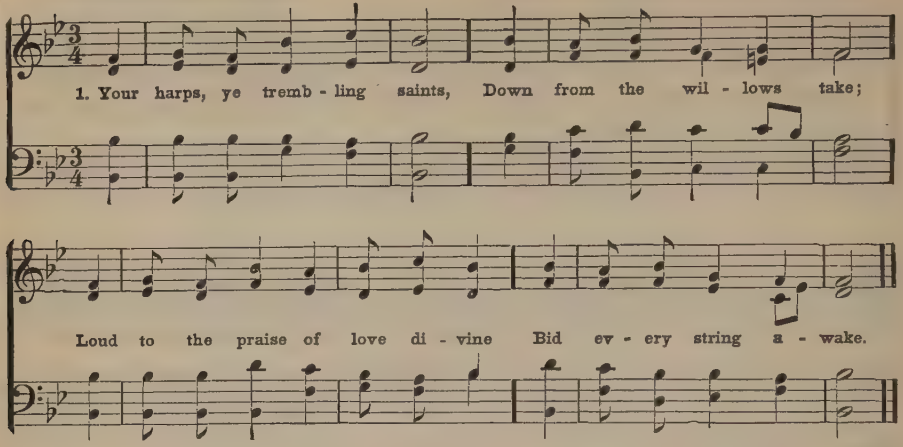
Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



633 *Believers encouraged.*

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt. by B. W. Noel.

634 *With Christ.*

1 JESUS, one word from thee
Fills my sad soul with peace:
My griefs are like a tossing sea;
They hear thy voice and cease.

2 Soon as thy pitying face
Shone through my stormy fears,
The storm swept by, nor left a trace,
Save the sweet dew of tears.

3 And when thou call'st me, Lord,
Where thickest dangers be,
Even the waves a path afford;
I walk the waves with thee.

4 With thee within my bark
I 'll dare death's threatening tide,
Nor count the passage strange or dark
With Jesus by my side.

5 Dear Lord, thy faithful grace
I know and I adore:
What shall it be to see thy face
In heaven, for evermore!

Hervey D. Ganse.

635 *In the Saviour's care.*

1 MY spirit, on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

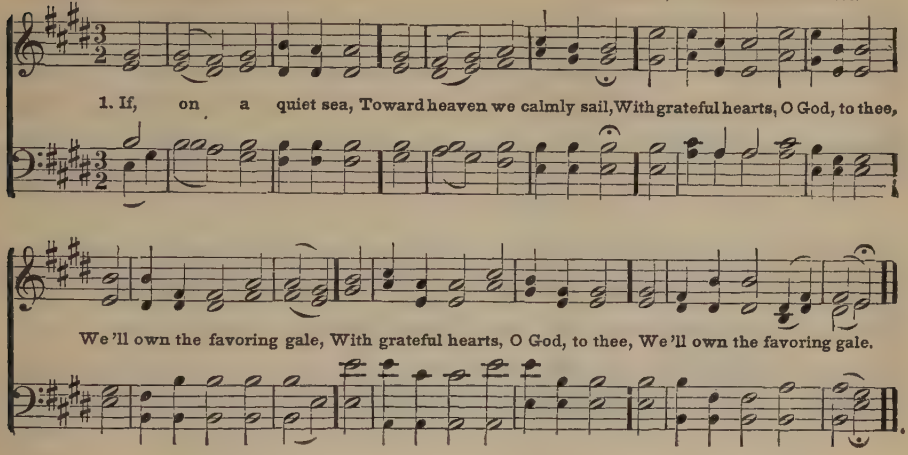
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

SELVIN. S. M.

GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. If, on a quiet sea, Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

636 *Walking by faith.*

1 IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady.

637 *My times are in Thy hand.*—Ps. 31: 15.

1 "MY times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd.

638 *Through death to life.*

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

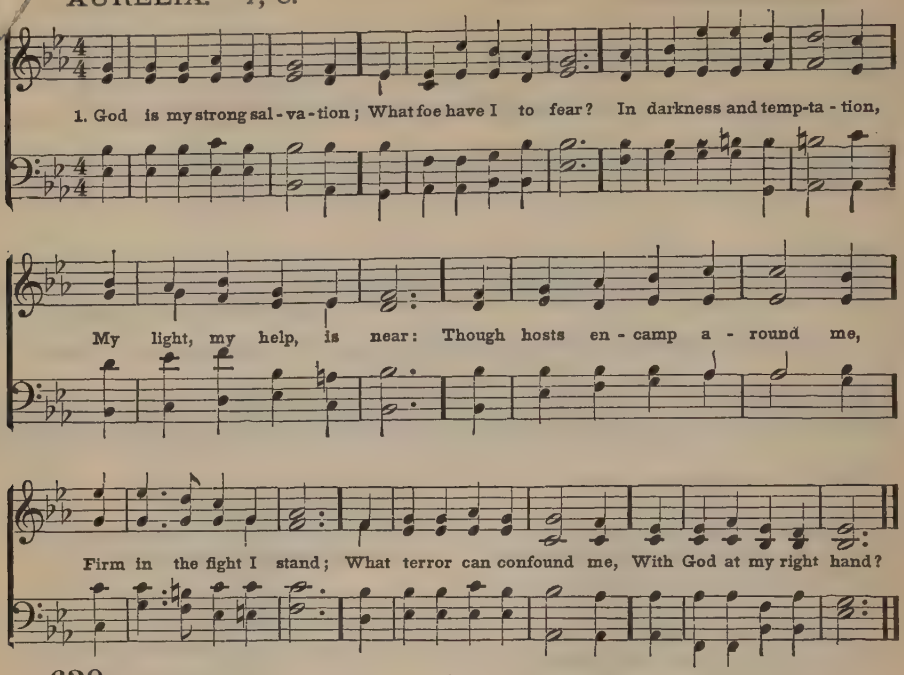
3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest before thy throne,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

AURELIA. 7, 6. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.


1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temp-ta - tion,
My light, my help, is near: Though hosts en - camp a - round me,
Firm in the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand?

639 *No cause for fear.*

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

640 *The pilgrims of Jesus.*

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn,—

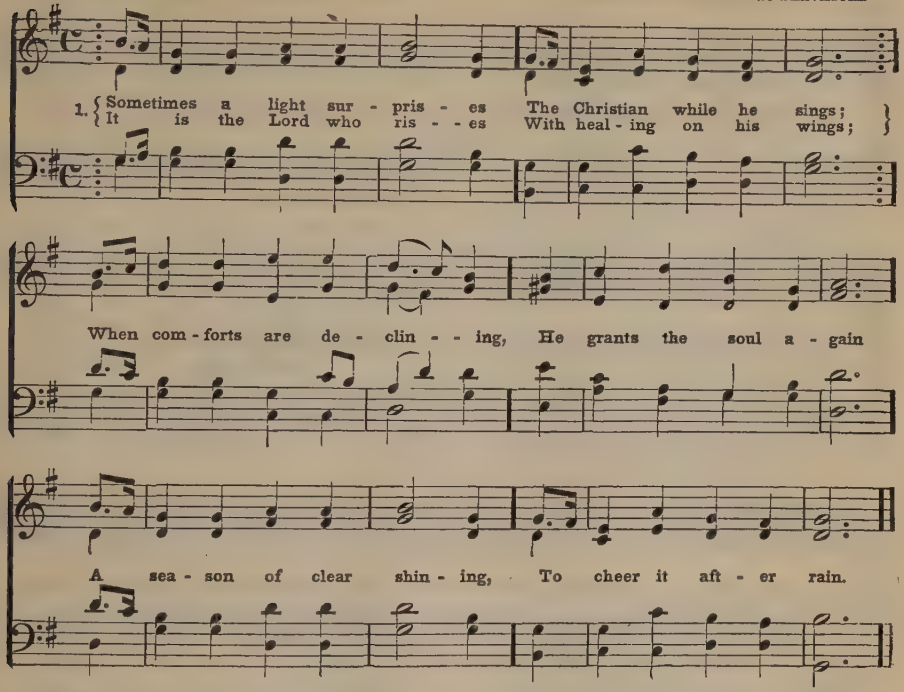
3 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

4 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Joseph of the Studium. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

ENDSLEIGH. 7, 6.

S. SALVATORI.


1. { Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings;
{ It is the Lord who ris - - es With heal - ing on his wings;
When com - forts are de - clin - - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.

641 *Peace and joy.*

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

642 *I will fear no change.*

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

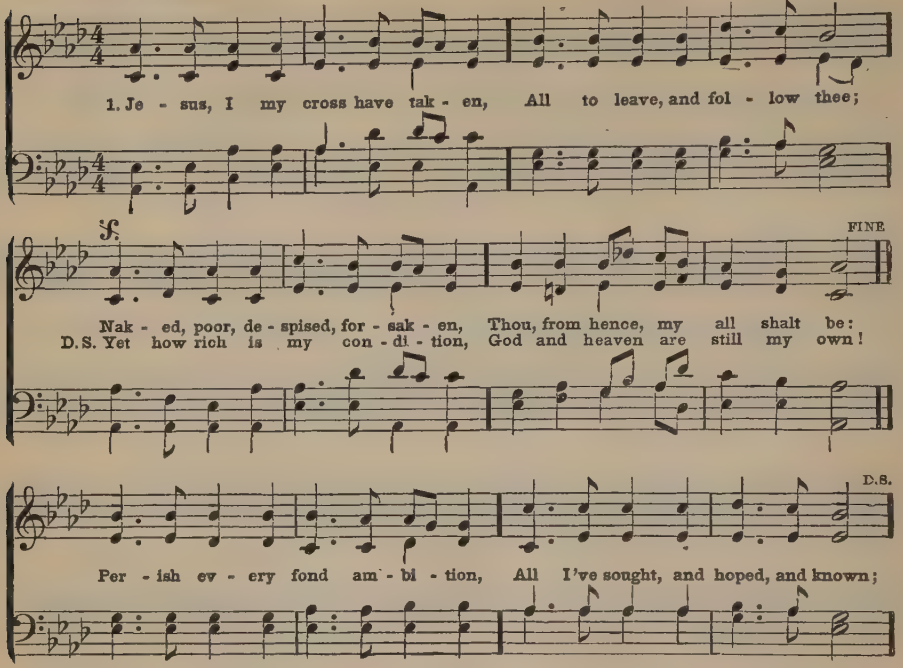
2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D.S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
FINE.
D.S.

643 *The cross accepted.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

F. Lyte.

[8, 7. Tune, Autumn. Page 94.]

644 *Only waiting.*

1 ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace.

[8, 7. Tune, Stockwell. Page 49.]

645 *In deep affliction.*

1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.

2 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

Charles Wesley.

[8, 7, 4. Tune, Greenville. Page 126.]

646 *Gently lead us.*

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

[8, 7. Tune, Ellesdie. Page 236.]

647 *Worldly pleasures renounced.*

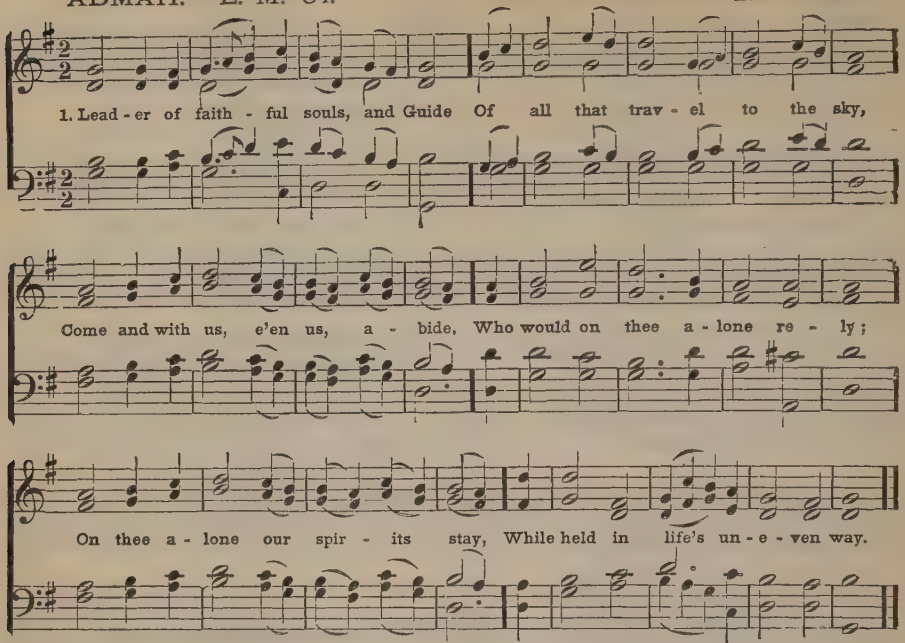
1 VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures,
Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning
Early dawn, or evening shade.

David B. Ford.

ADMAH. L. M. 61. LOWELL MASON.


1. Lead - er of faith - ful souls, and Guide Of all that trav - el to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, a - bide, Who would on thee a - lone re - ly;
On thee a - lone our spir - its stay, While held in life's un - e - ven way.

648 *The pilgrims' Guide.*

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,—
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

649 *Steadfast reliance.*

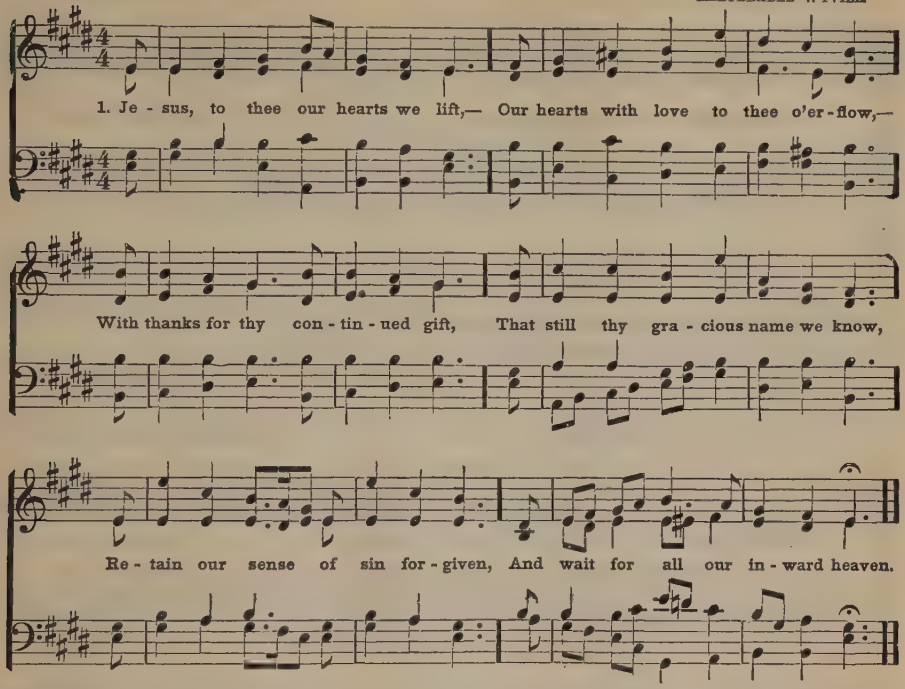
1 THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Johann A. Rothe. Tr. by J. Wesley.

EATON. L. M. 61.

ZERUBBABEL WYVILL.


1. Je - sus, to thee our hearts we lift,— Our hearts with love to thee o'er - flow,—
With thanks for thy con - tin - ued gift, That still thy gra - cious name we know,
Re - tain our sense of sin for - given, And wait for all our in - ward heaven.

650 *The ever-present Saviour.*

1 JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,—
Our hearts with love to thee o'erflow,—
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That still thy gracious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
And felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and witnesses to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne!

Charles Wesley.

651 *I will fear no evil.*—Ps. 23: 4.

1 PEACE, doubting heart! my God's I am;
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

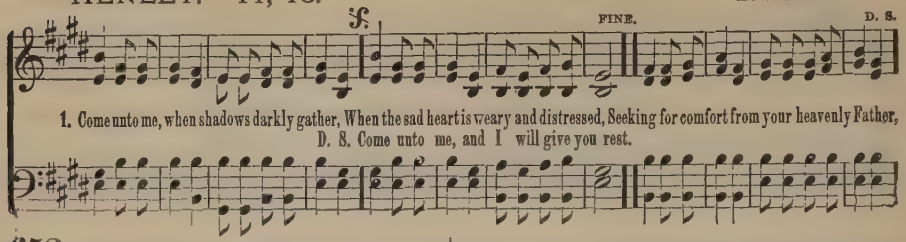
2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless, their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defense,
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

Charles Wesley.

HENLEY. 11, 10. LOWELL MASON.


f.
FINE.
D. S.
1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
D. S. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

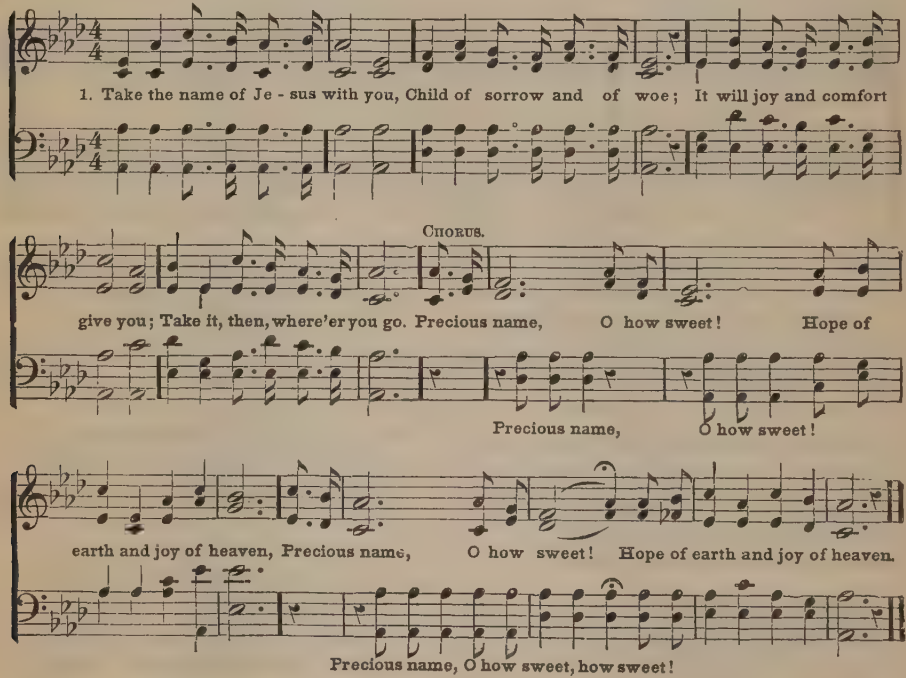
652 *Rest for the weary.*

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Unknown.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8, 7. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort
CHORUS.
give you; Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Precious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of heaven, Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

653 *The precious name.*

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

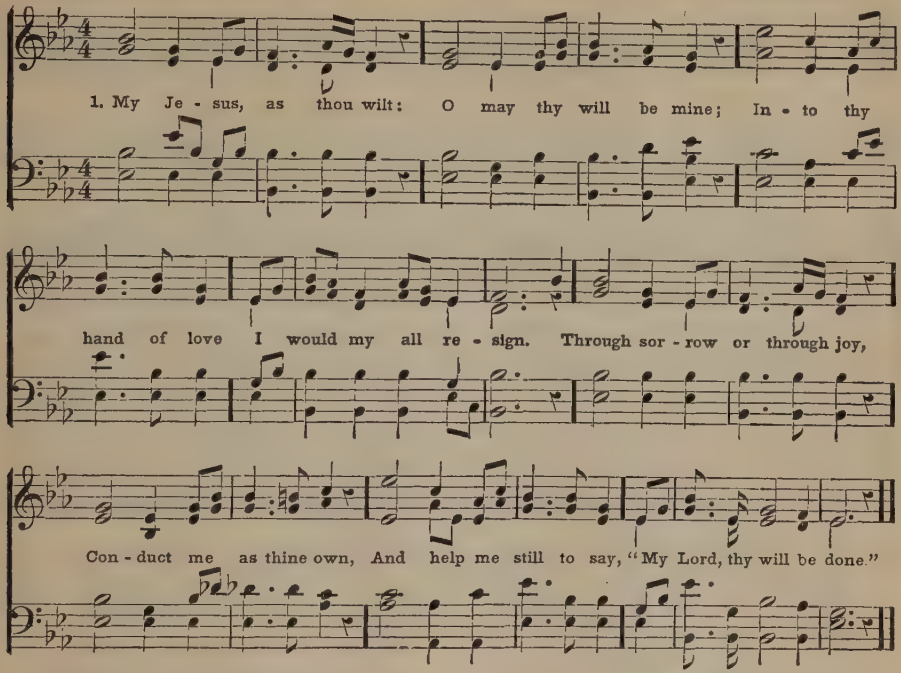
3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

JEWETT. 6.

ARR. FROM CARL MARIA WEBER, BY J. P. HOLBROOK.


1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."

654 *Jesus, as thou wilt.*

1 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

655 *Christian trial, suffering, and submission.*

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

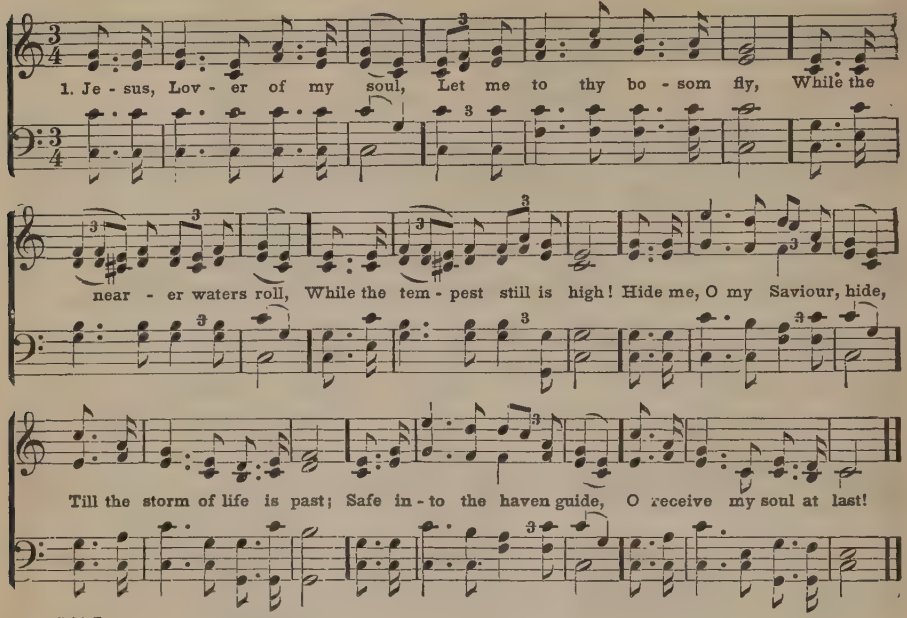
2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strenght,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

REFUGE. 7. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the
near - er waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

656 *The only refuge.*

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

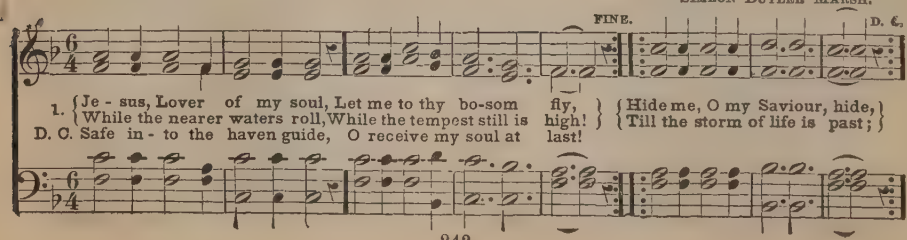
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

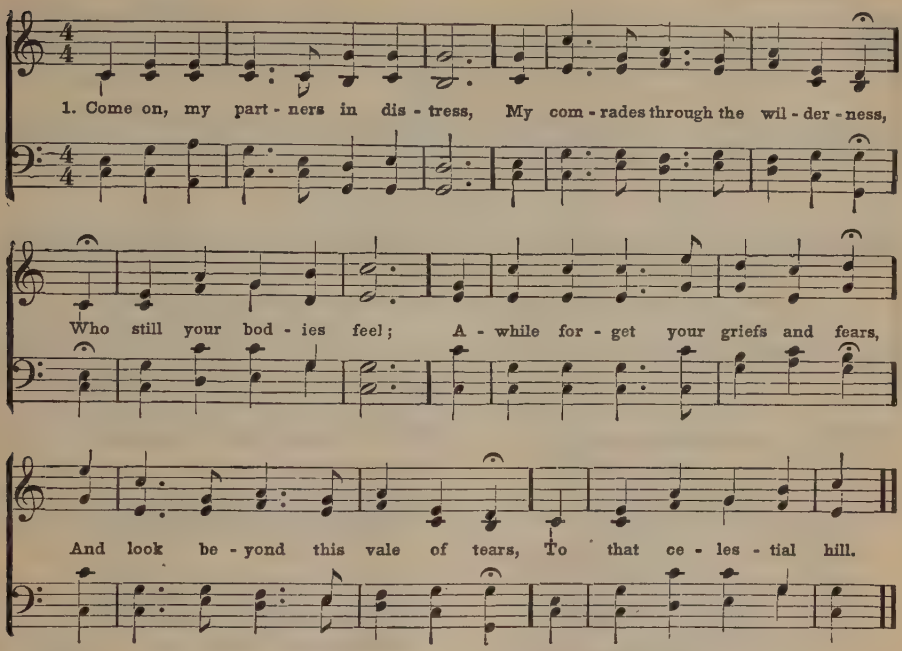
Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.


FINE.
D. C.
1. { Je - sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, } { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

GANGES. C. P. M. S. CHANDLER.


1. Come on, my part - ners in dis - tress, My com - rades through the wil - der - ness,
Who still your bod - ies feel; A - while for - get your griefs and fears,
And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

657 *Bliss-inspiring hope.*

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

Charles Wesley.

658 *The aged pilgrim.*

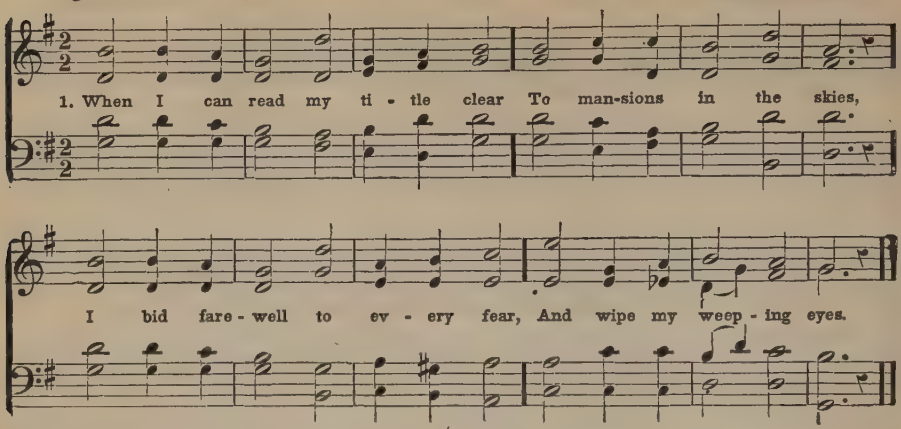
1 THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Sir Robert Grant.

CLINTON. C. M. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



659 *Heavenly rest anticipated.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

660 *God's pavilion.*

1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet;—

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me!

James Montgomery.

661 *Fullness of joy in His presence.*

1 THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart!

4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

Anne Steele

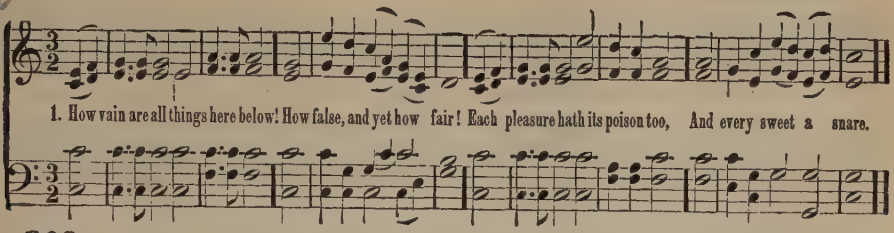
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



662 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.*

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,—
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

663 *Radiant hope.*

1 O WHO, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

4 And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Bid us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

James Montgomery.

664 *Deliverance at hand.*

1 MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

Frances M. Cowper.

665 *De profundis.*

1 OUT of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

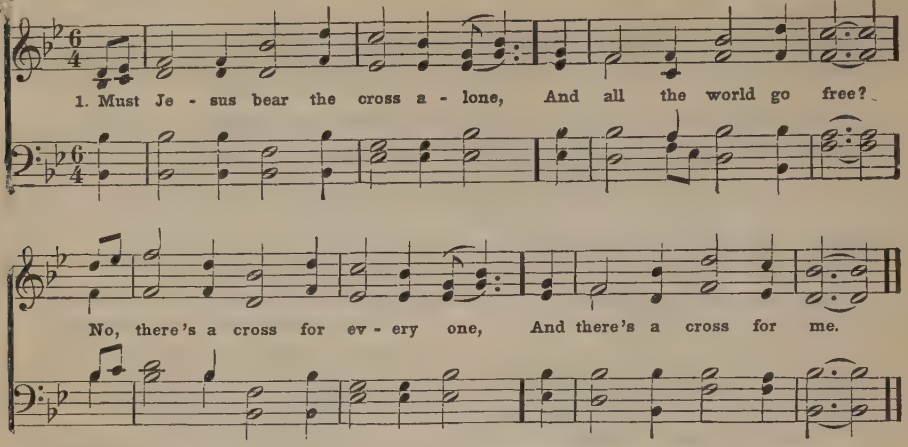
3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,—
The power of endless life.

Mrs. E. E. Marcy.

MAITLAND. C. M. GEORGE N. ALLEN.



666 *No cross, no crown.*

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd, alt.

667 *For victorious faith.*

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst.

668 *Strength renewed in waiting upon the Lord*

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Charles Wesley.

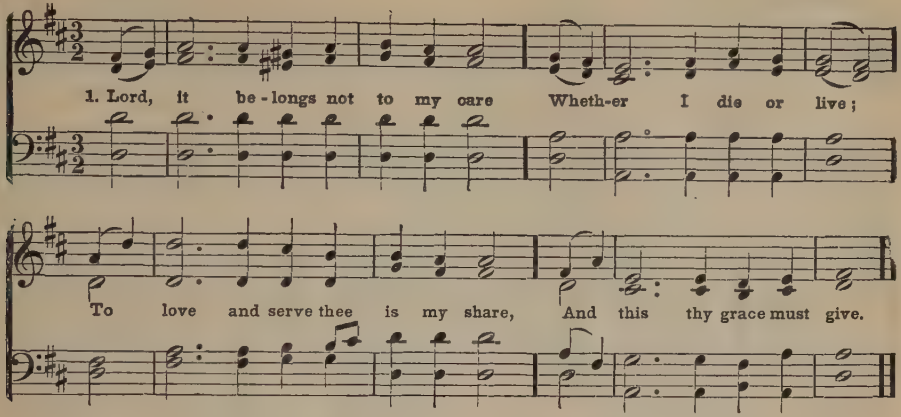
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

COOLING. C. M.

ALONZO J. ABBEY. FROM THE TRIAD.



669 *To live is Christ, and to die is gain.* Phil. 1: 21.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

670 *Christ strengthening the weak.*

1 O THOU, whose filmed and failing eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Beheld thy mother's agony,
The shameful cross beneath!

2 Remember them, like her, through whom
The sword of grief is driven,
And O, to cheer their cheerless gloom,
Be thy dear mercy given.

3 Let thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above;
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love.

4 O Son of Mary, Son of God,
The way of mortal ill,
By thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still.

5 But not with strength like thine, we go
This dark and dreadful way;
As thou wert strengthened in thy woe,
So strengthen us, we pray.

Alexander R. Thompson.

671 *Blessed are they that mourn.*—Matt. 5:4

1 FROM lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

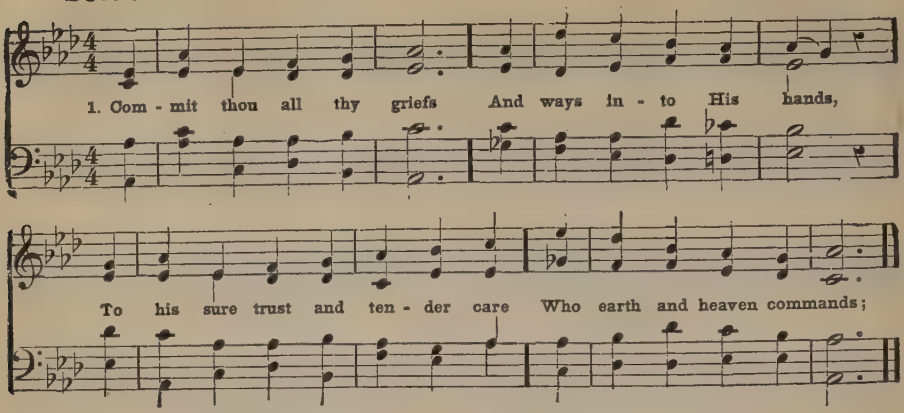
2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

3 How rich, how sweet, how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn;
They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh.

SCHUMANN. S. M. ROBERT SCHUMANN.



FIRST PART.

672 *Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou every-where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

SECOND PART.

673 *He ruleth all things well.*

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

674 *The soul's only refuge.*

1 THOU Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

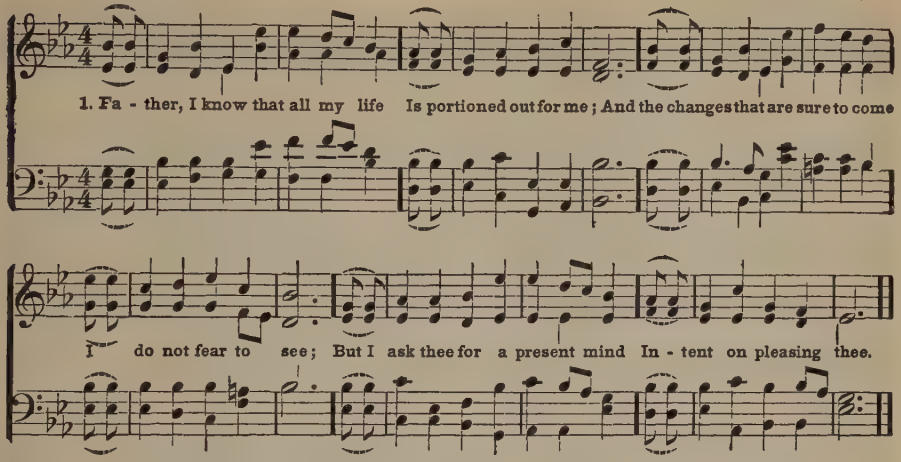
3 But O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele, alt.

WARING. 8, 6.

FROM LOUIS SPOHR.


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see; But I ask thee for a present mind In - tent on pleasing thee.

675 *Contented piety.*

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

Anna L. Waring.

676 *Go not far from me, O my Strength.*

1 GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

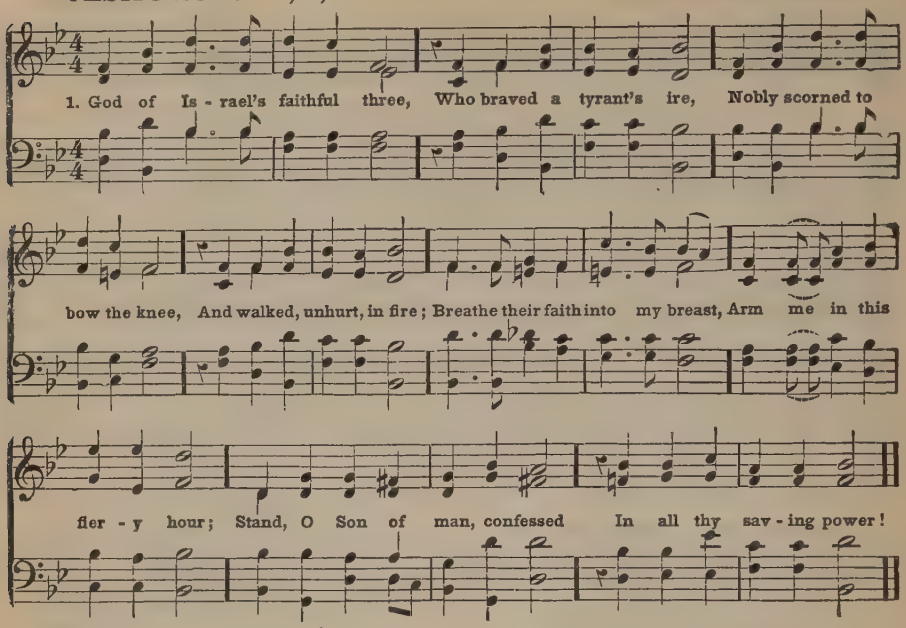
2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And O, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee.

3 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore;
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
And love and life before,
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;"
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

JESHURUN. 7, 6, 7. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.


1. God of Is - rael's faithful three, Who braved a tyrant's ire, Nobly scorned to
bow the knee, And walked, unhurt, in fire; Breathe their faith into my breast, Arm me in this
fier - y hour; Stand, O Son of man, confessed In all thy sav - ing power!

677 *Fearless in the furnace of affliction.*

1 GOD of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked, unhurt, in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confessed
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

Charles Wesley.

678 *The shadow of a great Rock.*

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be:
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace;
O'er a parched and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

Charles Wesley.

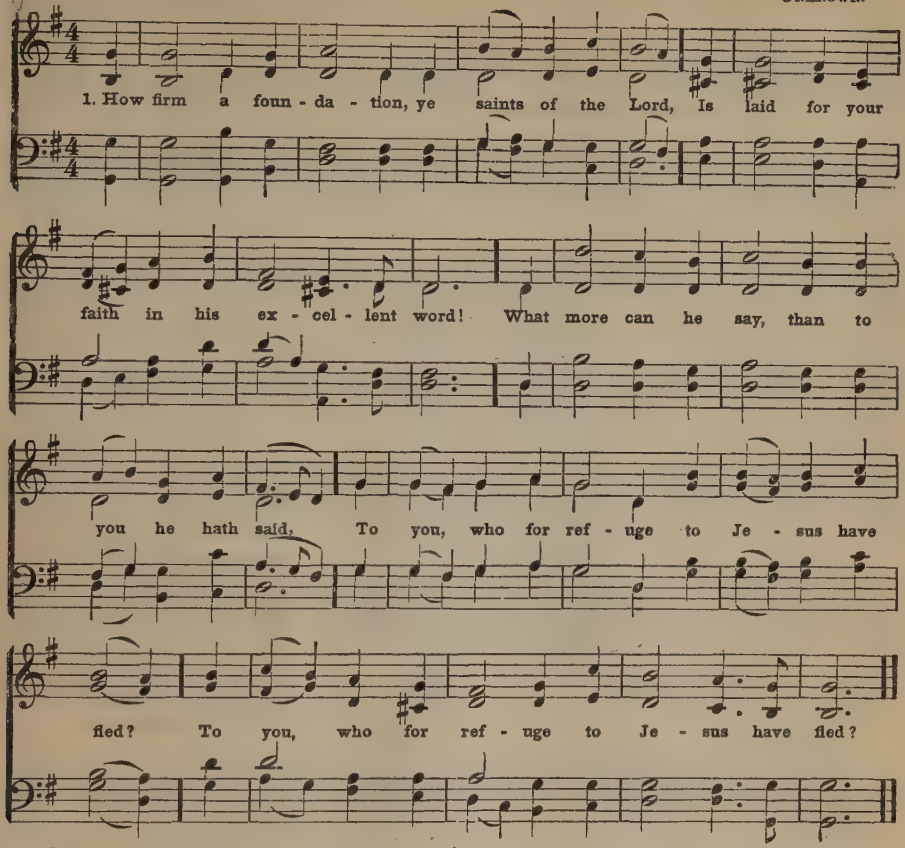
Doxology.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,—
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

UNKNOWN.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
you he hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

679 *The firm foundation.*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

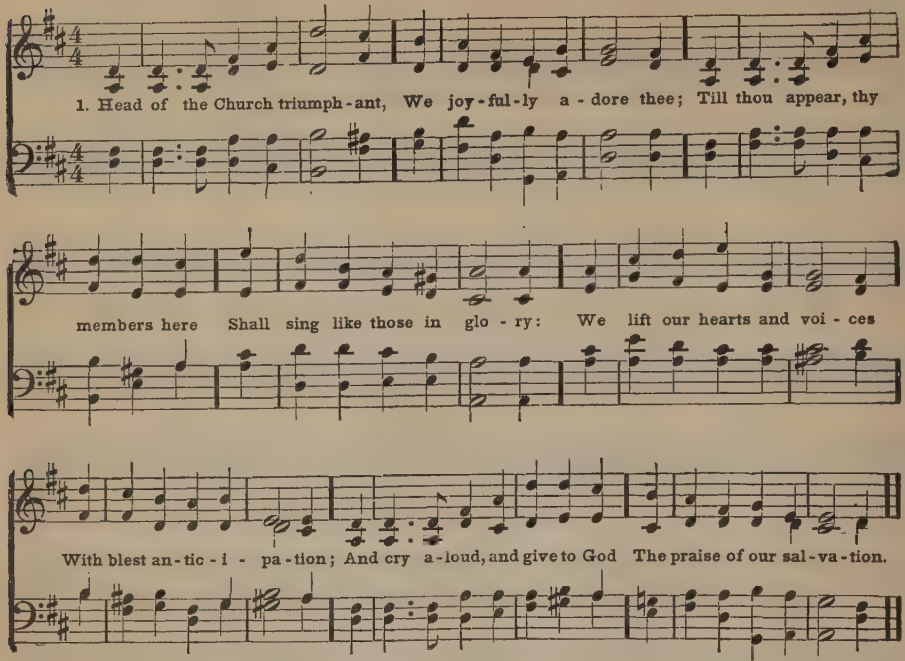
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

GRASMERE. 7, 8, 7. EDWIN MOSS.


1. Head of the Church triumph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore thee; Till thou appear, thy
members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry: We lift our hearts and voi-ces
With blest an-tic-i-pa-tion; And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

680 *Fearless in tribulation.*

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

[8. Tune, Vernon. Page 375.]

681 *Passionate longing for heaven.*

1 STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble, I mournfully cry;
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear,
These passionate longings for home;
O when shall my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

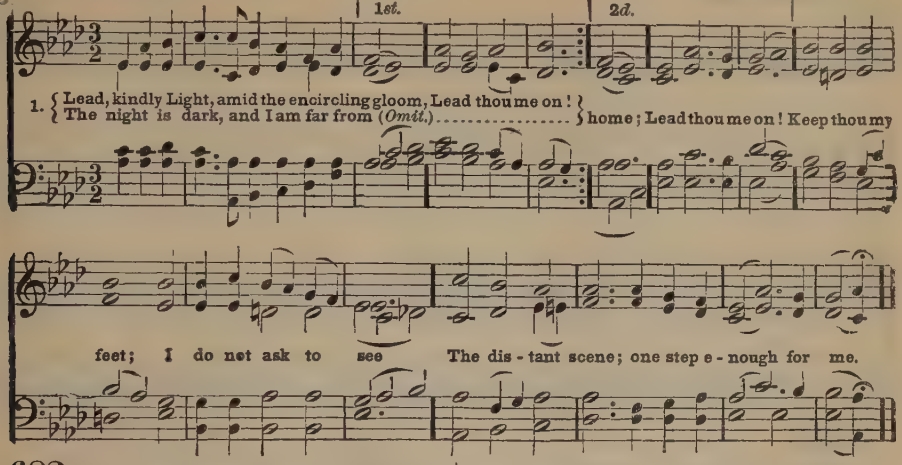
2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest!

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

Charles Wesley

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.


1st.
2d.
1. { Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
{ The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.) } home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my
feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

682 *Lead, kindly Light.*

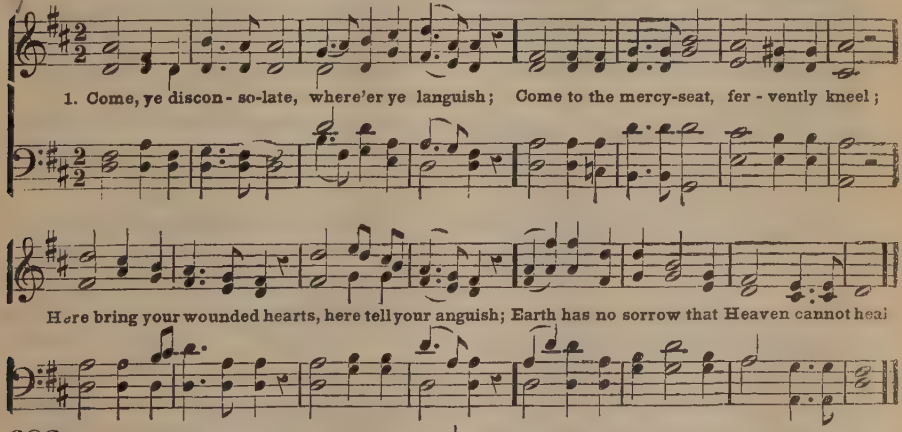
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John H. Newman.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye discon - so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer - vently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal

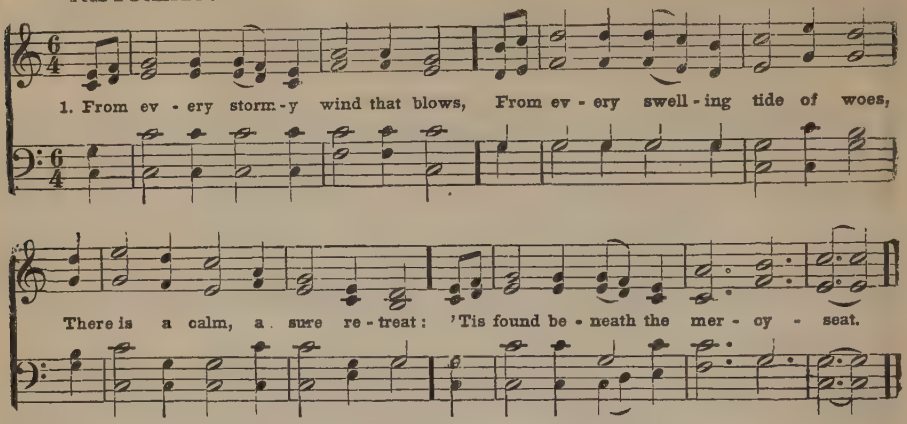
683 *Come, ye disconsolate.*

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-
not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-
move.

Thomas Moore.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS


1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

684 *The mercy-seat.*

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

685 *Dedication to the Lord.*

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee.

Jean F. Oberlin. Tr. by Mrs. D. Wilson.

686 *The Spirit's guidance.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings.

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy Way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

Charles Wesley.

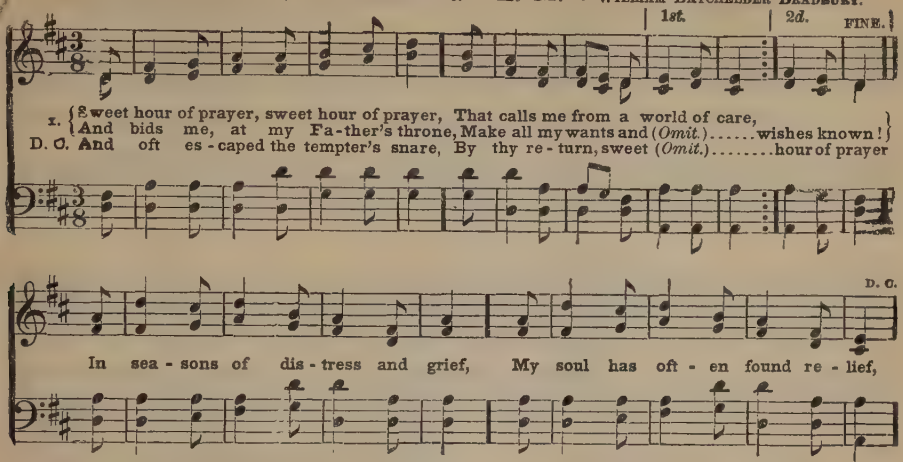
687 *The pure Light of souls.*

1 O THOU pure Light of souls that love,
True Joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

Breviary.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit.) ..... wishes known!
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit.) ..... hour of prayer
D. C.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

688 *Sweet hour of prayer.*

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

William W. Walford.

689 *Design of prayer.*

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart

690 *Blessings of prayer.*

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

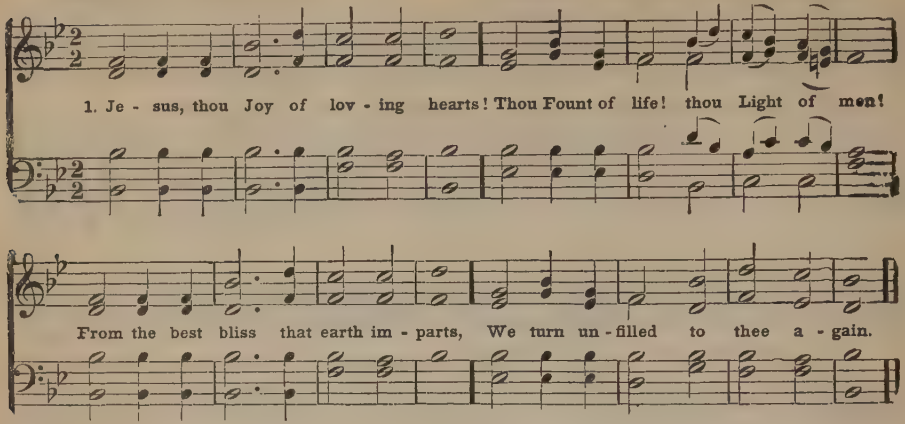
2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that 's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper

WELTON. L. M. FROM REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.

691 *The joy of loving hearts.*

1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by R. Palmer.

692 *God's praises crown eternity.*

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

Philip Doddridge

693 *His loving kindness better than life.*

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

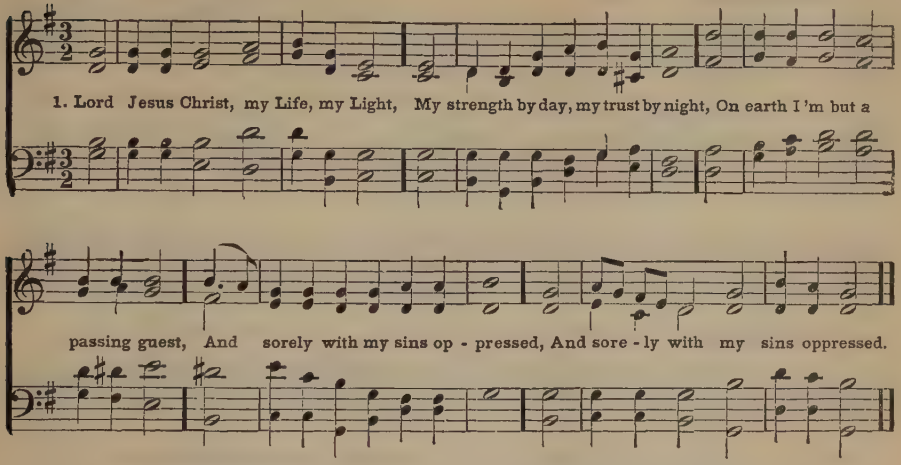
2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

James Montgomery.

ROLLAND. L. M. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day, my trust by night, On earth I'm but a
passing guest, And sorely with my sins op - pressed, And sore - ly with my sins oppressed.

694 *I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.*

1 LORD Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light,
My strength by day, my trust by night,
On earth I'm but a passing guest,
And sorely with my sins oppressed.

2 O let thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour,
Thy cross, the staff whereon I lean,
My couch, the grave where thou hast been.

3 Since thou hast died, the pure, the just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 And when the last great day is come,
And thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon thy right.

5 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like thyself, in glorious light.

6 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of thy grace,
Forever I behold thy face!

M. Behemb. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

695 *The fairest of the fair.*

1 THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is he.

2 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

696 *At home with God anywhere.*

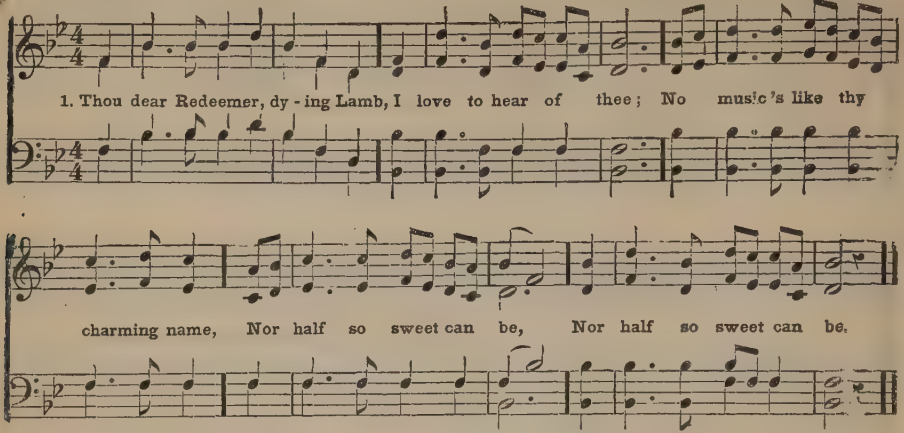
1 MY Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.
Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Mad. J. M. B. de la Motte Guyon.
Tr. by William Cowper.

EMMONS. C. M.

ARR. FROM FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER.


1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No music's like thy
charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

697 *Thou dear Redeemer.*

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick.

698 *God, my sufficient Portion.*

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts.

699 *Praise delightful.*

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, alt.

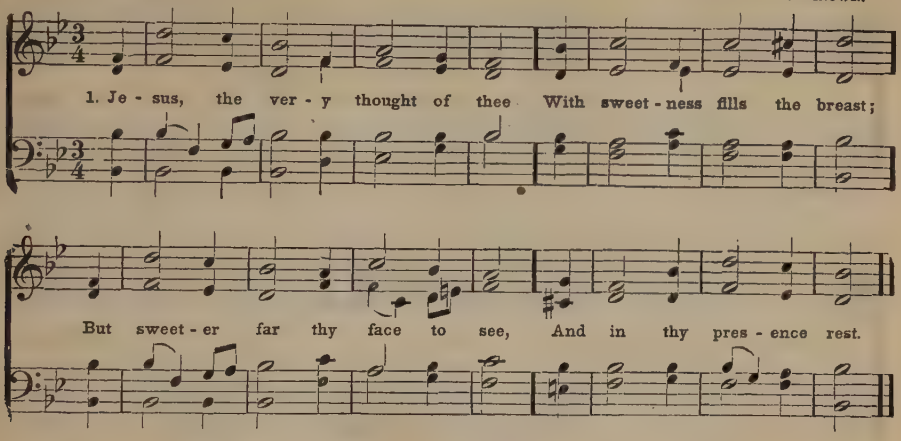
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

UNKNOWN.



FIRST PART.

700 *The sweetest name.*

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. Caswall.

SECOND PART.

701 *The Conqueror renowned.*

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. Caswall.

THIRD PART.

702 *The King in his beauty.*

1 O JESUS, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

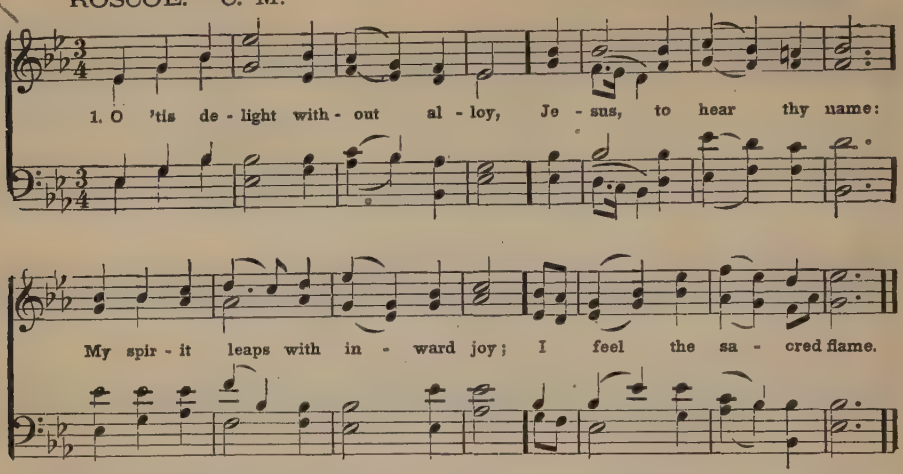
2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

3 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

4 Jesus, our love and joy! to thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be,
While endless ages run!

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. Caswall.

ROSCOE. C. M. EDWARD L. WHITE.



703 *The rapture of love.*

1 O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills!
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

704 *Triumphant joy.*

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun,

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts.

705 *Perpetual praise.*

1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

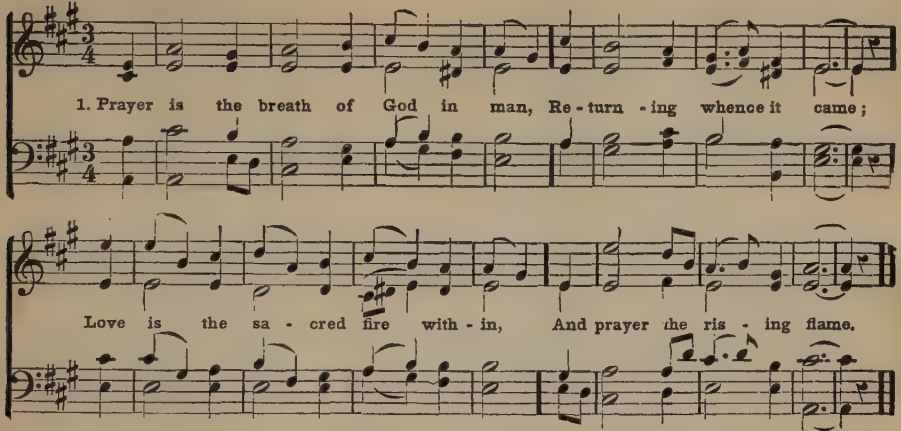
2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

SALOME. C. M. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



706 *Prayer.*

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

707 *Prayer moves Omnipotence.*

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

John A. Wallace.

708 *The two worlds.*

1 UNVEIL, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
The gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of thy face.

2 Till thou art seen, it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruits abound.

3 But when thy keener, purer beam
Is poured upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.

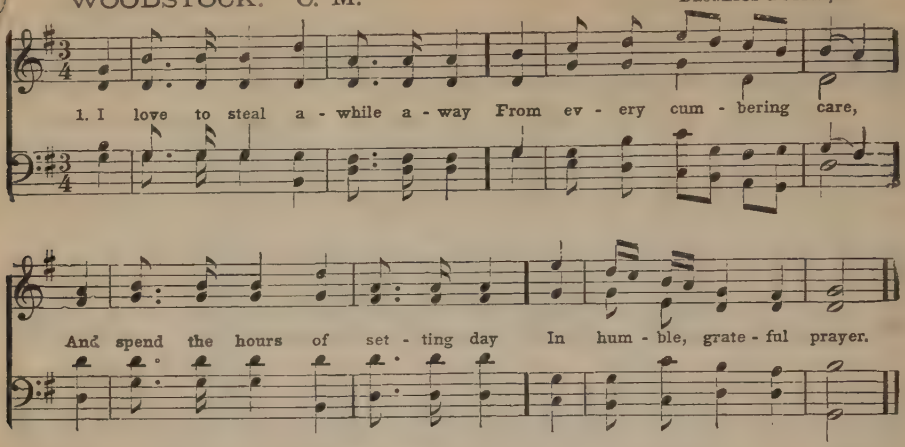
4 Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made thy blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circled round thy brow.

5 And thus, when we renounce for thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,—

6 Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.

John H. Newman.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



709 *Evening—solitude.*

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown.

710 *What is prayer?*

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery.

711 *Communion with God.*

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend
And answer silent prayer.

Unknown.

712 *Talking with God.*

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

713 *Retirement and meditation.*

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine!

5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

William Cowper.

714 *Whom having not seen, ye love.*

1 Peter 1: 8.

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer.

715 *Pray without ceasing.*

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go;

4 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

Charles Wesley.

716 *The Lord's Prayer.*

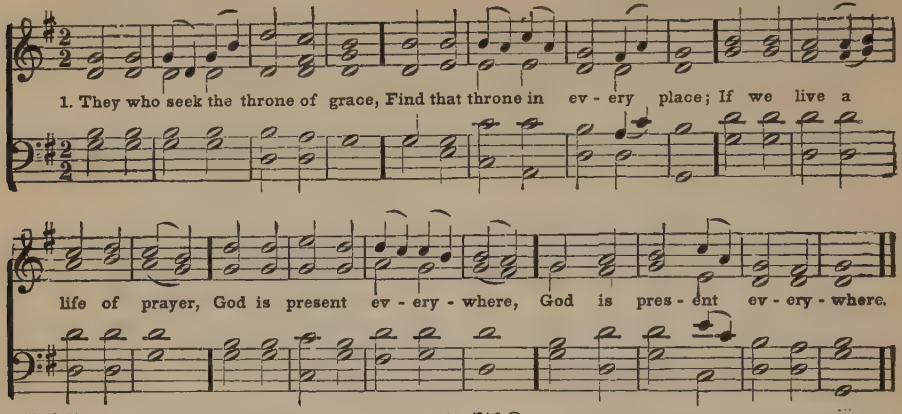
1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

Adoniram Judson.

HENDON. 7. REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR MALAN.


1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - ery place; If we live a
life of prayer, God is present ev - ery - where, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.

717 *God every-where.*

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place,
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every-where.

Oliver Holden, alt.

718 *Encouragements to pray.*

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

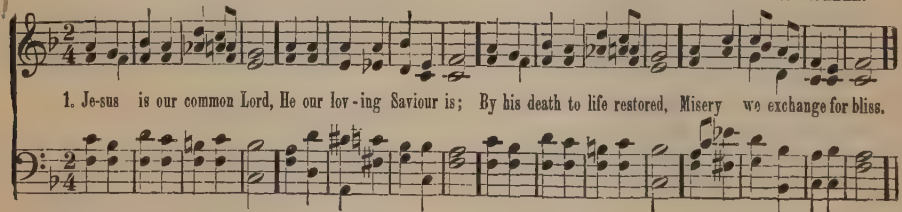
2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

SEYMOUR. 7. FROM CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



719 *Partnership of the saints in light.*

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

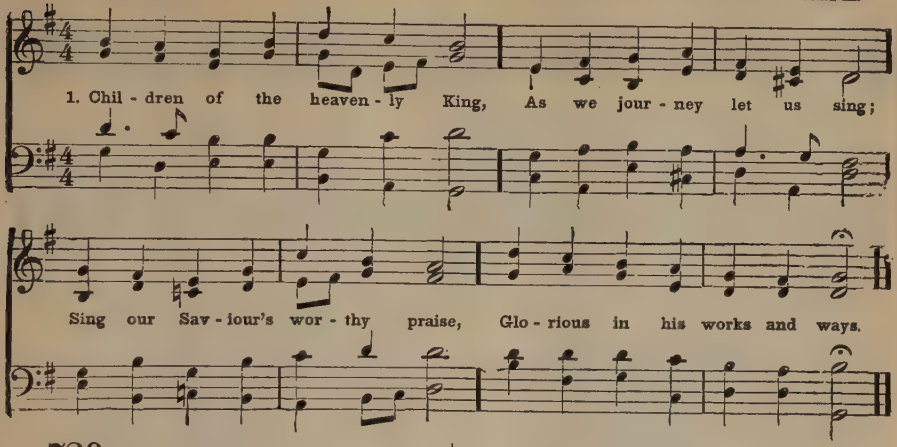
3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

Charles Wesley.

VIENNA. 7.

FROM REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



720 *The pilgrims' song.*

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be.
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

721 *Christ, the source of every blessing.*

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll,
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "Gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw

722 *For humility and protection.*

1 GOD of love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power.
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

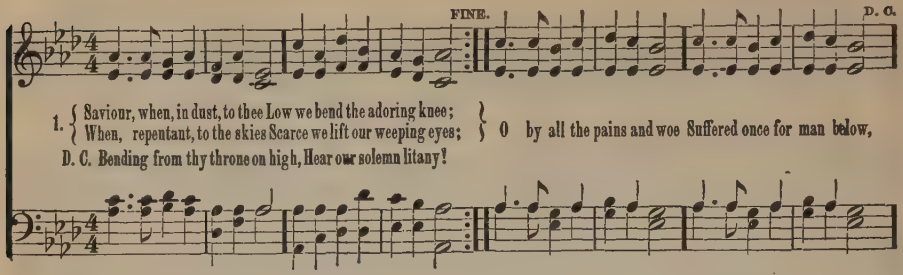
4 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope,
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY.


FINE.
D. C.
1. Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes; O by all the pains and woe Suffered once for man below,
D. C. Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

723 *The Litany.*

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

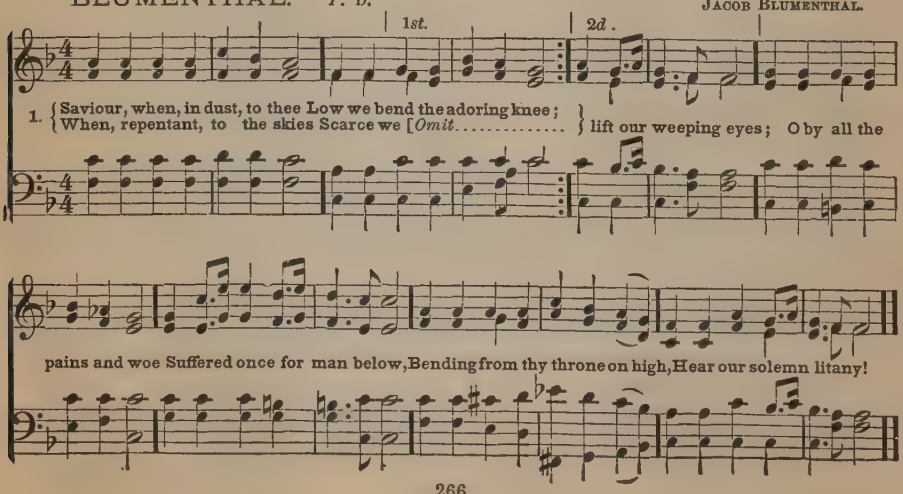
4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

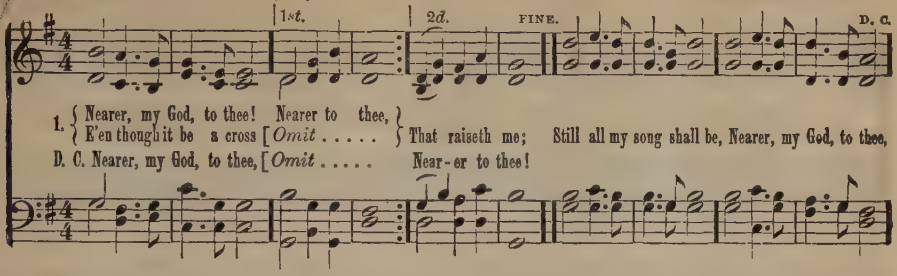
Sir Robert Grant.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. D.

JACOB BLUMENTHAL.


1st.
2d.
1. Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we [Omit..... lift our weeping eyes; O by all the
pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
D. C.
1. { Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee, } { That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
{ E'en though it be a cross [Omit . . . . . }
D. C. Nearer, my God, to thee, [Omit . . . . . Near-er to thee!

724 *Nearer, my God, to thee.*

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

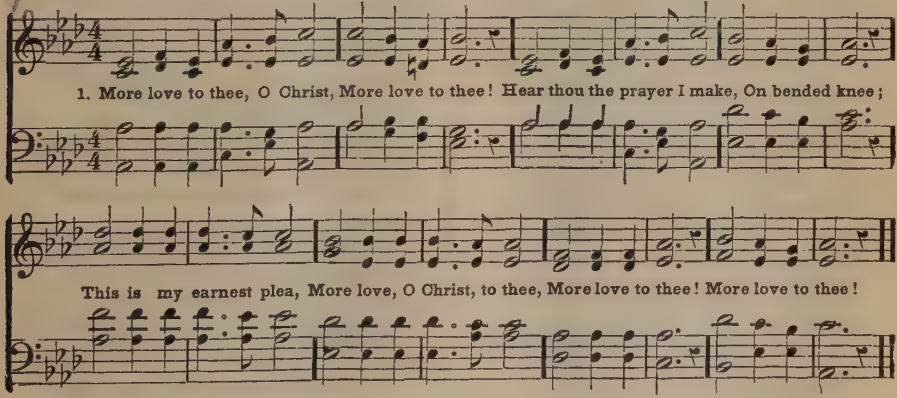
3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.


1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

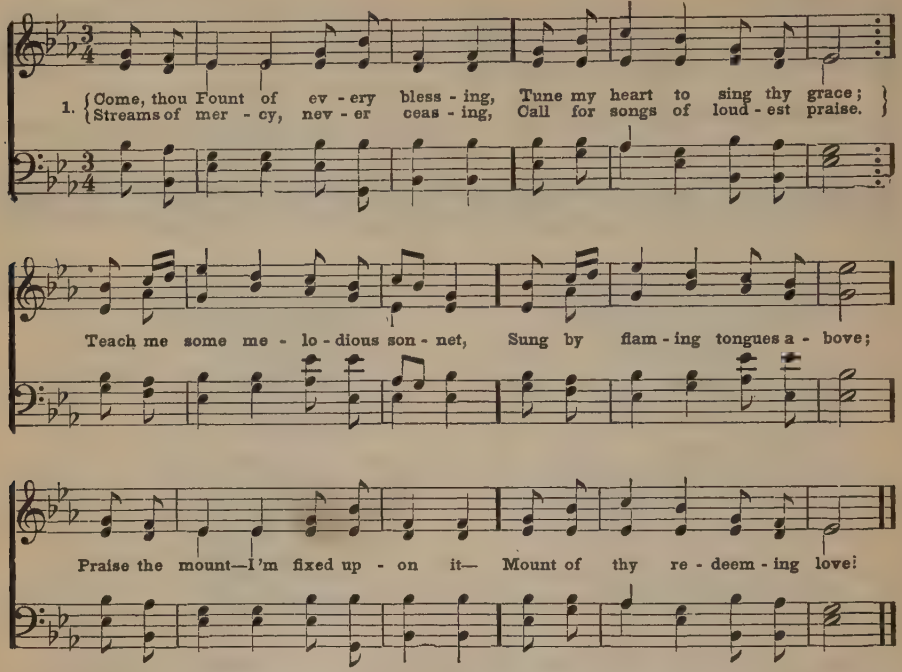
725 *More love to Thee.*

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D. UNKNOWN.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it— Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!

726 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*
1 Sam. 7: 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

727 *The harmonious chorus.*

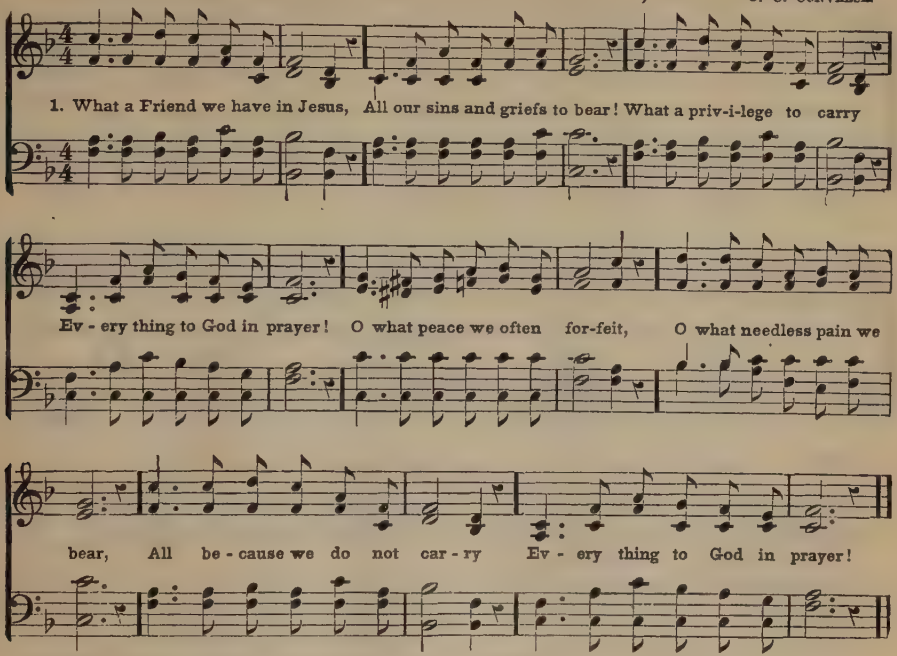
1 HERE on earth, where foes surround us,
While our trembling souls within
Feel the fetters which have bound us,
Feel the burden of our sin;
Lord, on thee alone relying,
Strength we crave to burst our chain,
Ever pleading, ever crying,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

2 In those high and holy regions
Where the blest thy praise prolong,
Cherubs and seraphic legions
Know no theme of nobler song;
White-robed saints, who there adore thee
Throned above the glassy main,
Sing, and cast their crowns before thee,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

3 Thus thy Church, whate'er her dwelling
Heaven above or earth below,
One harmonious chorus swelling,
Loves her Saviour's praise to show:
Here in trial, there in glory,
Changeless rings the immortal strain,
Changeless sounds the wondrous story,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

Unknown.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8, 7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.


1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to carry
Ev - ery thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often for-feit, O what needless pain we
bear, All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer!

728 *What a Friend we have in Jesus!*

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Unknown.

729 *Praise to the Deity.*

1 O MY God, how thy salvation
Fills my soul with peace and joy,
Patience gives, and consolation
Which the world cannot destroy!
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 For that love whose tender mercies
Purest joys do daily bring,
I will in my life confess thee,
With my mouth thy praises sing:
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

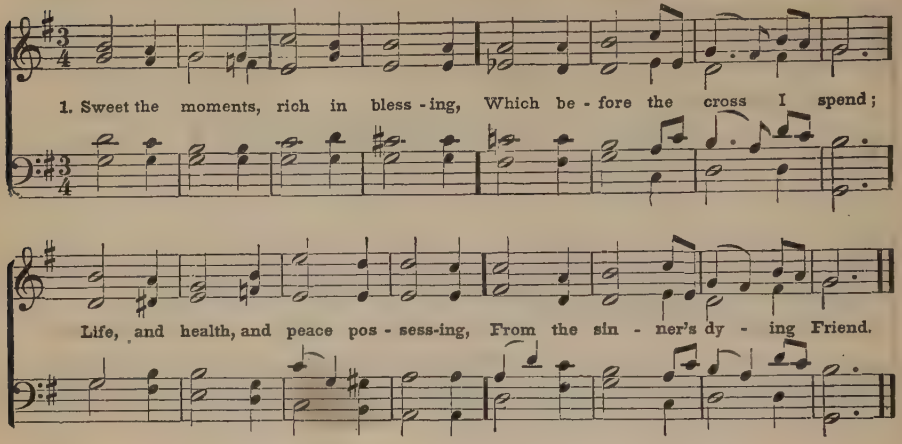
John S. B. Monsell.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder, alt.

DULCETTA. 8, 7. FROM LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

730 *Before His cross.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

James Allen, alt. by Walter Shirley.

731 *Lo, I am with you alway.*

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin.

732 *Life of life.*

1 LABORING and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of life!" on thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in thee we live.

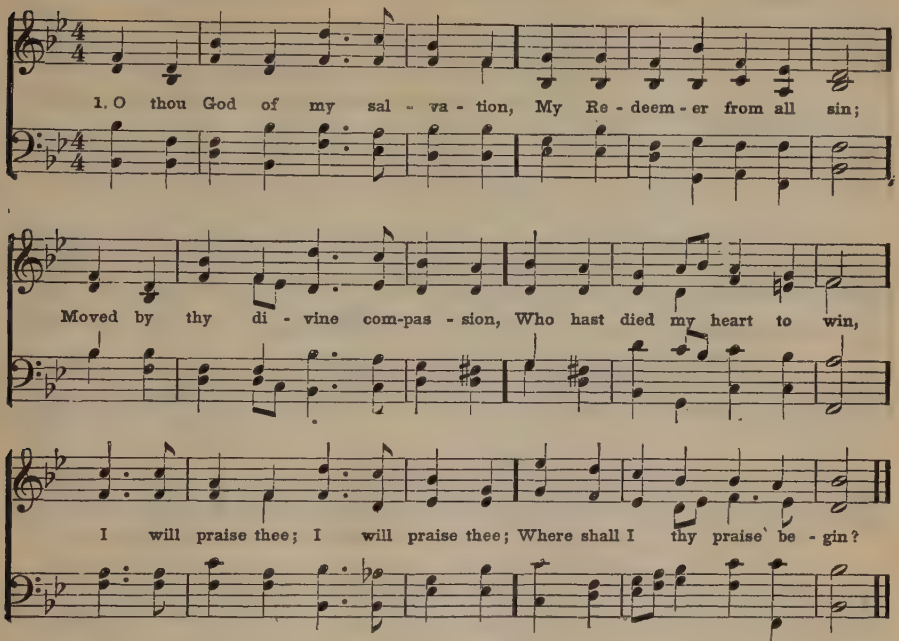
John S. B. Monsell

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder, alt.

REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 4, or 8, 7. D. HENRY SMART.


1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin;
Moved by thy di - vine com-pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee; I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

733 *Hallelujah.*

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers.

734 *King of heaven, God of grace.*

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

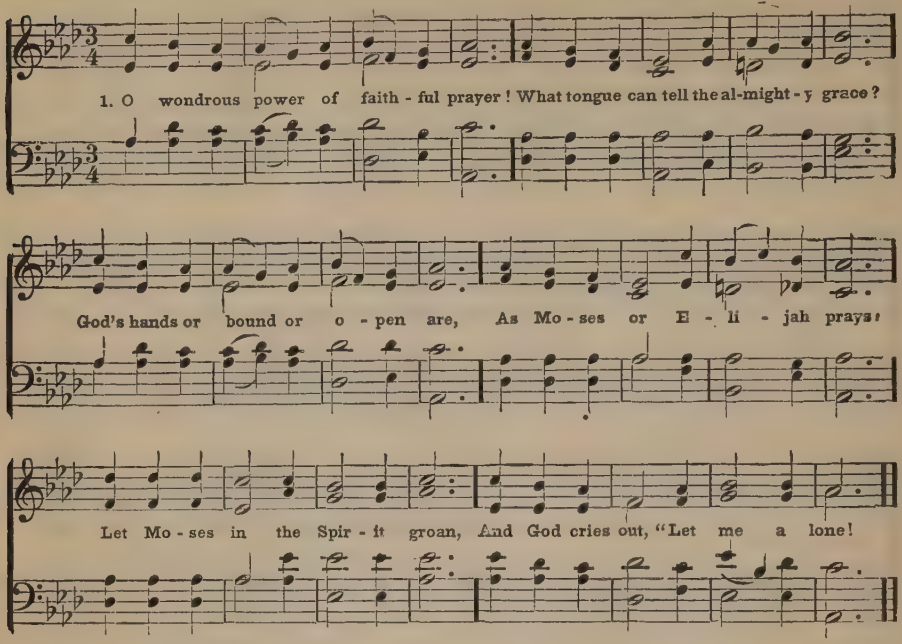
Henry F. Lyte and Sir Henry W. Baker

Doxology.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

William Goode.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61. ADAPTED BY J. G. WALTON.


1. O wondrous power of faith - ful prayer! What tongue can tell the al-might - y grace?
God's hands or bound or o - pen are, As Mo - ses or E - li - jah prays;
Let Mo - ses in the Spir - it groan, And God cries out, "Let me a lone!

735 *The power of prayer.*

1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays;
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

736 *Jesus all, and in all.*

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine.
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above.
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

FIRST PART.

737 *Wrestling Jacob—the struggle.*

1 COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

738 *The name revealed.*

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley

THIRD PART.

739 *Victorious rapture.*

1 THE Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

[L. P. M. Tune, Nashville. Page 178.]

740 *Everlasting praises.*

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

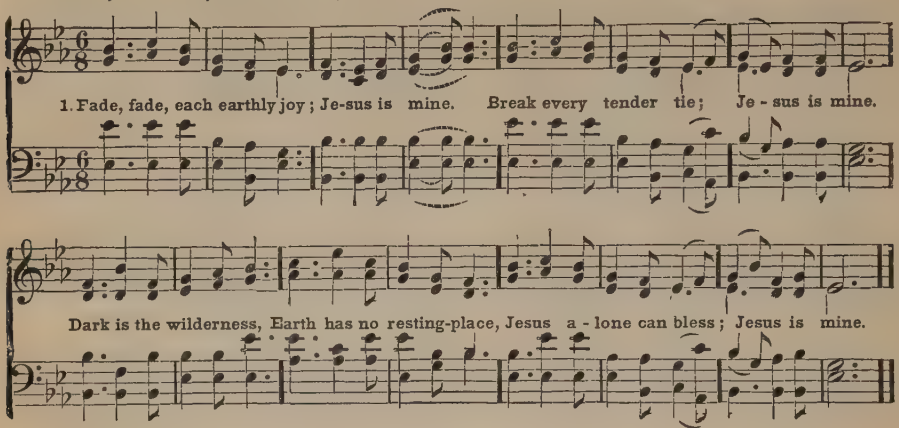
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY. 6, 4, 6. THEODORE E. PERKINS.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je-sus is mine. Break every tender tie; Je - sus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Jesus a - lone can bless; Jesus is mine.

741 *Jesus is mine.*

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR.

742 *I give myself to Thee.*

1 SAVIOUR, who died for me,
I give myself to thee;
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose high,
To serve thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
'Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

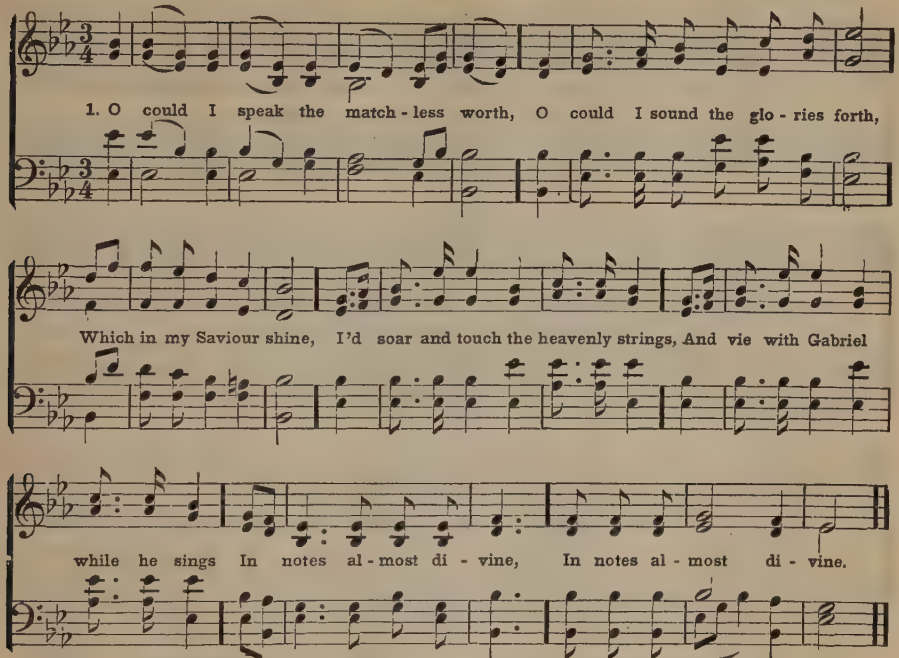
3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;
Thy faithful servant be,
Thine to the end.
For thee, I 'll do and dare,
For thee, the cross I 'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend, and guide;
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

MISS MARY J. MASON.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

743 *Make His praise glorious.*

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

744 *Always rejoicing.*

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee!
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

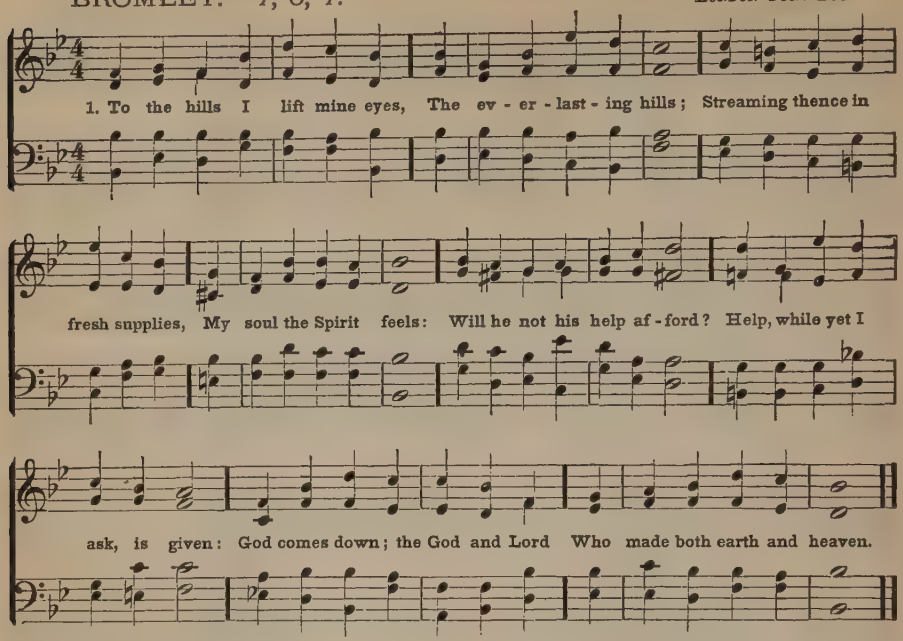
2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, the summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,—
A bright, harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new, eternal song.

Charles Wesley.

BROMLEY. 7, 6, 7. LONDON TUNE BOOK.


1. To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ev - er - last - ing hills; Streaming thence in
fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels: Will he not his help af - ford? Help, while yet I
ask, is given: God comes down; the God and Lord Who made both earth and heaven.

FIRST PART.

745 *My help cometh from the Lord.* Ps. 121: 2.

1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defense;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

746 *The Lord is thy Keeper.*—Ps. 121: 5.

1 SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

2 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley.

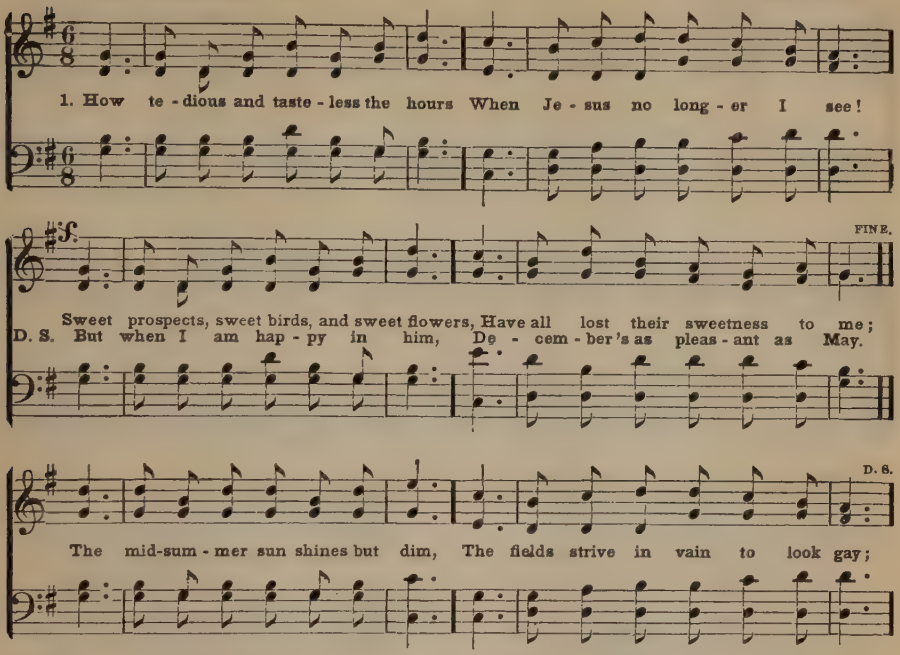
Doxology. 7, 6, 8.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore!
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

CONTRAST. 8.

LEWIS EDSON.


1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
FINE.
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
D. S. But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.
D. S.
The mid-sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

747 *Preciousness of Jesus.*

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

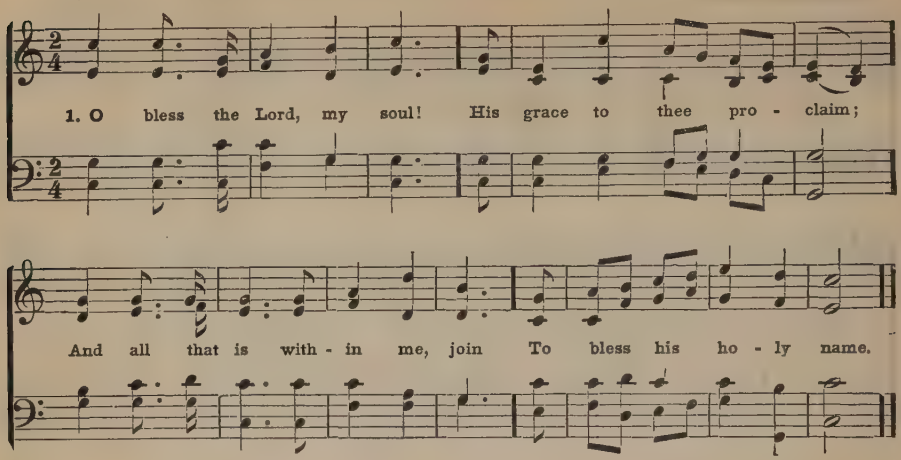
748 *Longing for closer communion.*

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

WHITEFIELD. S. M. EDWARD MILLER.



749 *The tender mercy of the Lord.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

Isaac Watts, alt.

750 *Pray evermore.*

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

James Montgomery.

751 *Heaven upon earth.*

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place.
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

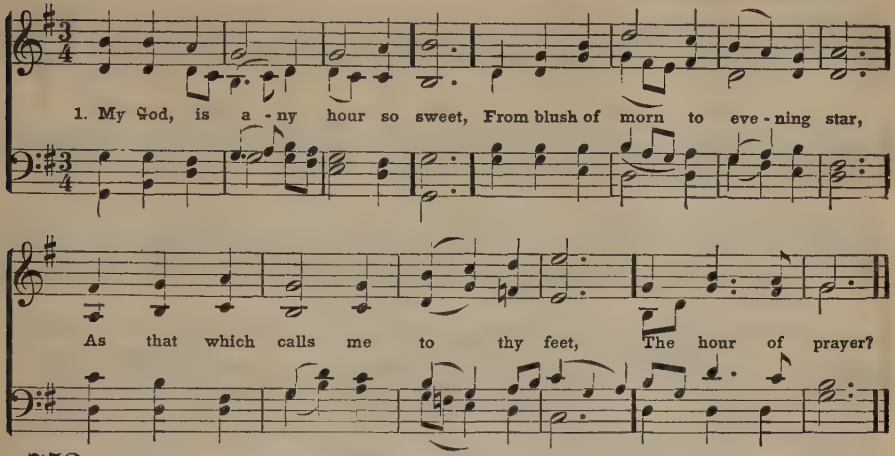
Doxology.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER. 8, 8, 8, 4.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



752 *The hour of prayer.*

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

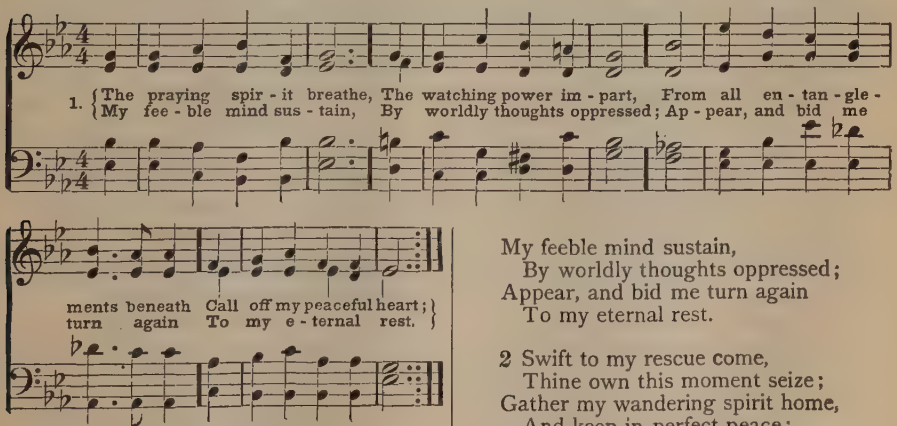
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

SUPPLICATION. S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. The praying spir - it breathe, The watching power im - part, From all en - tan - gle -
My fee - ble mind sus - tain, By worldly thoughts oppressed; Ap - pear, and bid me
ments beneath Call off my peaceful heart;
turn again To my e - ternal rest.

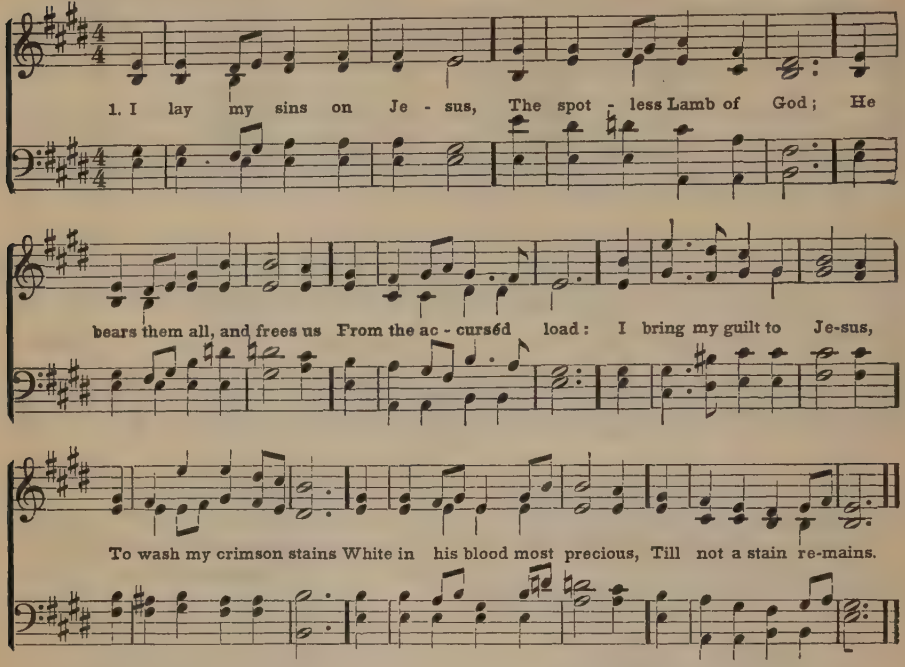
753 *The spirit of prayer.*

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

ST. HILDA. 7, 6. REV. H. HUSBAND.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He
bears them all, and frees us From the ac - cursed load: I bring my guilt to Je-sus,
To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

754 *I lay my sins on Jesus.*

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

755 *Never separated from Christ.*

1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

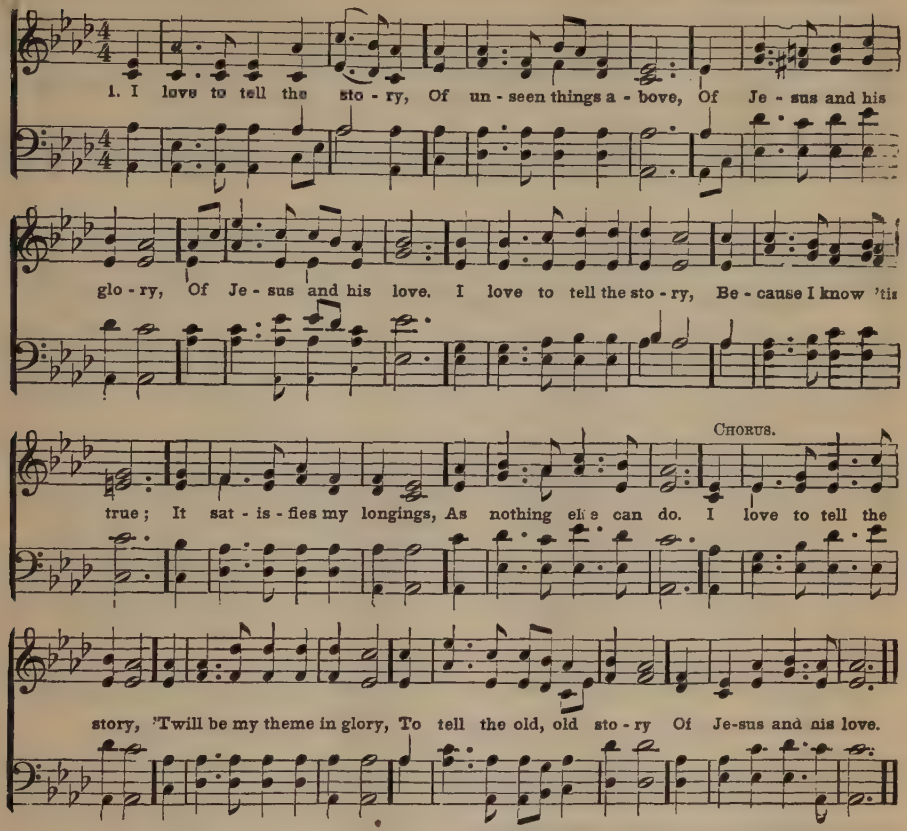
2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Carl J. P. Spitta. Tr. by R. Massie.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7, 6.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis
CHORUS.
true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the
story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and his love.

756 *I love to tell the story.*

1 I LOVE to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

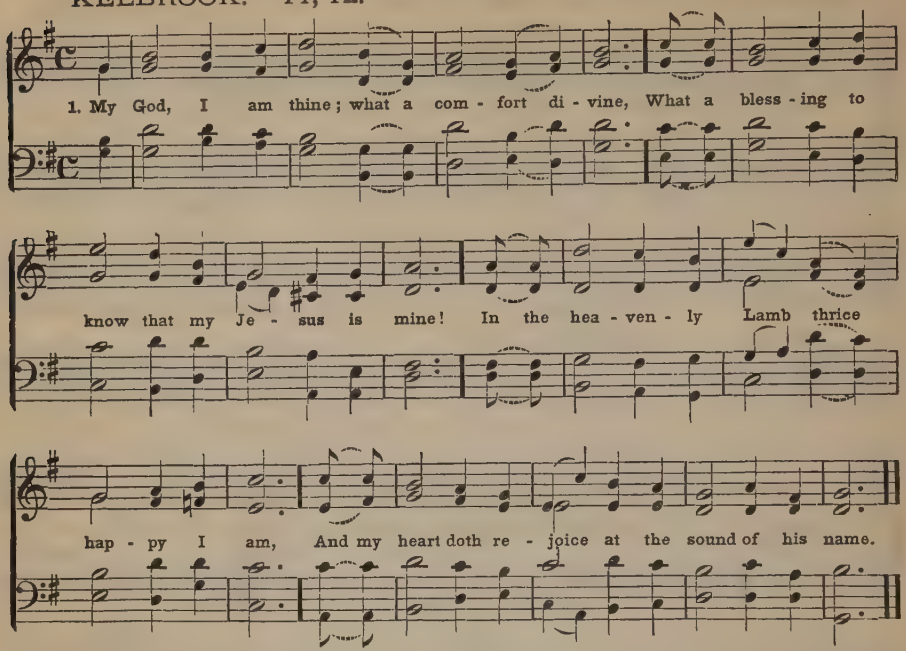
2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Catharine Hankey

KELBROOK. 11, 12. J. RILEY.


1. My God, I am thine; what a com - fort di - vine, What a bless - ing to
know that my Je - sus is mine! In the hea - ven - ly Lamb thrice
hap - py I am, And my heart doth re - joice at the sound of his name.

757 *The foretaste of endless bliss.*

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

Charles Wesley.

[10, 11. Tune, Lyons. Page 168.]

758 *Worldly vanity renounced.*

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

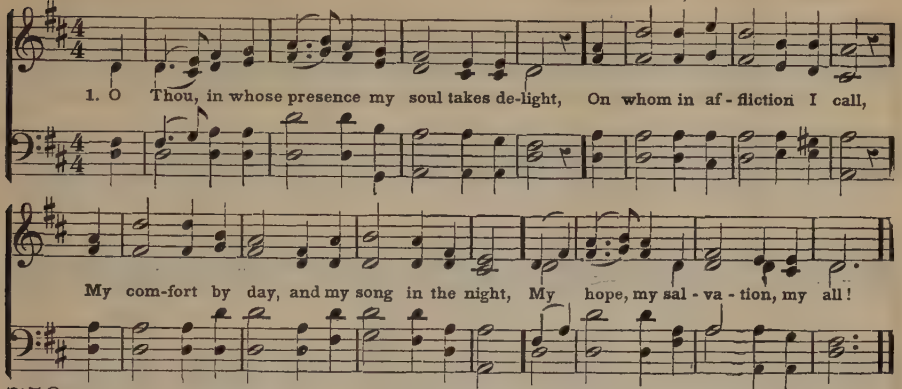
4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

John Gambold.

MEDITATION. 11, 8. FREEMAN LEWIS, ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.


1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-fliction I call,
My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!

759 *My Beloved.*

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

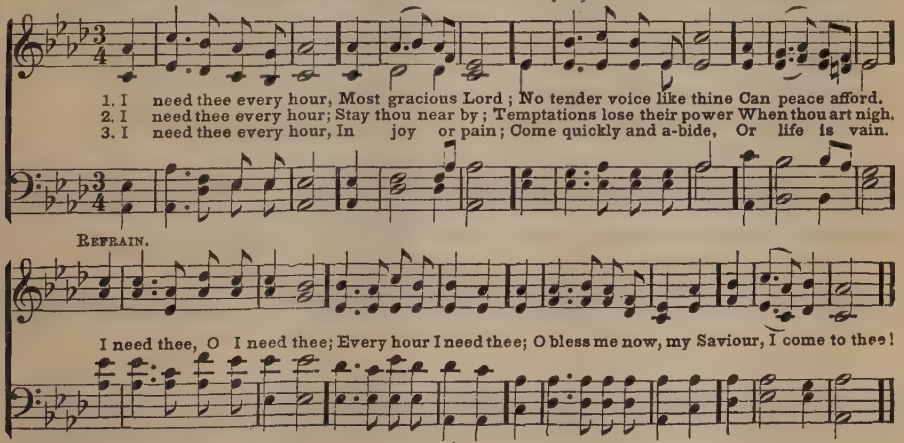
4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow
thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all.
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. 6, 4, 7. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
2. I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
REFRAIN.
I need thee, O I need thee; Every hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to thee!

760 *I need Thee every hour.*

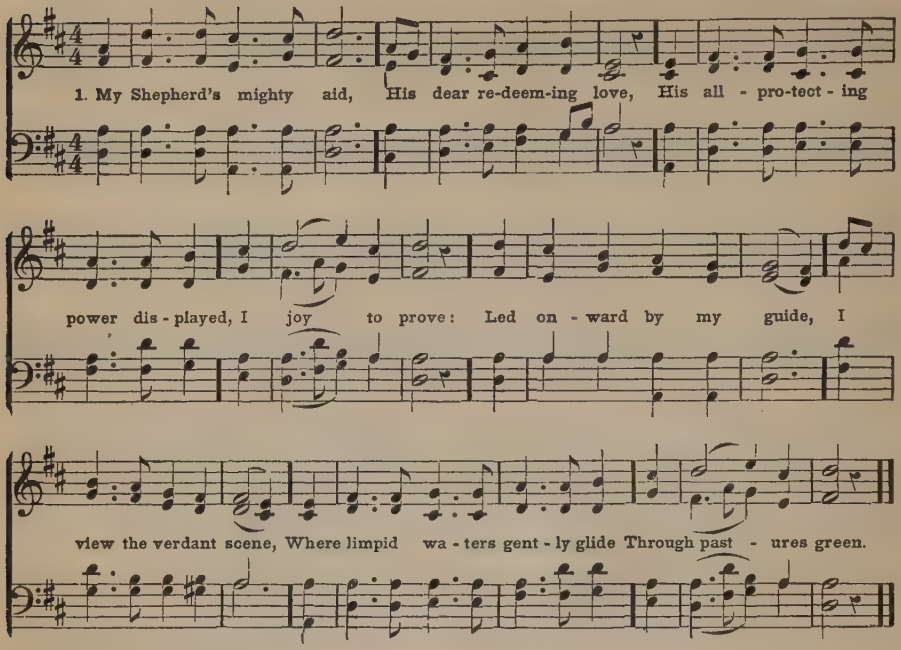
4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

BROWNE. 6, 8, 4.

* Miss Mary Anne Browne.


1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear re-deem-ing love, His all - pro-tect - ing
power dis - played, I joy to prove: Led on - ward by my guide, I
view the verdant scene, Where limpid wa - ters gent - ly glide Through past - ures green.

761 *Exultant trust.*

1 My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove:
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore;
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

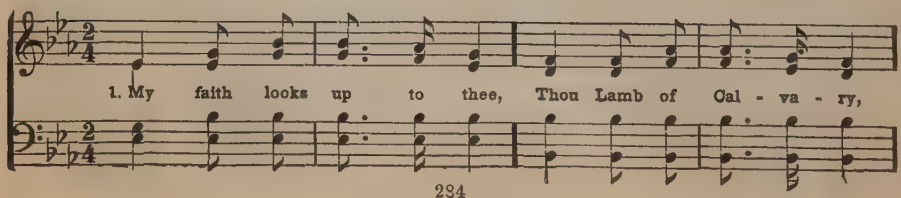
3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray:
My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me;
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

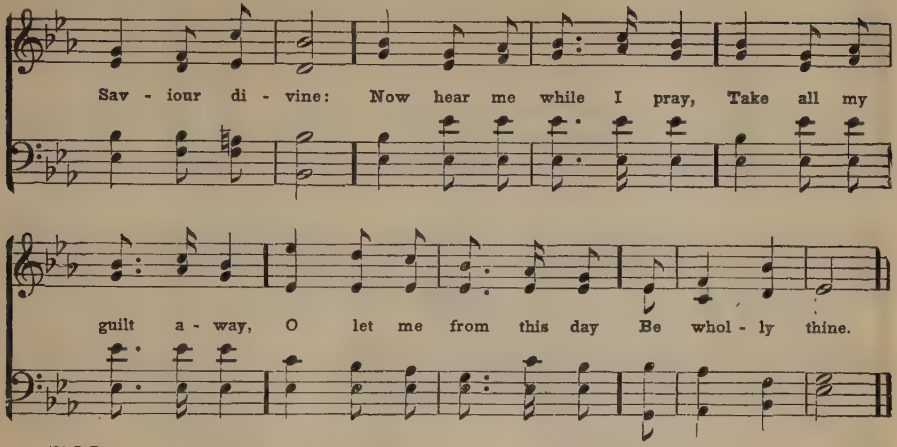
Thomas Roberts.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason.



OLIVET. 6, 4.—*Continued.*



762 *Before the cross.*

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

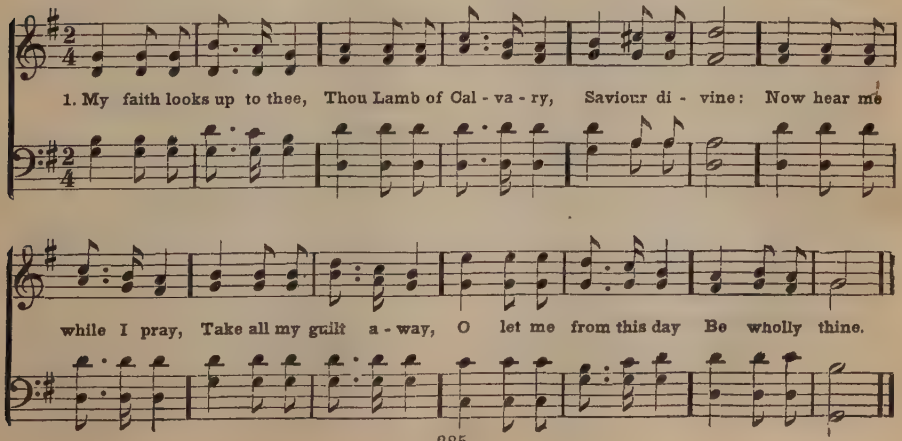
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

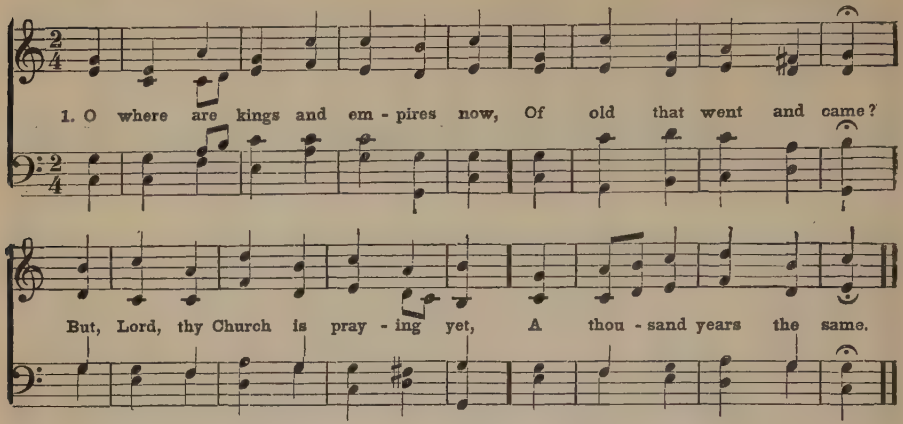
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine: Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT.



763 *The Church immovable.*

1 O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

764 *Founded on a Rock.*

1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivaled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

Harriet Auber.

765 *The kingdoms one.*

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

766 *The sure Foundation.*

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

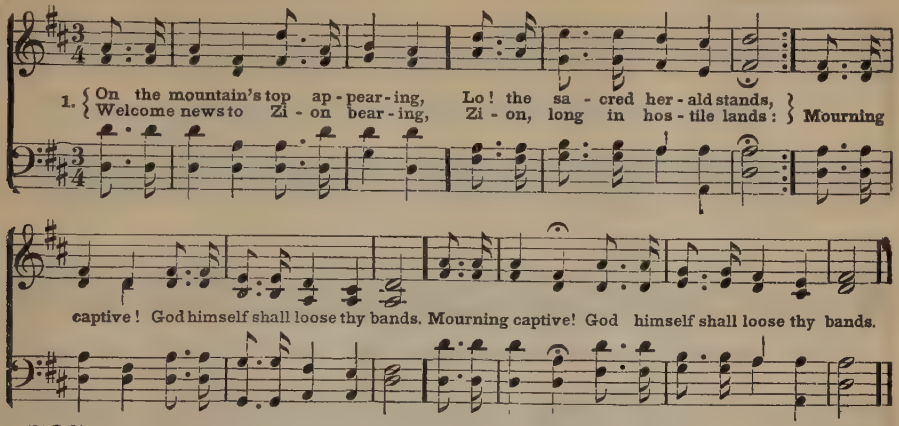
2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

ZION. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands: Mourning
captive! God himself shall loose thy bands. Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

767 *Good news for Zion.*

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

768 *Jehovah, the defense of Zion.*

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

[C. M. Tune, St. Ann's. Page 286.]

769 *The truly blest.*

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion's courts appear.

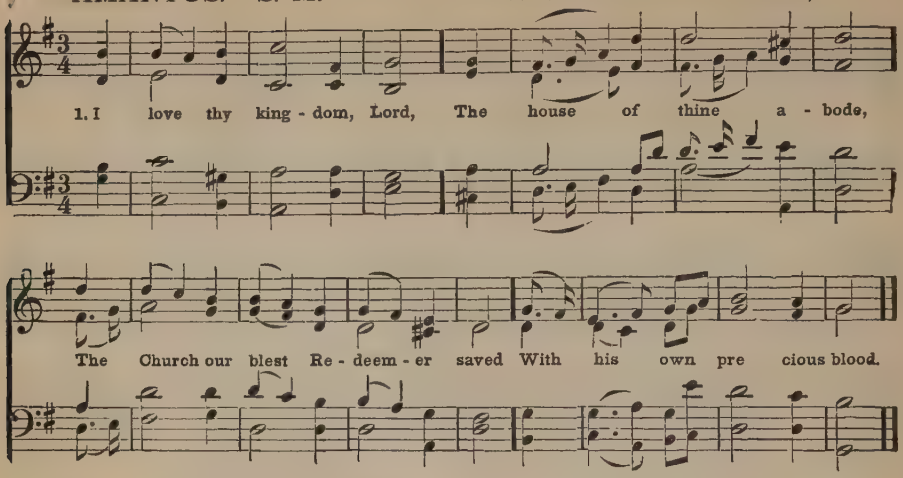
John Milton.

Doxology.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode.

AMANTUS. S. M. REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D.



770 *Love for Zion.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

771 *For a revival.*

1 O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Phœbe H. Brown.

772 *The Church's confidence and security.*

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

Charles Wesley.

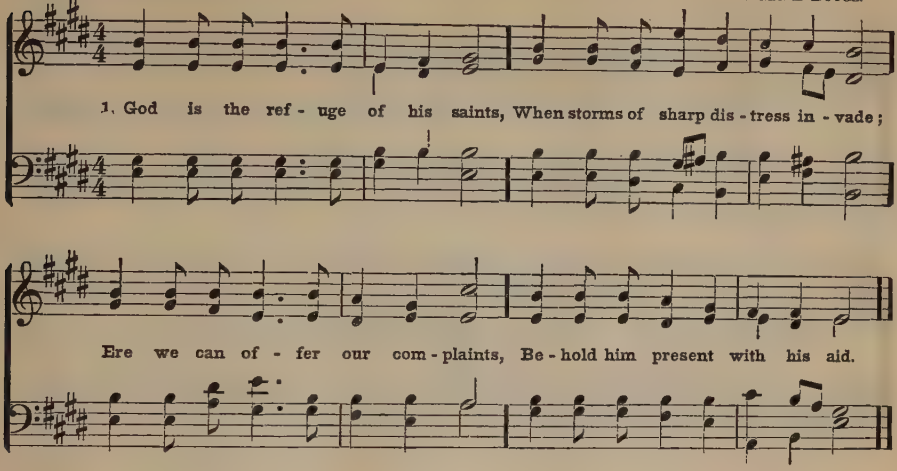
Doxology.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.


1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold him present with his aid.

773 *The forty-sixth Psalm.*

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

774 *The river of life.*

1 GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

Philip Doddridge.

775 *Awake, Jerusalem, awake!*

1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

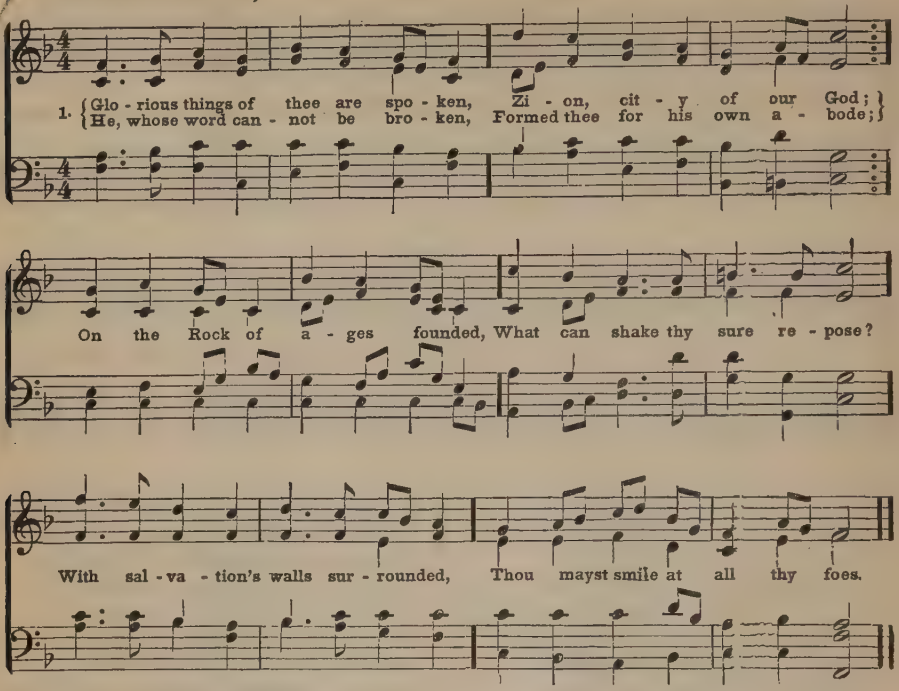
2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, "Arise!"

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7. D. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

776 *God in the midst of her.*

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

John Newton.

777 *God her everlasting light.*

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

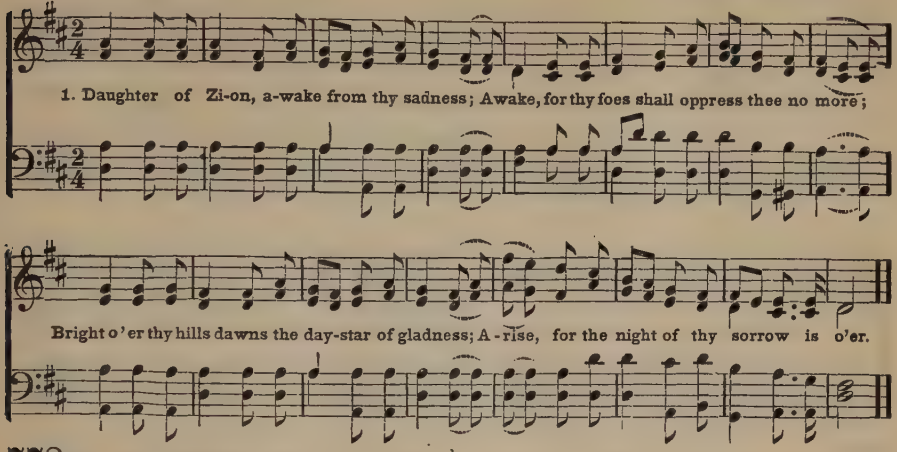
2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

HANOVER. 11.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.


1. Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness; A-rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

778 *Daughter of Zion.*

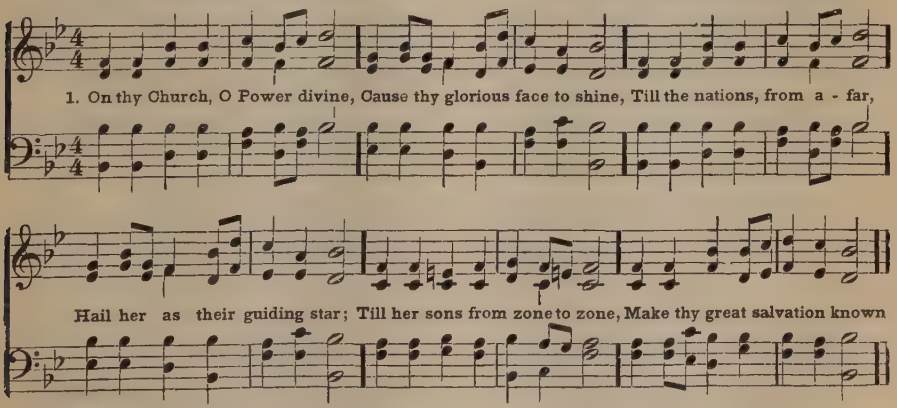
2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

Unknown.

ROSEFIELD. 7, 61.

REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR MALAN.


1. On thy Church, O Power divine, Cause thy glorious face to shine, Till the nations, from a - far,
Hail her as their guiding star; Till her sons from zone to zone, Make thy great salvation known

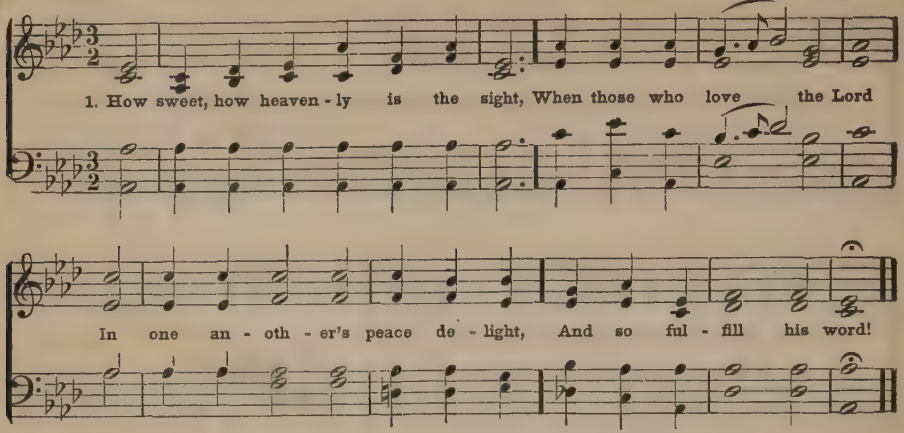
779 *For the extension of the Church.*

1 ON thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber.

HERMON. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



780 *The golden chain.*

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

781 *Come with us.*

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

James Montgomery.

782 *United—though separate.*

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

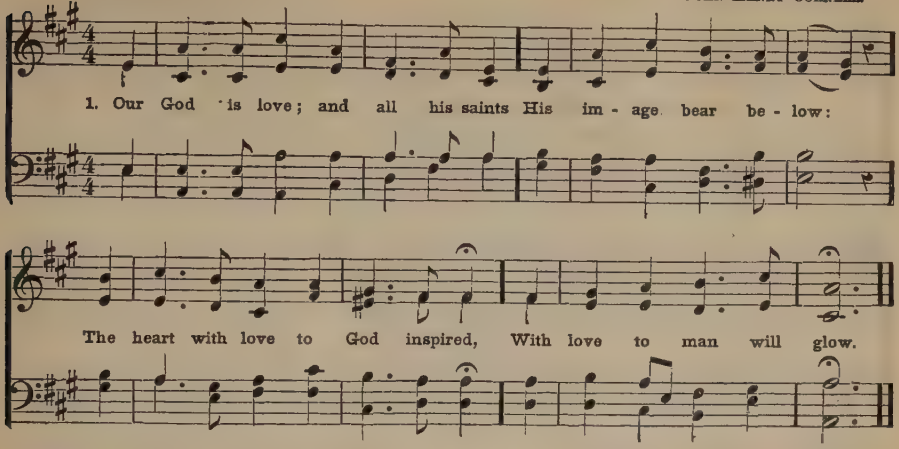
5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Charles Wesley.

CORNELL. C. M.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL.



783 *Love, the test of discipleship.*

1 OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

784 *The law of Christ.*

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

785 *The loadstone of His love.*

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Charles Wesley.

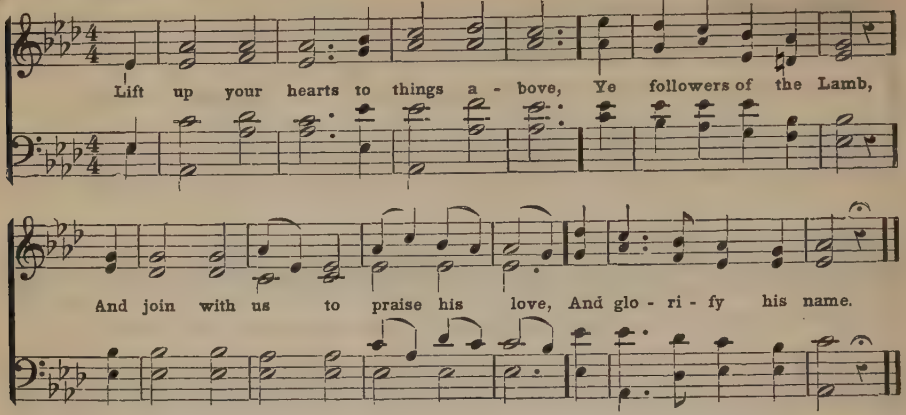
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

HUMMEL. C. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.



786 *Rejoicing in hope.*

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our friend!

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley.

787 *Ye are come unto Mount Sion.* Heb. 12: 22.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven!

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

Isaac Watts.

788 *The bond of love.*

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

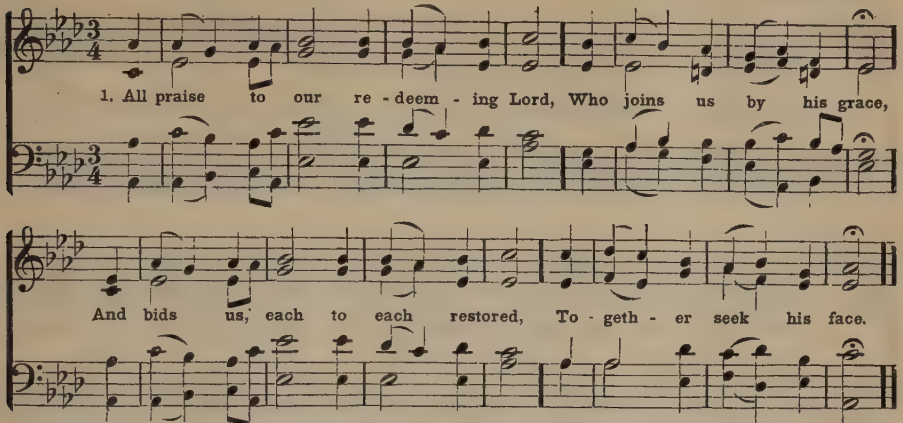
3 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

4 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

James Montgomery.

ARMENIA. C. M.

SYLVANUS BILLINGS POND.



789 *Harmony and joy unspeakable.*

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

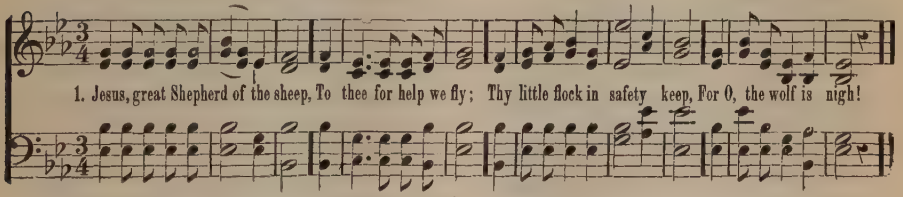
5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



790 *Safety in union.*

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

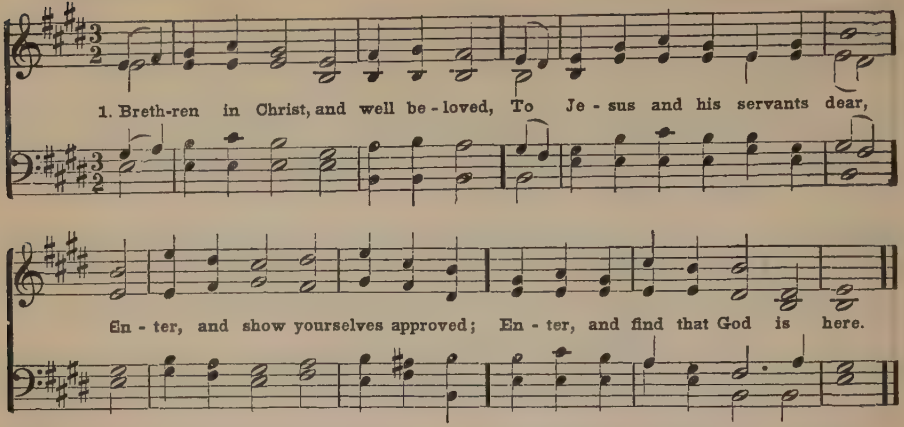
4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Charles Wesley.

TICHORAH. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Breth-ren in Christ, and well be-loved, To Je-sus and his servants dear,
En-ter, and show yourselves approved; En-ter, and find that God is here.

791 *Welcome to Church fellowship.*

1 BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend; thyself reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

5 Though but in part we know thee here,
We wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And be forever lost in love.

Charles Wesley.

FIRST PART.

792 *Striving together for the faith of the gospel.*

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,—
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

793 *One fold and one Shepherd.*

1 GIVER of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

3 O let us take a softer mold,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

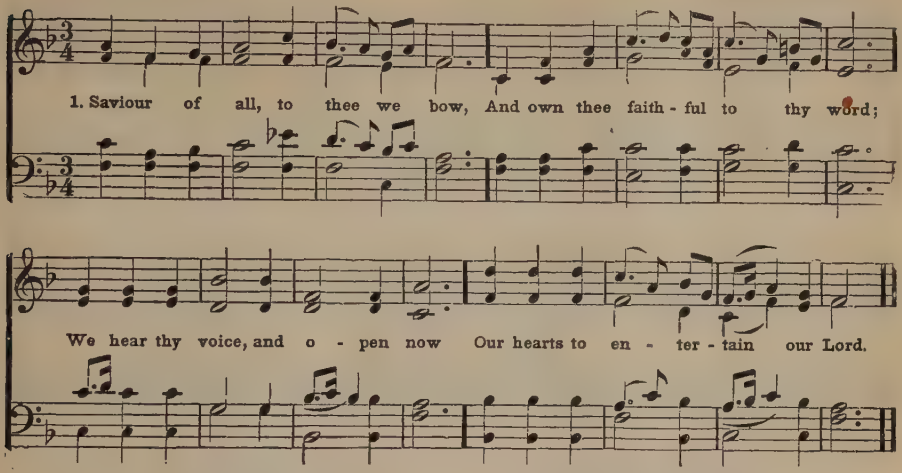
4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Charles Wesley.

LINWOOD. L. M.

GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.


1. Saviour of all, to thee we bow, And own thee faith - ful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and o - pen now Our hearts to en - ter - tain our Lord.

794 *The heavenly Guest invited.*

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

Charles Wesley.

795 *Glorious and spotless.*

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

Charles Wesley.

796 *One now, one forever.*

1 STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love;

2 Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy:

4 Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

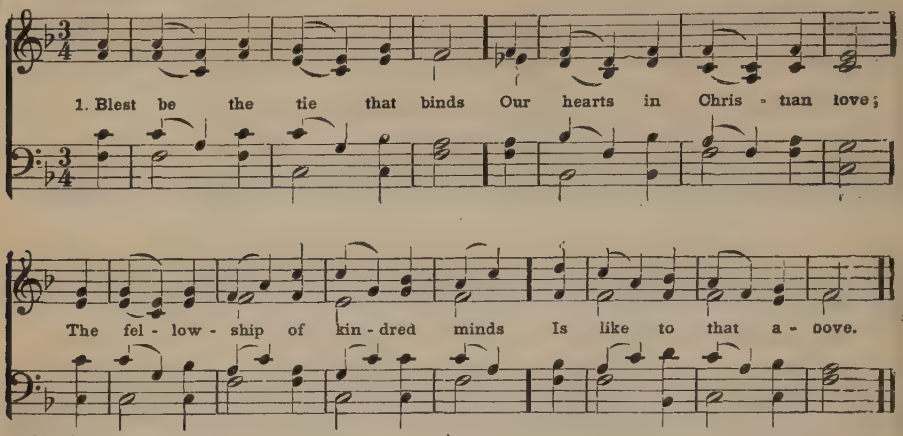
5 There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We 'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

Horatius Bonar.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

DENNIS. S. M. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.

797 *Sympathy and mutual love.*

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

798 *Meeting, after absence.*

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley

799 *Blest communion.*

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

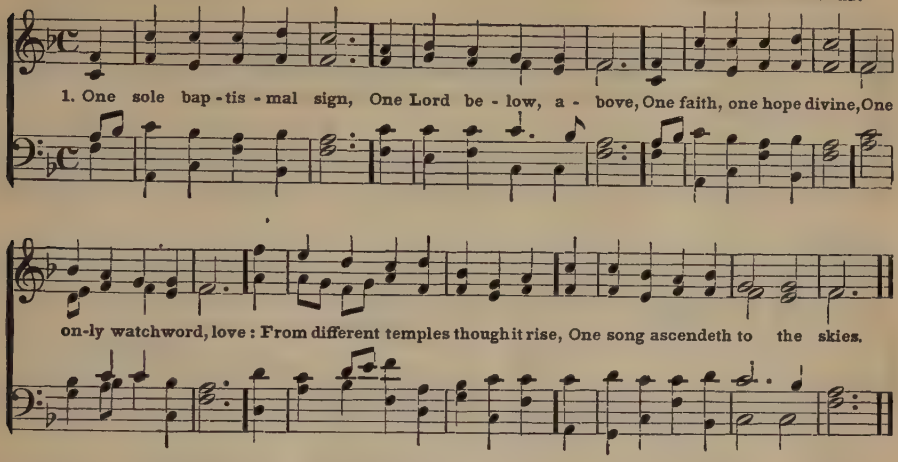
2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

ST. EBBE. H. M.

RICHARD REDHEAD.


1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, One faith, one hope divine, One
on-ly watchword, love: From different temples though it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies.

800 *One Lord, one faith, one baptism.* Eph. 4: 5.

1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to his throne he passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offense, his people's stain!

4 Head of thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

GEORGE ROBINSON.

801 *Bear ye one another's burdens.*

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain;
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

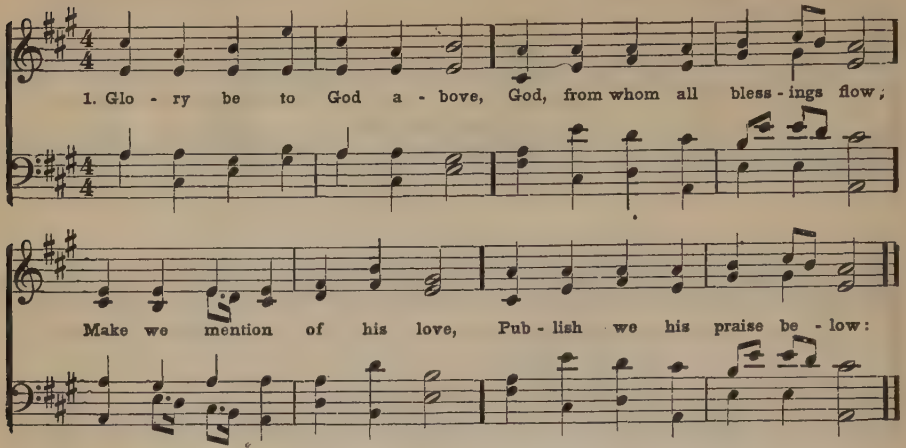
4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fullness fill,
And then transport away,—
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

CHARLES WESLEY.

NUREMBERG. 7. JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.



802 *Sweet counsel.*

1 GLORY be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:

2 Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

4 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed.

Charles Wesley.

803 *Love, the bond of union.*

1 WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see,
Make, O make us meet for thee;
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart;
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

804 *Of one heart and mind.*

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

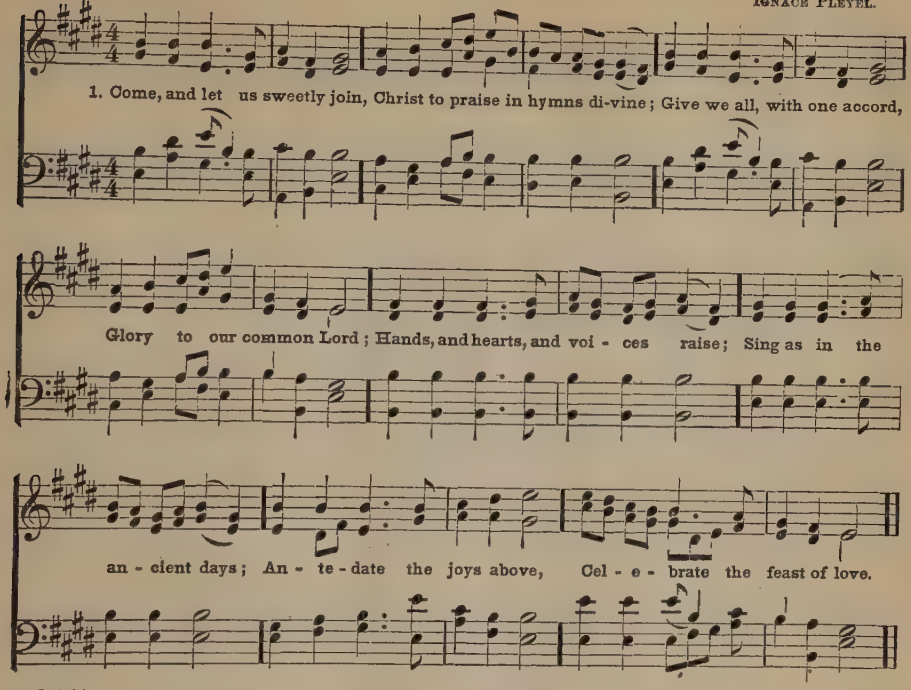
5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

ONIDO 7. D.

IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns di-vine; Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voi - ces raise; Sing as in the
an - cient days; An - te - date the joys above, Cel - e - brate the feast of love.

805 *Witnesses for Jesus.*

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley.

806 *Many, but one.*

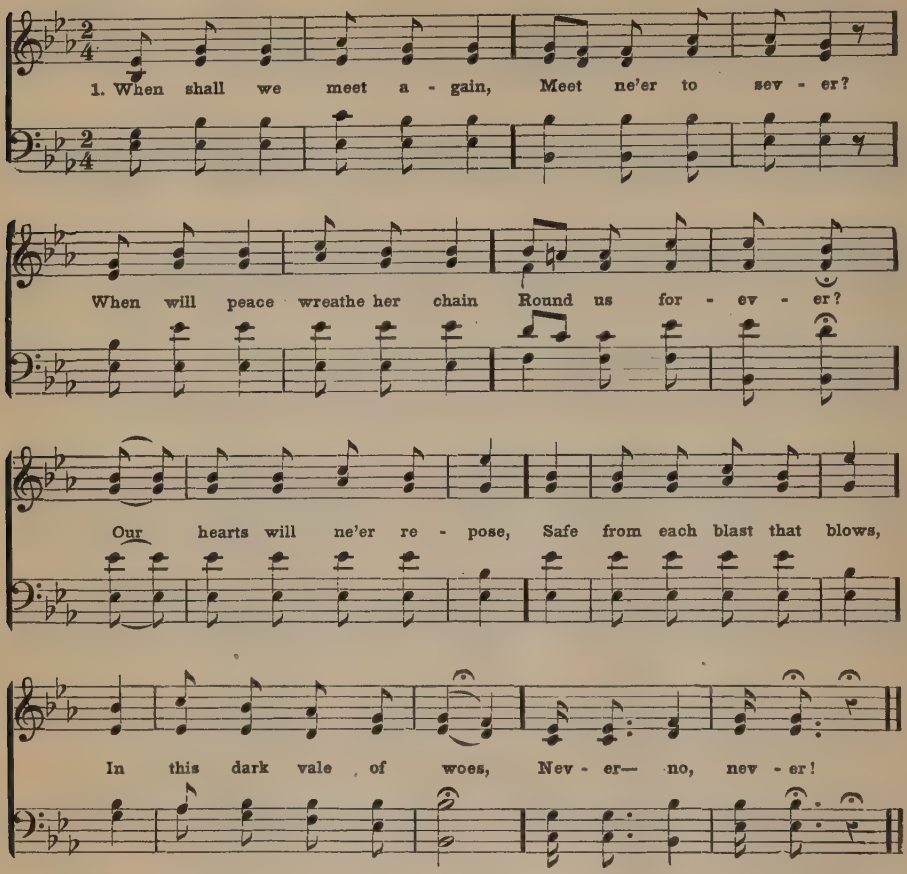
1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Charles Wesley.

UNITY. 6, 5. LOWELL MASON.


1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er?
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?
Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er— no, nev - er!

807 *When shall we meet again?*

1 WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

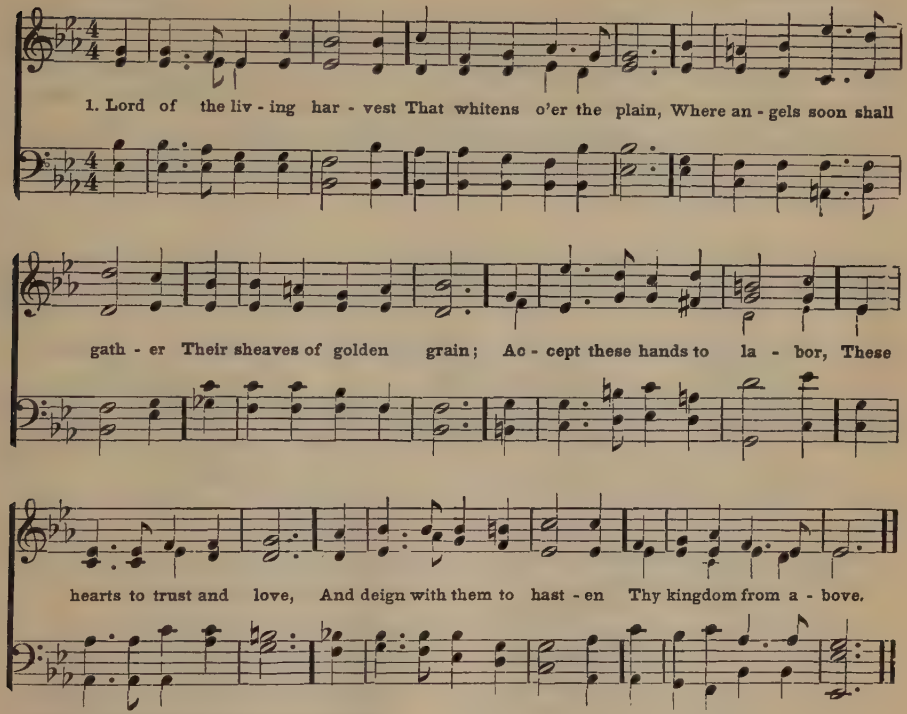
3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

Alaric A. Watts

CLARE. 7, 6.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whitens o'er the plain, Where an - gels soon shall
gath - er Their sheaves of golden grain; Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These
hearts to trust and love, And deign with them to hast - en Thy kingdom from a - bove.

808 *Ministers' prayer.*

2 As laborers in thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Beside thy sacred altar
Be with us, where we stand,
To sanctify thy people
Through all this happy land.

John S. B. Monsell.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 358.]

809 *Entire dependence on Christ.*

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

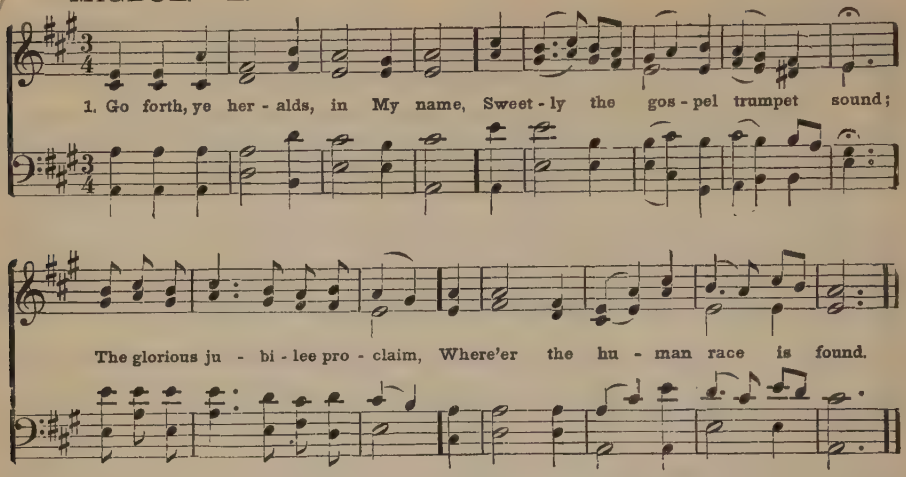
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest luster shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

Charles Wesley

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Go forth, ye her - alds, in My name, Sweet - ly the gos - pel trumpet sound;
The glorious ju - bi - lee pro - claim, Where'er the hu - man race is found.

810 *Heralds of the cross.*

1 Go forth, ye heralds, in My name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

John Logan.

811 *He giveth the increase.*

1 HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys:
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

Augustus G. Spangenberg. Tr. by J. Wesley.

812 *The ministry instituted.*

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts, on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live;
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

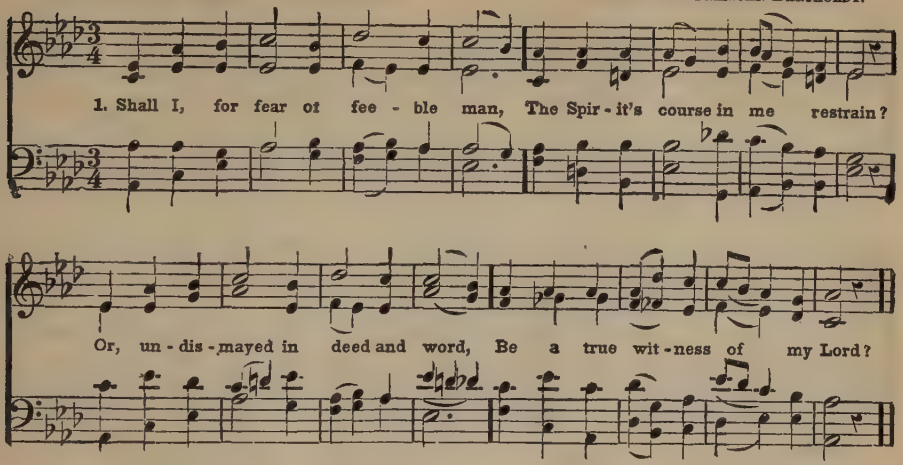
4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

Philip Doddridge.

BARTHOLDY. L. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.


1. Shall I, for fear of fee - ble man, The Spir - it's course in me restrain?
Or, un - dis - mayed in deed and word, Be a true wit - ness of my Lord?

FIRST PART.

813 *Boldness in the gospel.*

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Johann J. Winkler. Tr. by J. Wesley.

SECOND PART.

814 *Christ's constraining love.*

1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

Johann J. Winkler. Tr. by J. Wesley

815 *The angels of the Churches.*

1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

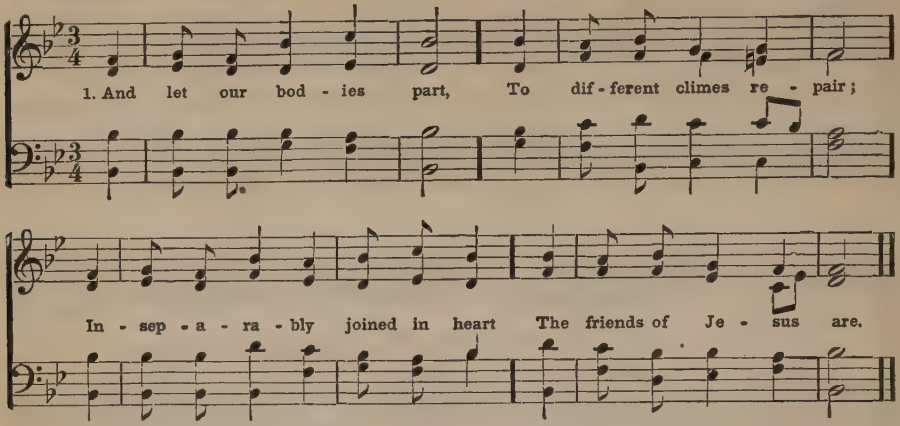
2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now.
And let all tongues confess their Lord;
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

Charles Wesley.

OLMUTZ. S. M. GREGORIAN CHANT, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



816 *Laborers in the vineyard.*

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend.
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

6 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet:

7 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

Charles Wesley.

817 *Success certain.*

1 LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

818 *The laborers are few.*

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

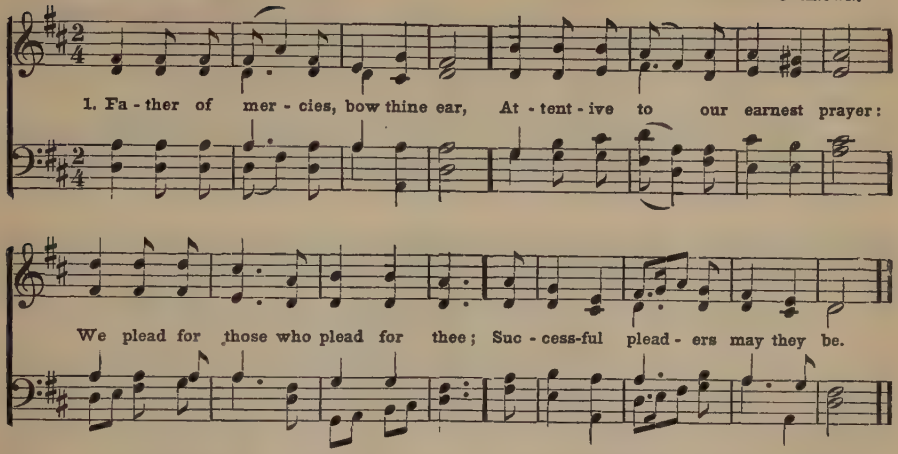
Doxology.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

GRISWOLD. L. M.

UNKNOWN.


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, bow thine ear, At - tent - ive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee; Suc - cess-ful plead - ers may they be.

819 *For the success of ministers.*

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

Benjamin Beddome.

[L. M. Missionary Chant. Page 220.]

820 *The commission.*

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

Isaac Watts.

[S. M. Tune, Olmutz. Page 306.]

821 *The joyful sound.*

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

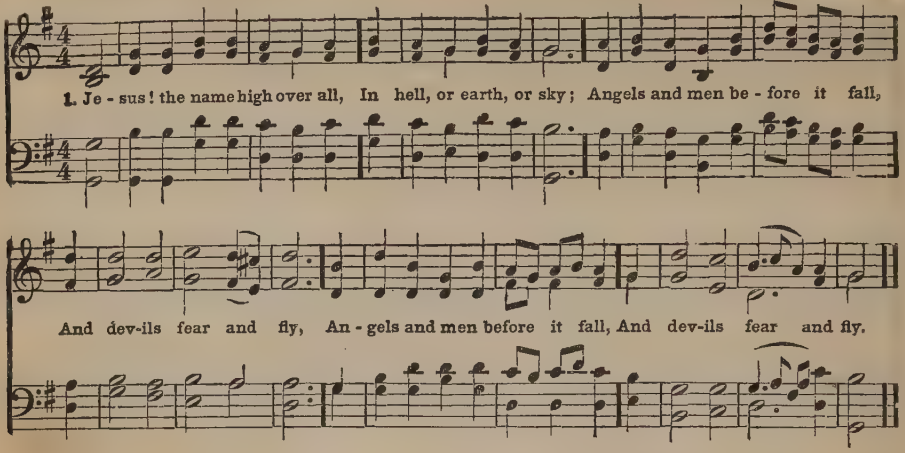
Isaac Watts.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. Je - sus! the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky; Angels and men be - fore it fall,
And dev-ils fear and fly, An - gels and men before it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly.

822 *The minister's only business.*

1 JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head,
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

823 *The pastoral office.*

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge

824 *Clothed with salvation.*

1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe
And put salvation on.

2 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun,
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

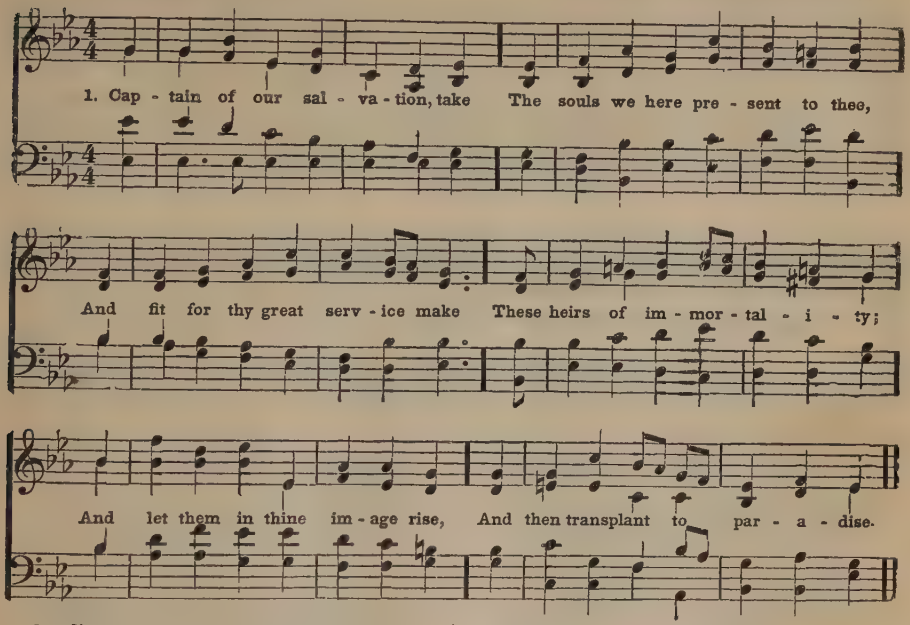
3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might,
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

VALETE. L. M. 61.

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.


1. Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion, take The souls we here pre - sent to thee,
And fit for thy great serv - ice make These heirs of im - mor - tal - i - ty;
And let them in thine im - age rise, And then transplant to par - a - dise.

825 *Training the soldiers of Christ.*

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim the word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

Charles Wesley.

826 *Baptismal hymn.*

1 I AM baptized into thy name,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Among thy seed a place I claim,
Among thy consecrated host;
Buried with Christ and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall live within.

2 My loving Father, here dost thou
Proclaim me as thy child and heir;
Thou, faithful Saviour, bidd'st me now
The fruit of all thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.

3 Hence, Prince of darkness! hence, my foe!
Another Lord hath purchased me;
My conscience tells of sin, yet know,
Baptized in Christ, I fear not thee:
Away, vain world! sin, leave me now!
I turn from you; God hears my vow.

4 And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Till at thy will this life is o'er,
Still keep me in thy faithful host,
So unto thee I live and die,
And praise thee evermore on high.

J. J. Rambach. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

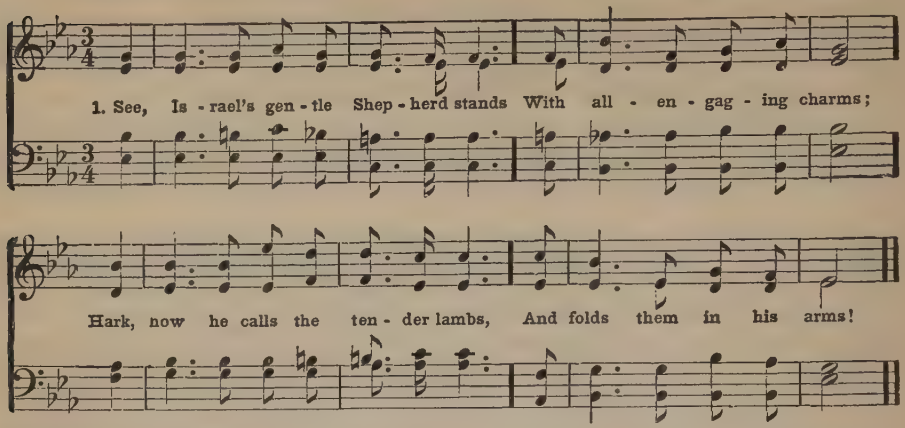
Doxology.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

John Dryden.

SERENITY. C. M.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.


1. See, Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands With all - en - gag - ing charms;
Hark, now he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

827 *Suffer the little ones to come unto Me.*

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

828 *Children in the arms of Jesus.*

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

John Peacock, Augustus M. Toplady.

829 *Significance of baptism.*

1 O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.

4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in thine, we own thy claim
As ransomed by thy blood.

5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make thy grace our only boast,
And by thy strength endure.

Mary P. Bowly.

[S. M. Tune, Dennis. Page 298.]

830 *Rites inefficacious.*

1 RITES cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or with the uttered name impart
The nature of thy Son.

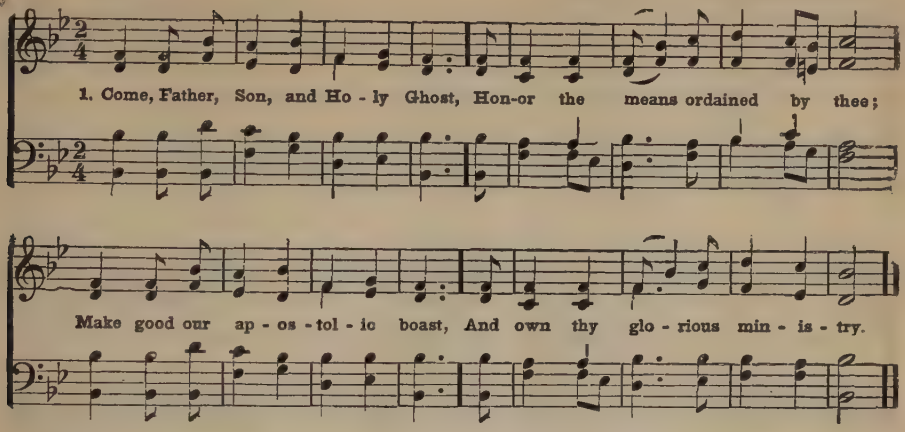
2 To meet our desperate want,
There gushed a crimson flood:
O from his heart's o'erflowing font
Baptize this soul with blood!

3 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream!

William M. Bunting.

WARD. L. M.

SCOTCH TUNE, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. Come, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Hon-or the means ordained by thee;
Make good our ap - os - tol - ic boast, And own thy glo - rious min - is - try.

831 *The sacramental seal.*

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised blessing claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

832 *At a child's baptism*

1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite.
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

Tr. by S. Gilman.

[L. M. 61. Tune, Selena. Page 82.]

833 *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

1 IN that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite:
He took, and blest, and brake the bread
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed:

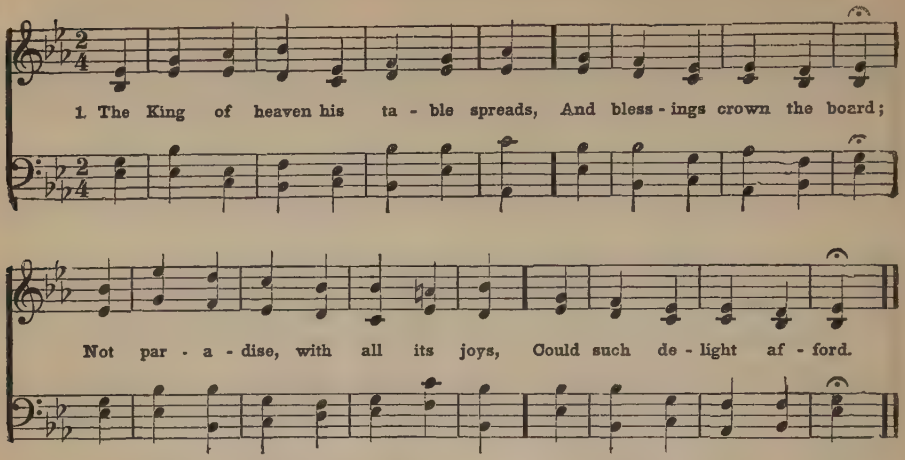
2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven:
Do this, my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, looked up,
And gave to them what he had blest
And, "Drink ye all of this," he said,
"In solemn memory of the dead.

4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal covenant of my grace;
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race;
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven."

Charles Wesley.

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.


1 The King of heaven his ta - ble spreads, And bless - ings crown the board;
Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.

834 *The invitation.*

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

835 *Approaching the table.*

1 JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

3 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

Charles Wesley.

836 *Grateful remembrance.*

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be.
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

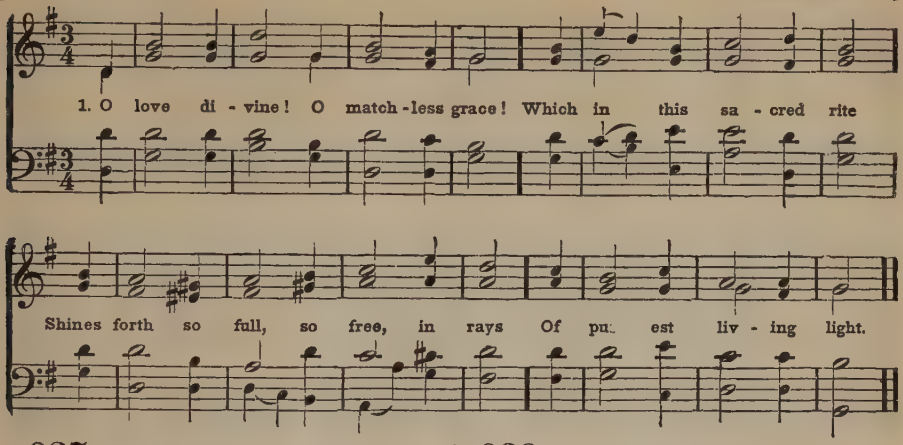
5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

James Montgomery.

SIMPSON. C. M.

From Louis Spohr.



837 *Rich gifts of gospel grace.*

1 O LOVE divine! O matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living light.

2 O wondrous death! O precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3 O covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed!
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.

4 Jesus, we bow our souls to thee,
Our life, our hope, our all,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.

5 O may thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds;
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

Edward Turney.

838 *The sacred feast.*

1 IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of his blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Unknown.

839 *Gratitude and love.*

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!
"Meet, and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The grief which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

Gerard T. Nool.

840 *He died for me.*

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

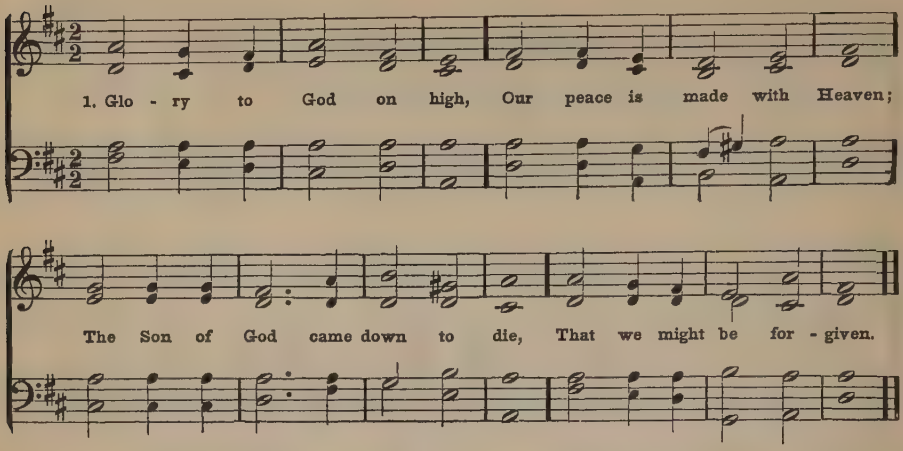
2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me he died, for me!"

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!"

Joseph Hart.

PRAYER. S. M. LEONARD MARSHALL.



841 *Universal gladness.*

1 GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood;
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

Joseph Hart.

842 *A foretaste of glory.*

1 O WHAT delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

843 *His the pain—ours the joy.*

1 NO gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost;
All it cost thee, the Son.

3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

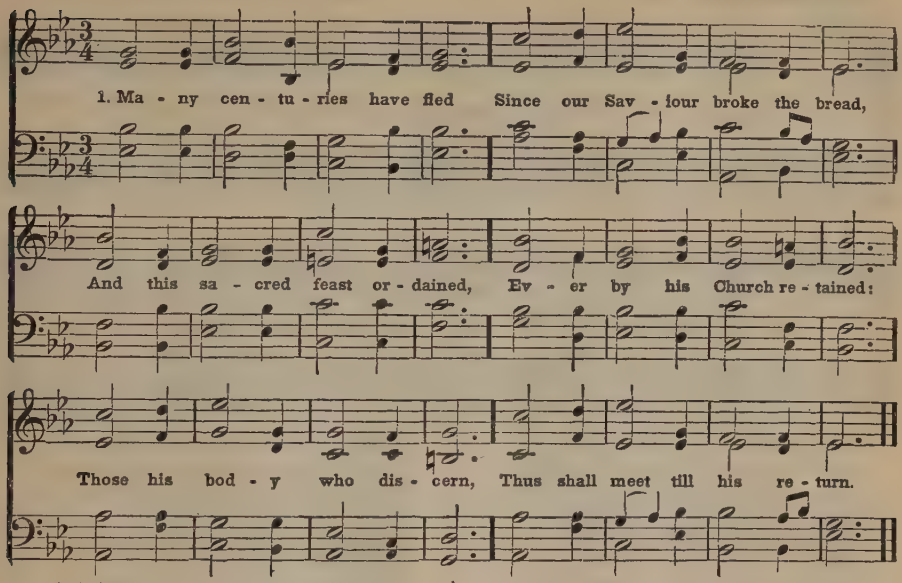
5 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us has trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God;

6 Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee.

J. C. Ryle.

NASSAU. 7, 61.

JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER.


1. Ma - ny cen - tu - ries have fled Since our Sav - iour broke the bread,
And this sa - cred feast or - dained, Ev - er by his Church re - tained:
Those his bod - y who dis - cern, Thus shall meet till his re - turn.

844 *The memorial feast maintained.*

2 Through the Church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body, we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour, witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

Josiah Conder.

845 *Till He come.*

1 "TILL He come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that —"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only —"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only —"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.

[S. M. Tune, Prayer. Page 314.]

846 *Our Paschal Lamb.*

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

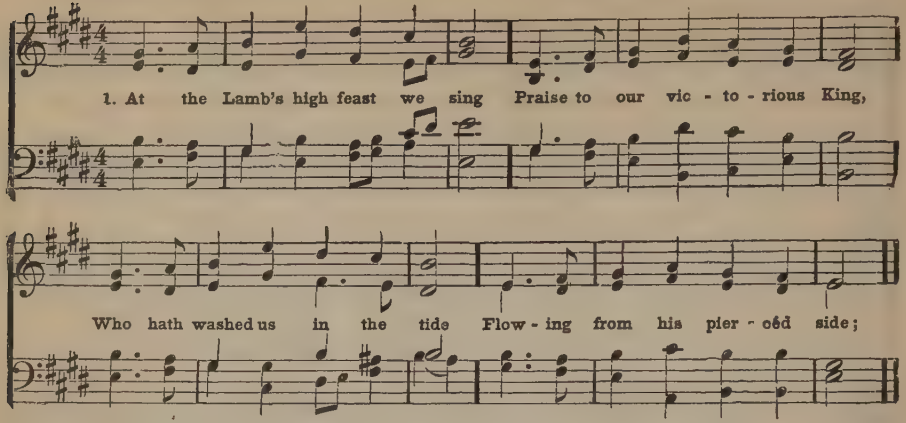
2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

Charles Wesley.

INNOCENTS. 7. ANON. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pier - cèd side;

847 *Praise to our victorious King.*

1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercéd side;

2 Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

5 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:

6 Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Roman Breviary. Tr. by R. Campbell.

848 *Discerning the Lord's body.*

1 JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

[7, 6. Tune, St. Hilda. Page 280.]

849 *Angels' food.*

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet;
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning
Our every wish is stilled.

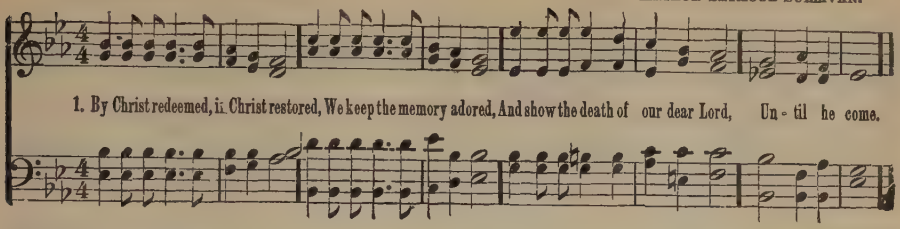
2 O Water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

From the Latin. Tr. by R. Palmer.

NAUFORD. 8, 8, 8, 4.

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



850 *Until He come.*

1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

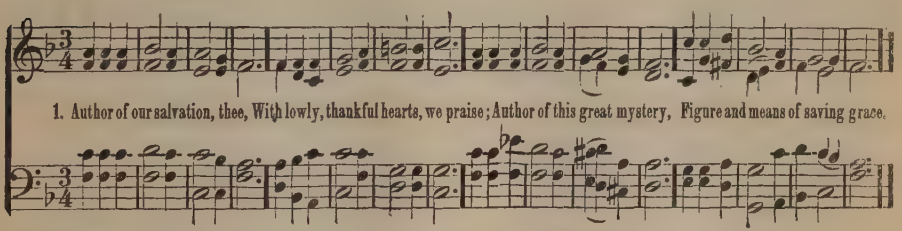
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

George Rawson.

ST. ALBAN. L. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.


1. Author of our salvation, thee, With lowly, thankful hearts, we praise; Author of this great mystery, Figure and means of saving grace.

851 *Figure and means of saving grace.*

1 AUTHOR of our salvation, thee,
With lowly, thankful hearts, we praise,
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pardoning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on eagle wings, we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

852 *Rejoicing at the table.*

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues

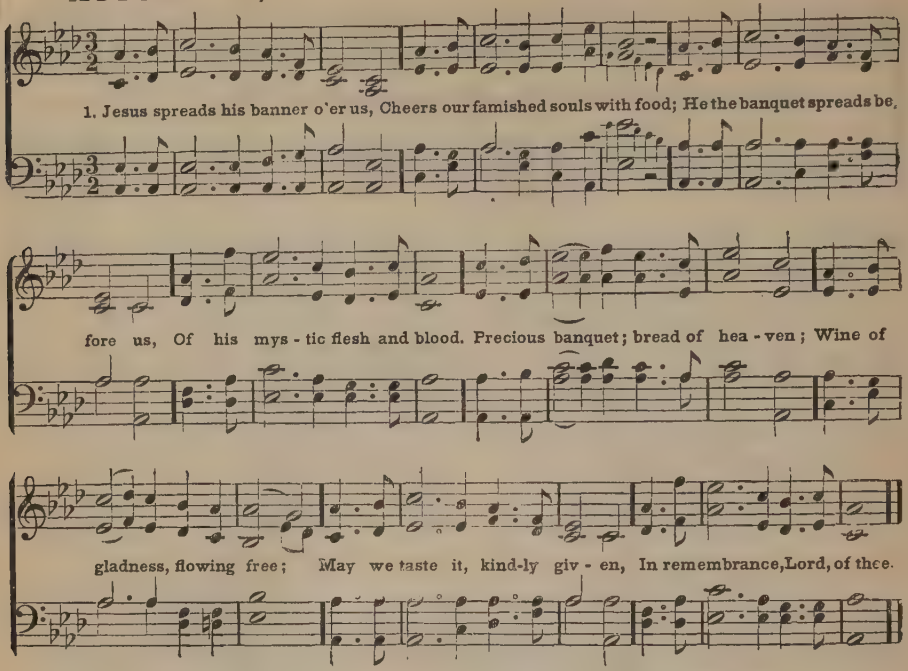
3 Yet while around his board we meet
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Anne Steele.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY. FROM MARECHIO.


1. Jesus spreads his banner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food; He the banquet spreads be-
fore us, Of his mys - tic flesh and blood. Precious banquet; bread of hea - ven; Wine of
gladness, flowing free; May we taste it, kind-ly giv - en, In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

853 *The heavenly banquet.*

1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

Roswell Park.

854 *The Spirit's quickening influences.*

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine:
Let us groan thy inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

[8, 7, 4. Tune, Regent Square. P. 319.]

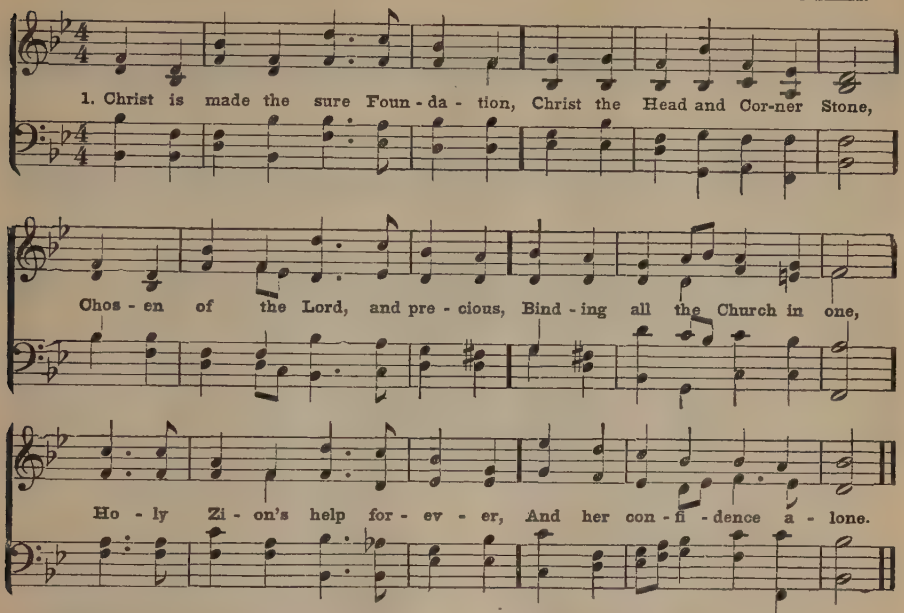
855 *Bless us in parting.*

1 NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from thy table go.
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit, now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above,
Ever, ever
Dwelling in the light of love.

Horatius Bonar.

REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7. 61. HENRY SMART.


1. Christ is made the sure Foun - da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor-ner Stone,
Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one,
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

856 *Christ the Head and Corner Stone.*

2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

From the Latin. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

[7. Tune, Hall. Page 202.]

857 *Christ, the Corner-stone.*

1 ON this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne,—
Jesus Christ its Corner-stone.

John Pierpont.

[7. Tune, Nuremberg. Page 300.]

858 *Prayer and praise.*

1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

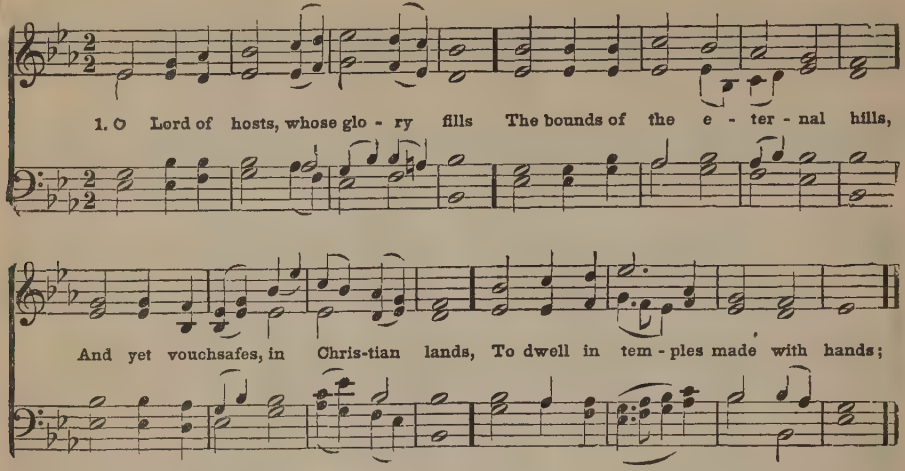
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.


1. O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Chris-tian lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands;

859 *Laying the foundation.*

1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place:
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

J. Mason Neale.

860 *Jehovah's presence.*

1 NOT heaven's wide range of hallowed space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.

3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fullness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs bend;
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

Unknown.

861 *God's guardian presence.*

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
To thee this temple, Lord, we build;
Thy power and goodness here display,
And be it with thy presence filled.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

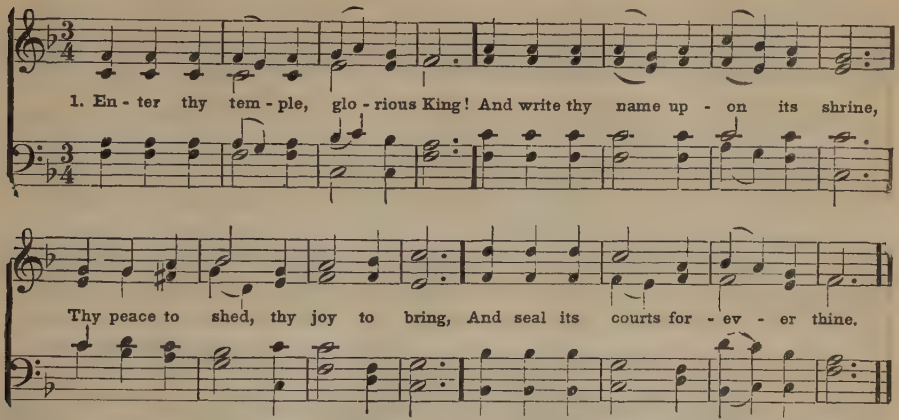
4 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

James Montgomery.

HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER, ARR. BY WM. HENRY MONK.


1. En - ter thy tem - ple, glo - rious King! And write thy name up - on its shrine,
Thy peace to shed, thy joy to bring, And seal its courts for - ev - er thine.

862 *The earthly and the heavenly temple.*

1 ENTER thy temple, glorious King!
And write thy name upon its shrine
Thy peace to shed, thy joy to bring,
And seal its courts forever thine.

2 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
Our strength, our comfort, and our light;
Sun of our joy's unclouded day!
Star of our sorrow's troubled night!

3 If from thy paths our souls should stray,
Yet turn to seek thy pardoning grace,
Cast not our contrite prayer away,
But hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place.

4 Grant us to walk in peace and love,
And find, at last, some humble place
In that great temple built above,
Where dwell thy saints before thy face.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

863 *A humble offering to Jehovah.*

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright.
And curtained it with morning light.

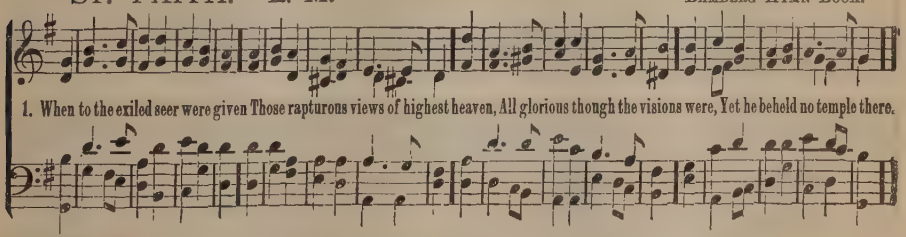
3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good,
And when its first pure praises rang,
"The morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Nathaniel P. Willis.

ST. FAITH. L. M.

BAMBERG HYMN BOOK.


1. When to the exiled seer were given Those rapturous views of highest heaven, All glorious though the visions were, Yet he beheld no temple there.

864 *Seeking a tabernacle.*

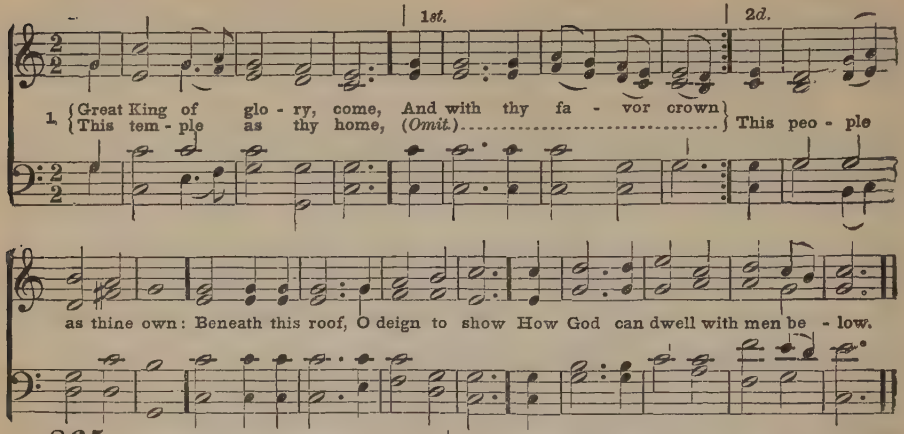
2 The new Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,
God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim heirs of guilt and woe,
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scattered souls may blend in prayer.

4 O Thou, who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veiled and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveiled glory here.

George Robinson.

MURRAY. H. M. GERMAN.


1st.
2d.
1. {Great King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown}
{This tem - ple as thy home, (Omit.)} This peo - ple
as thine own: Beneath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.

865 *Invoking God's presence.*

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

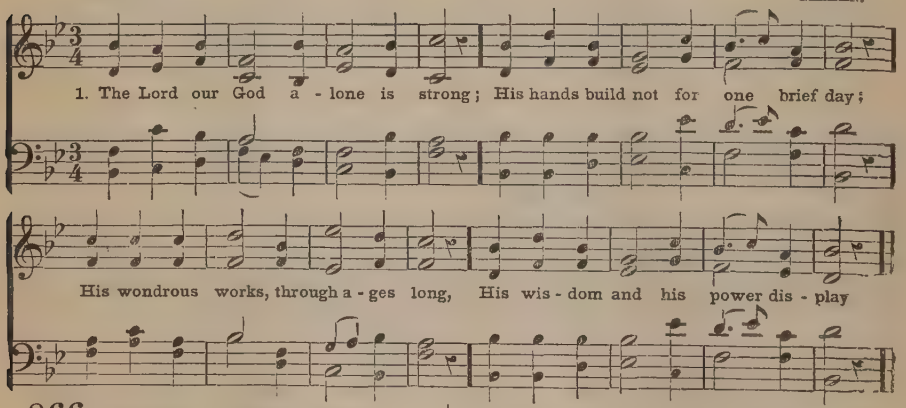
2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Benjamin Francis.

MENDON. L. M. GERMAN.


1. The Lord our God a - lone is strong; His hands build not for one brief day;
His wondrous works, through a - ges long, His wis - dom and his power dis - play

866 *Dedication of a hall of science.*

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod;
The lightning-rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And Science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that Faith hath found.

Caleb T. Winchester.

867 *The tokens of His grace.*

1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

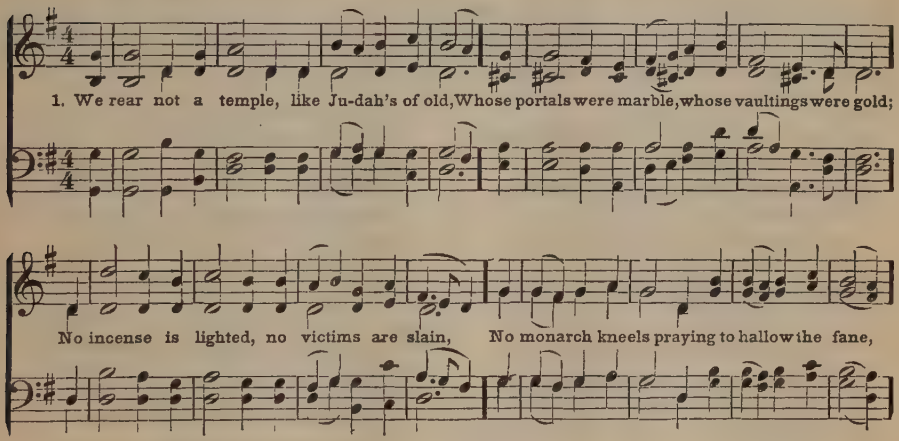
2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

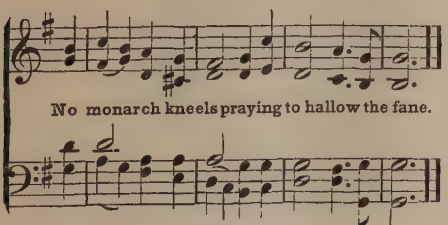
3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. Unknown.


1. We rear not a temple, like Ju-dah's of old, Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain, No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane,



868 *Where is the house that ye build unto Me?* Isa. 66: 2.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

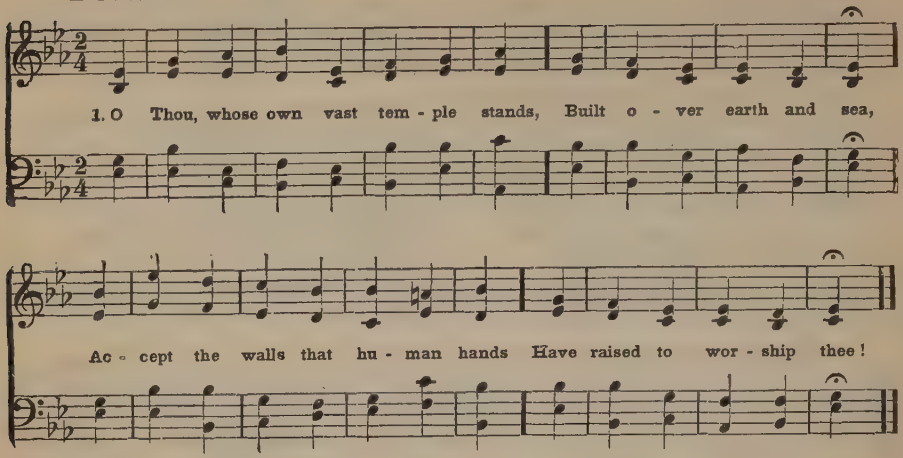
3 O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

5 The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

Henry Ware, Jr.

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.


1. O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee!

869 *Dedication hymn.*

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earthborn passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

870 *Blessings entreated.*

1 O GOD, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distill.

5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

J. D. Knowles.

[S. M. Tune, St. Thomas. Page 186.]

871 *The honor and safety of a nation.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts.

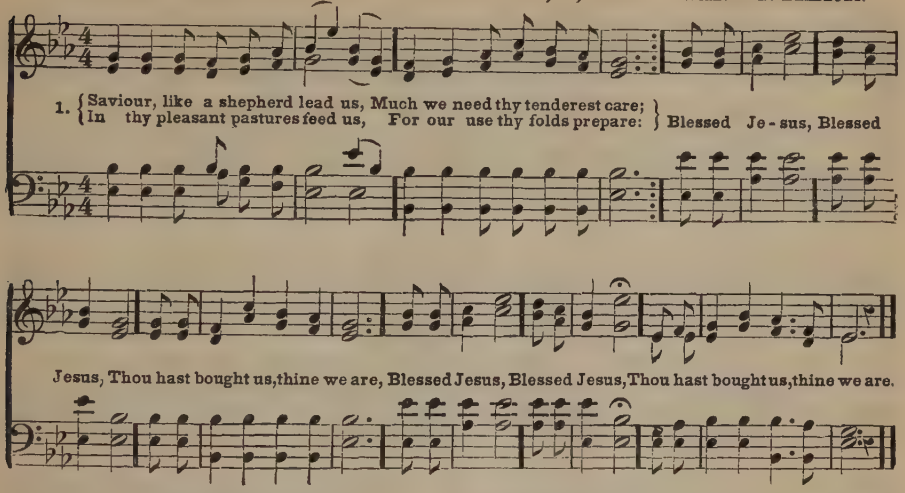
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. {Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; }
{In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Blessed Je-sus, Blessed
Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

872 *For the Shepherd's care.*

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

873 *For early piety.*

1 GOD has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather.
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

Unknown.

874 *Children's hymn.*

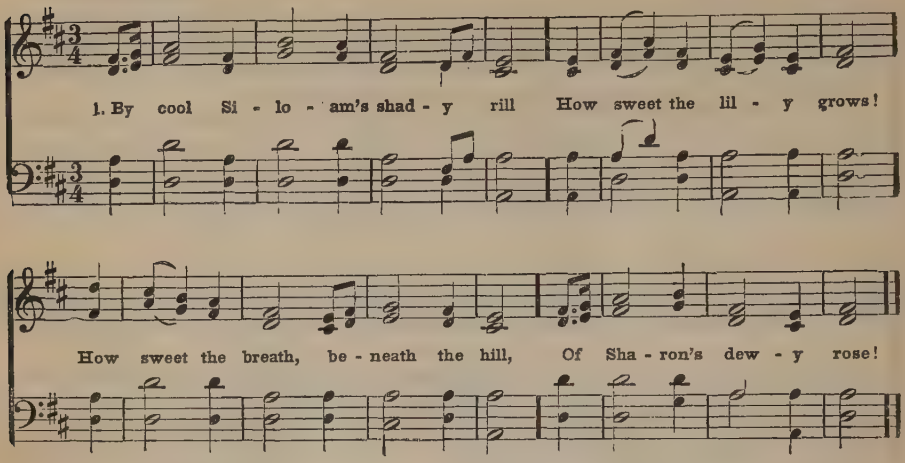
1 CHILDREN, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned Thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime;
Infant voices
Joined to swell the holy chime.

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviou
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,
All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Mrs. H. B. Stoele.

SILOAM. C. M. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



875 *The Christian child.*

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

876 *Children praising Christ.*

1 COME, Christian children, come, and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

Unknown.

877 *Blessedness of instructing the young.*

1 DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

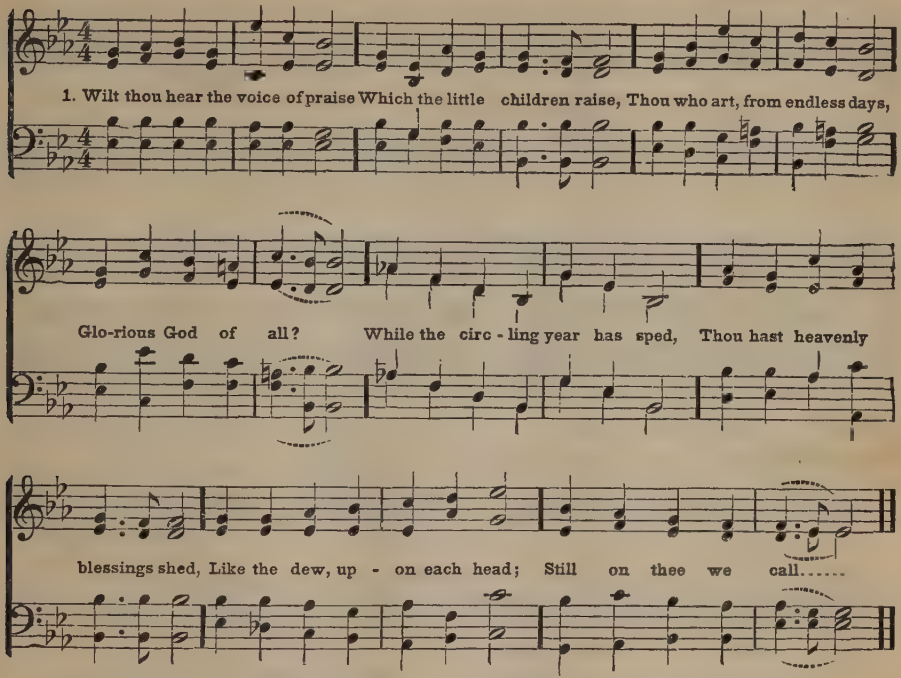
2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Joseph Straphan.

NEW BRUNSWICK. 7, 5, or 7. D. REV. JOHN BLACK.


1. Wilt thou hear the voice of praise Which the little children raise, Thou who art, from endless days,
Glo-rious God of all? While the circ - ling year has sped, Thou hast heavenly
blessings shed, Like the dew, up - on each head; Still on thee we call.

878 *Sunday-school anniversary.*

1 WILT thou hear the voice of praise
Which the little children raise,
Thou who art, from endless days,
Glorious God of all?
While the circling year has sped,
Thou hast heavenly blessings shed,
Like the dew, upon each head;
Still on thee we call.

2 Still thy constant care bestow;
Let us each in wisdom grow,
And in favor while below,
With the God above.
In our hearts the Spirit mild,
Which adorned the Saviour-child,
Gently soothe each impulse wild
To the sway of love.

3 Thine example, kept in view,
Jesus, help us to pursue;
Lead us all our journey through
By thy guiding hand;
And when life on earth is o'er,
Where the blest dwell evermore,
May we praise thee and adore,
An unbroken band.

Mrs. Caroline L. Rice.

879 *Little travelers Zionward.*

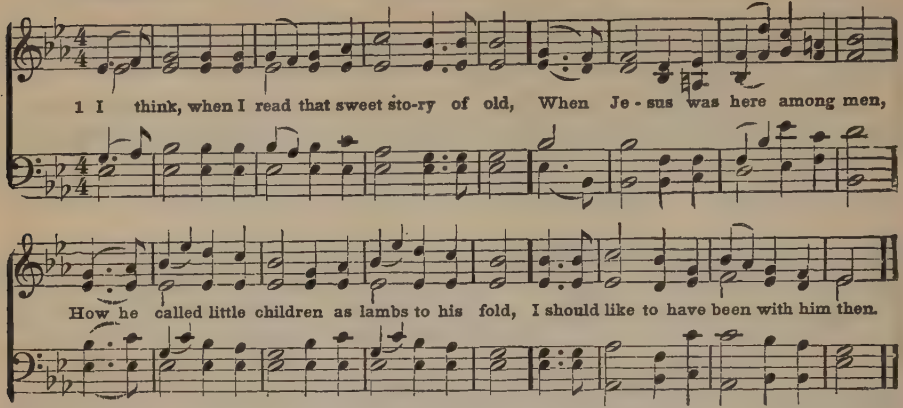
1 LITTLE travelers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits.
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"
"I, from Afric's barren sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!"
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin!
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

James Edmeston.

SWEET STORY. 11, 8, 12, 9. ENGLISH.


1 I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.

880 *That sweet story of old.*

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

[7. Tune, Hendon. Page 264.]

881 *A blessing for teachers.*

1 MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

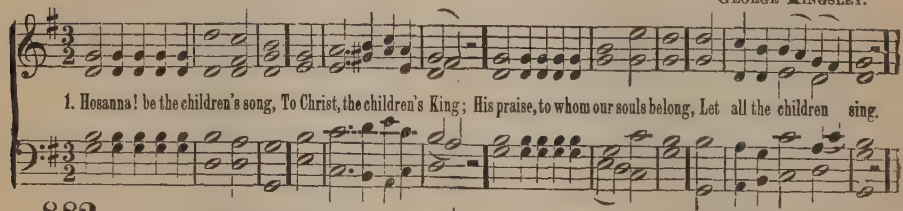
2 Source of truth, whose beams alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

William C. Bryant.

COLMAN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Hosanna! be the children's song, To Christ, the children's King; His praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.

882 *The children's jubilee.*

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

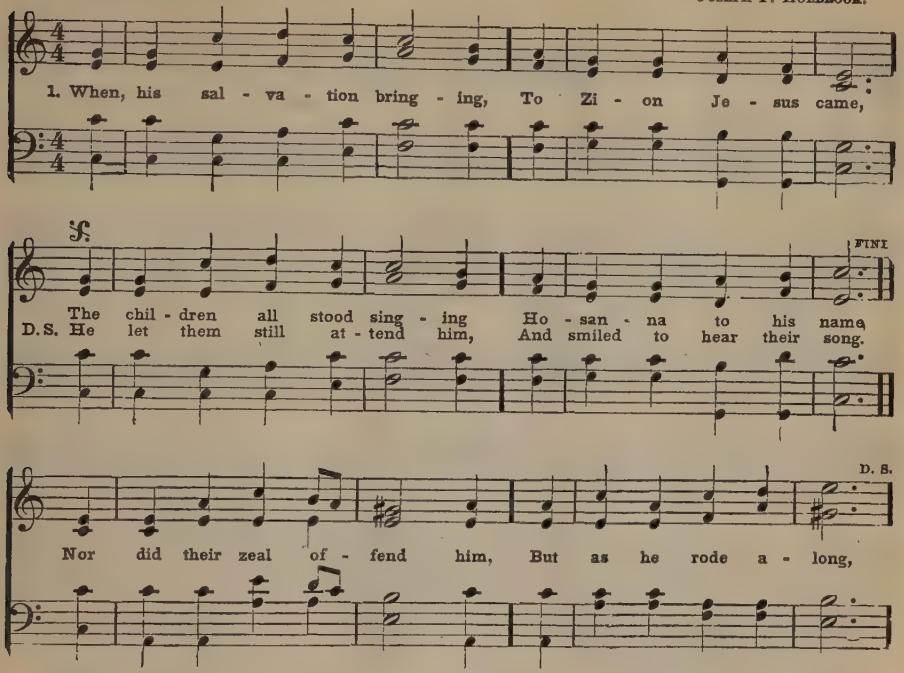
3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery

MIRIAM. 7, 6.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
f.
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name
D.S. He let them still at - tend him, And smiled to hear their song.
FINE
D. S.
Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But as he rode a - long,

883 *The Lord's love to children.*

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We 'll flock around his banner,
We 'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King.

884 *Grateful praise.*

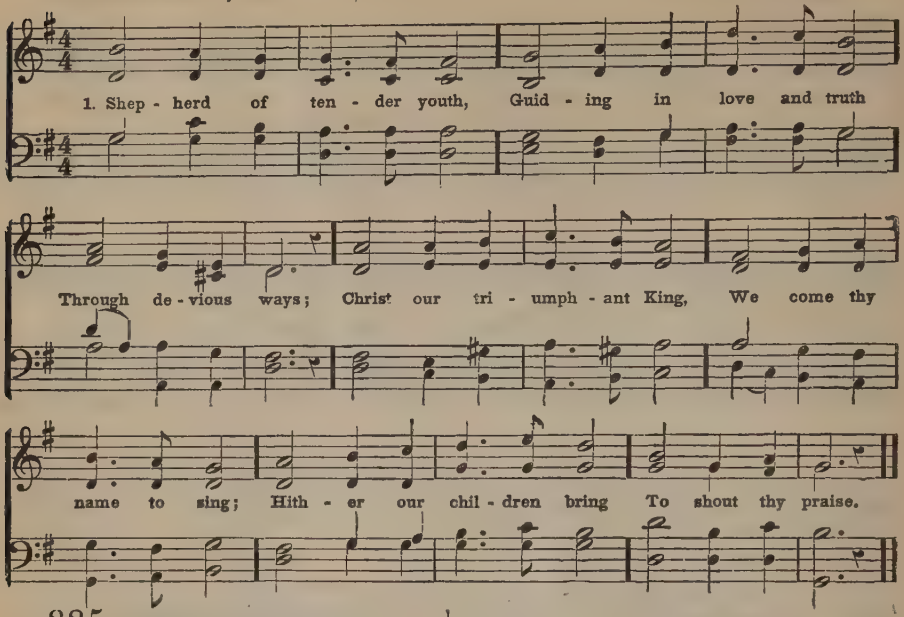
1 WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

Harriet Phillips.

TIVOLI. 6, 4. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.


1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - umph - ant King, We come thy
name to sing; Hith - er our chil - dren bring To shout thy praise.

885 *Shepherd of tender youth.*

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria, (220.) Tr. by H. M. Dexter.

[7, 6. Tune, Miriam. Page 829.]

886 *Early piety.*

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

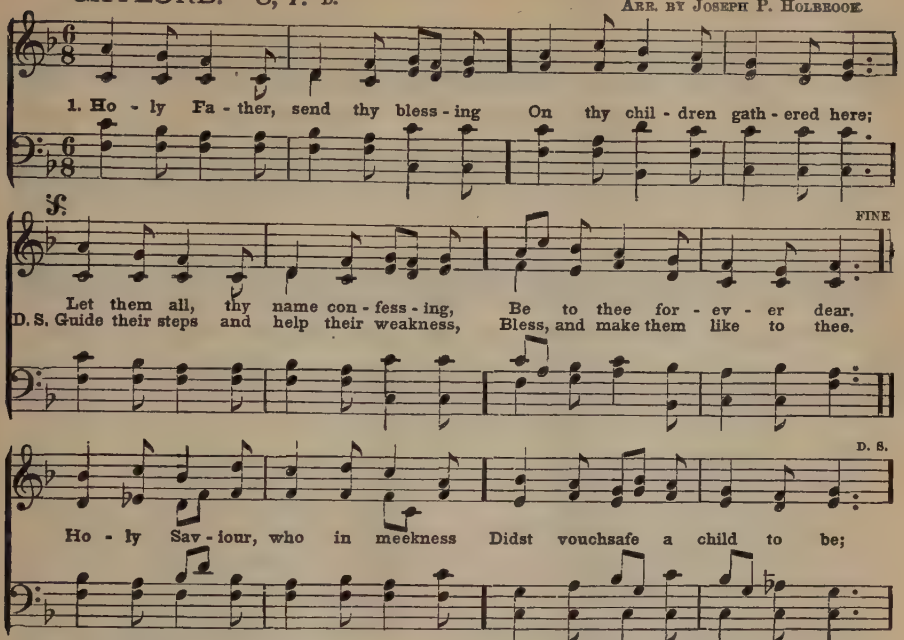
2 I 'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I 'll raise;
And though I cannot see him
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

GAYLORD. 8, 7. D.

ARR. BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, send thy bless - ing On thy chil - dren gath - ered here;
Let them all, thy name con - fess - ing, Be to thee for - ev - er dear.
D. S. Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless, and make them like to thee.
FINE
D. S.
Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a child to be;

887 *For a blessing on children.*

1 HOLY Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here;
Let them all, thy name confessing,
Be to thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to thee.

2 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
In thine arms and at thy breast;
Through life's desert dark and dreary
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.
Spread thy wings of blessing o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide, and lead, and go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

Unknown.

888 *The lambs enfolded.*

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

889 *He shall gather the lambs with his arm.*

Isa. 40: 11.

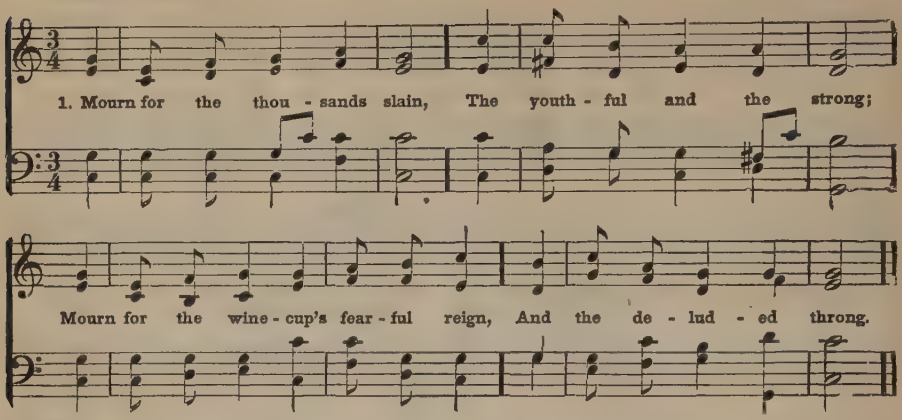
1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be;
:‖: Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free. :‖:

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
:‖: Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey. :‖:

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
:‖: Then with all thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King. :‖:

Jane E. Leeson and J. Whittemore.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



890 *The evils of intemperance.*

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Unknown.

891 *Christian sympathy.*

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear,
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

892 *Ye have done it unto me.*

1 WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

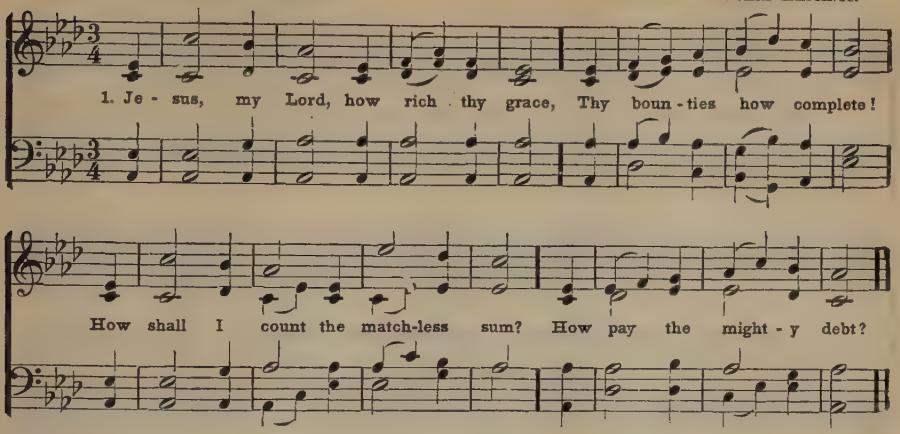
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William W. How.

INVITATION. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



893

Acts of charity.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace,
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

Philip Doddridge.

894

Sympathy with the afflicted.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When, throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To bless a ruined race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

Philip Doddridge.

895

Prayer for the intemperate.

1 'TIS thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

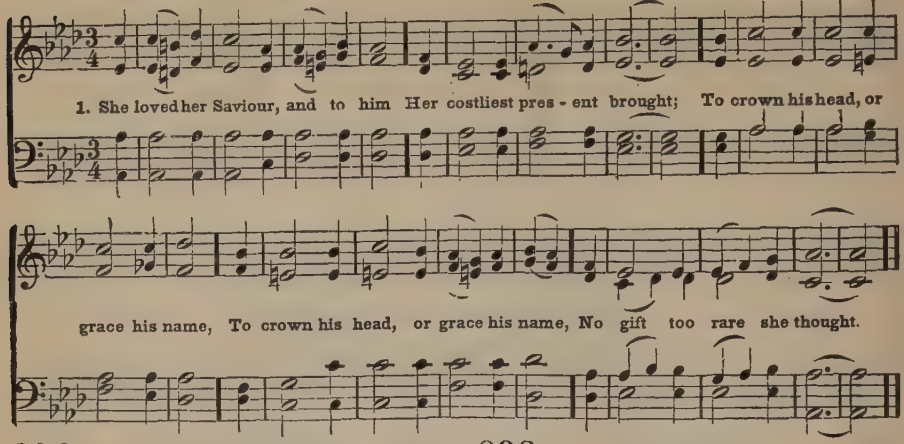
3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield.

RETURN. C. M. THEODORE FREELINGHUYSEN SEWARD.


1. She loved her Saviour, and to him Her costliest pres - ent brought; To crown his head, or
grace his name, To crown his head, or grace his name, No gift too rare she thought.

896 *The box of spikenard.*

1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

William Cutter.

897 *Ye have the poor always with you.*

Matt. 26: 11.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
e, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Croswell.

898 *Thy neighbor.*

1 WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William B. O. Peabody.

899 *For the inebriate.*

1 LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

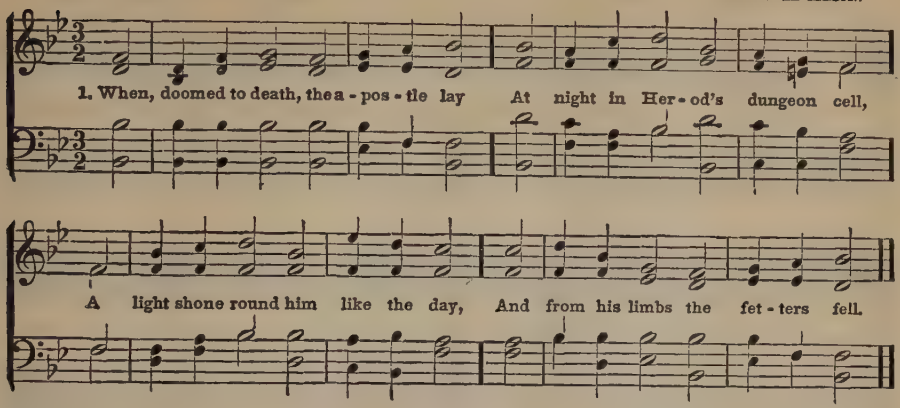
3 Life from the dead! Quickened by thee
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

4 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

Unknown.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. When, doomed to death, the a - pos - tle lay At night in Her - od's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

900 *For mercy on the drunkard.*

2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

William C. Bryant.

901 *Temperance hymn.*

1 BONDAGE and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruiséd reèd,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent.

[C. M. Tune, Return. Page 334.]

902 *Deeds of love rewarded.*

1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

Harriet Auber.

[C. M. Tune, Return. Page 334.]

903 *Treasures in heaven.*

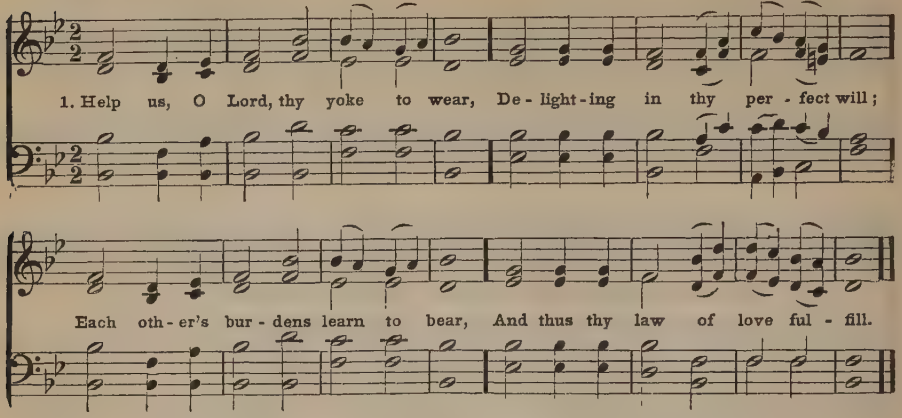
1 RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

Philip Doddridge.

ERNAN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear, De - light - ing in thy per - fect will;
Each oth - er's bur - dens learn to bear, And thus thy law of love ful - fill.

904 *More blessed to give than to receive.* Acts 20: 35.

1 HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

Thomas Cotterill.

905 *For a charitable occasion.*

1 DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

2 We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path, with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

3 Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise,
And stay, and strengthen those who fall;

4 Till, taught by Him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less.

William C. Bryant.

906 *The wanderer exhorted.*

[7. Tune, Pleyel's Hymn. Page 141.]

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

James F. Clarke.

907 *The guiding star.*

[C. M. Tune, Return. Page 334

1 As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boas
Just glisten and are gone.

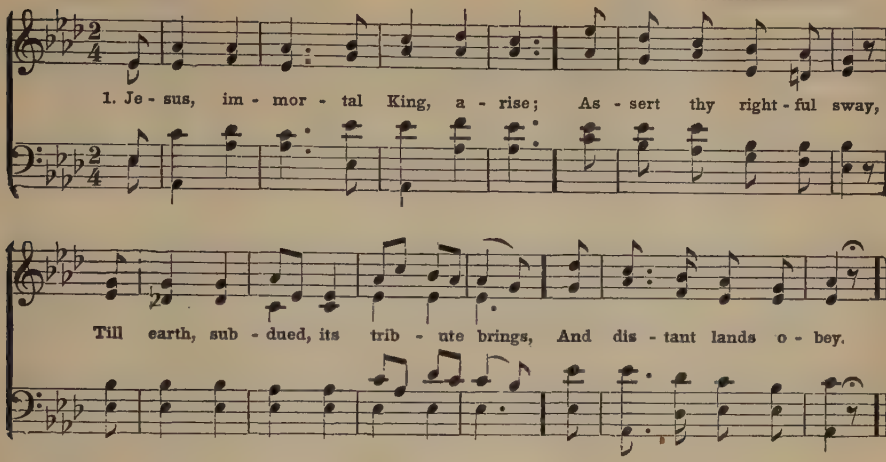
3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William C. Bryant.

HUMMEL. C. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.



908 *Christ, the Conqueror.*

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. Hobart Seymour.

909 *Returning to Zion with hymns of joy.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge!"
And, "Keep not back, O North!"

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

910 *The gospel for all nations.*

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

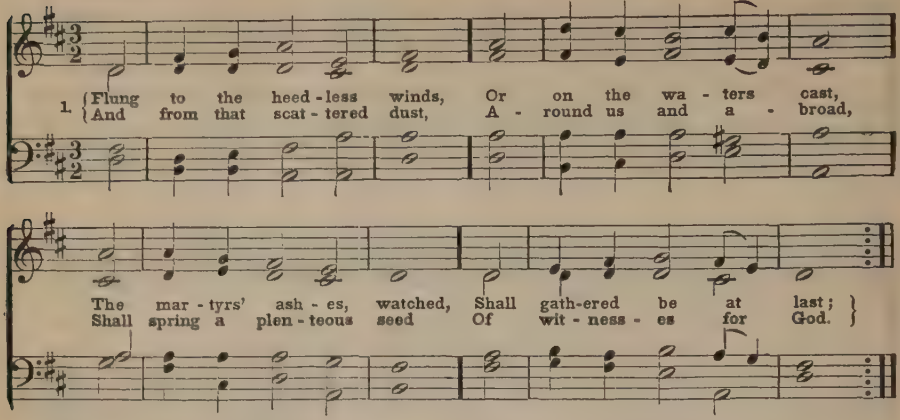
2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons.

IBSTONE. 6. MARIA TIDDEMAN.


1. {Flung to the heed-less winds, Or on the wa-ters cast,
And from that scat-tered dust, A-round us and a-broad,
The mar-tyrs' ash-es, watched, Shall gath-ered be at last;
Shall spring a plen-teous seed Of wit-ness-es for God.}

911 *The seed of the Church.*

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
To many a wakening land,
The one availing name.

Martin Luther. Tr. by W. J. Fox.

[11, 10. Tune, Hanover. Page 69.]

912 *Zion's glad morning.*

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

[6, 4. Tune, Dort. Page 87.]

913 *Let there be light.*

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

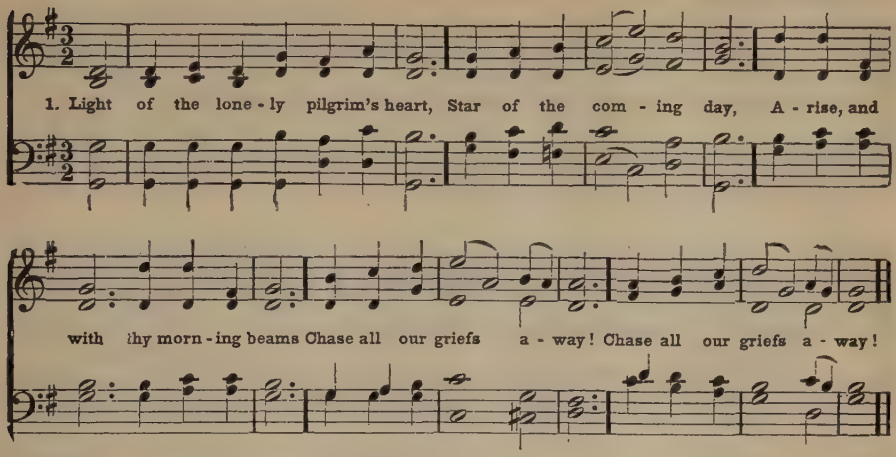
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide,
"Let there be light."

John Marriott.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com - ing day, A - rise, and
with thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way! Chase all our griefs a - way!

914 *The Morning Star.*

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

Sir Edward Denny.

915 *Reign of Christ foretold.*

1 THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord!
And glorify thy name.

4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

John Milton.

916 *The earth renewed in righteousness.*

1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; that healing sou
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

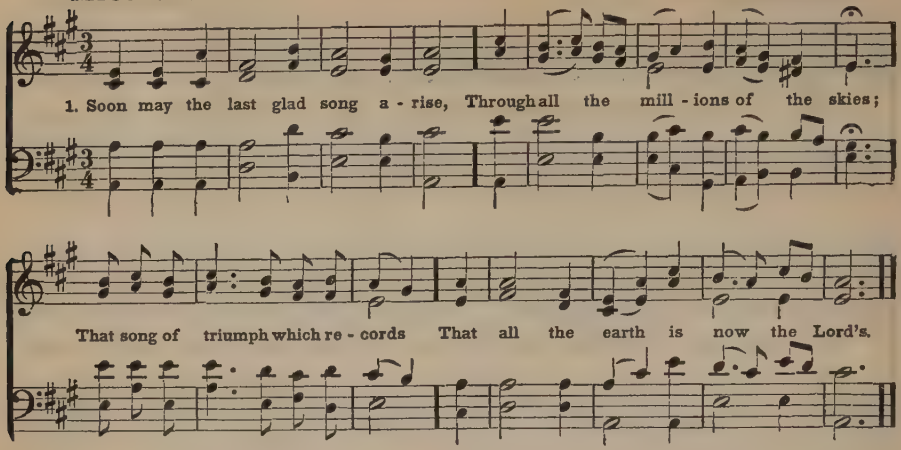
3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone!

James Montgomery.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mill - ions of the skies;
That song of triumph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

917 *That glorious anthem.*

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke.

918 *The time to favor Zion.*

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
O bid the morning star arise,
O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

Mrs. Voke.

919 *Christ's all-embracing empire.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet.
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts.

920 *Triumphs of mercy.*

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

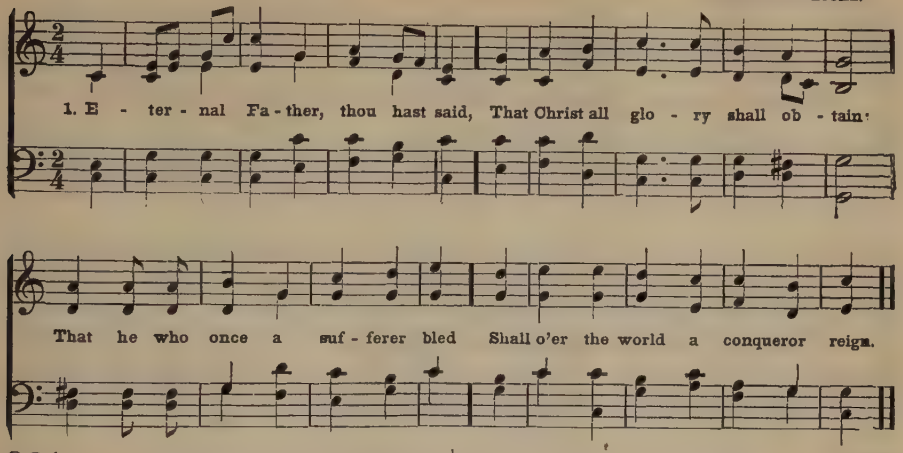
3 No more let creature blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

SAMUEL HOLYOKE.


1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain:
That he who once a suf - ferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

921 *The triumph near.*

1 ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King;
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

Ray Palmer.

922 *Missionary meeting.*

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

William B. Collyer.

923 *The latter-day glory.*

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

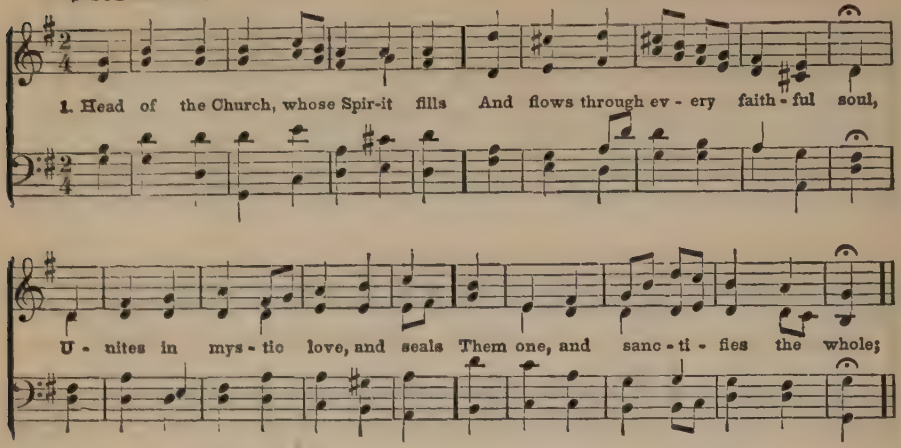
2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

PROMISE. L. M. FRANÇOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHELEMON.


1. Head of the Church, whose Spir-it fills And flows through ev - ery faith - ful soul,
U - nites in mys - tic love, and seals Them one, and sanc - ti - fies the whole;

924 *For Jews and Gentiles.*

1 HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole;

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal "Come!"
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for thy truth and mercy's sake
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

Charles Wesley.

925 *Light for those who sit in darkness.*

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

Leonard Bacon.

926 *Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*
Matt. 3: 3.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

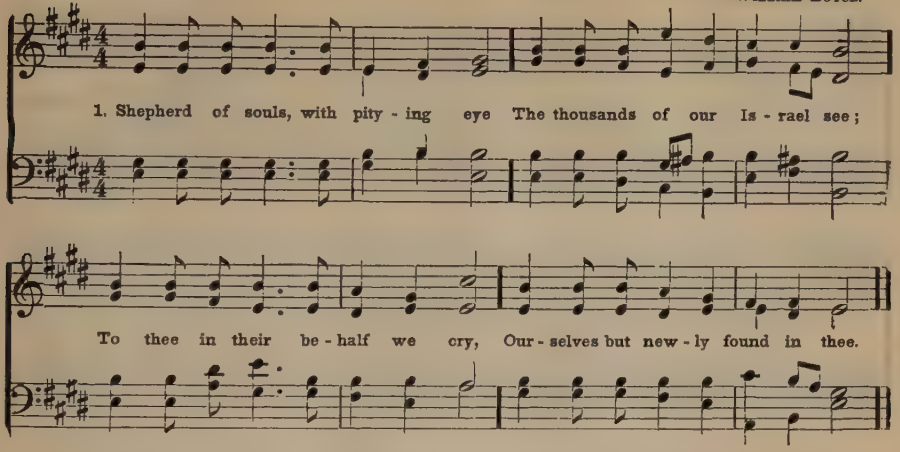
5 The Lord shall clear his way through all
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Charles Wesley.

APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.


1. Shepherd of souls, with pity - ing eye The thousands of our Is - rael see;
To thee in their be - half we cry, Our - selves but new - ly found in thee.

927 *Souls perishing for lack of knowledge.*

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

Charles Wesley.

928 *The Saviour's coming awaited.*

1 JESUS, thy Church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst.

929 *For home missions.*

1 LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

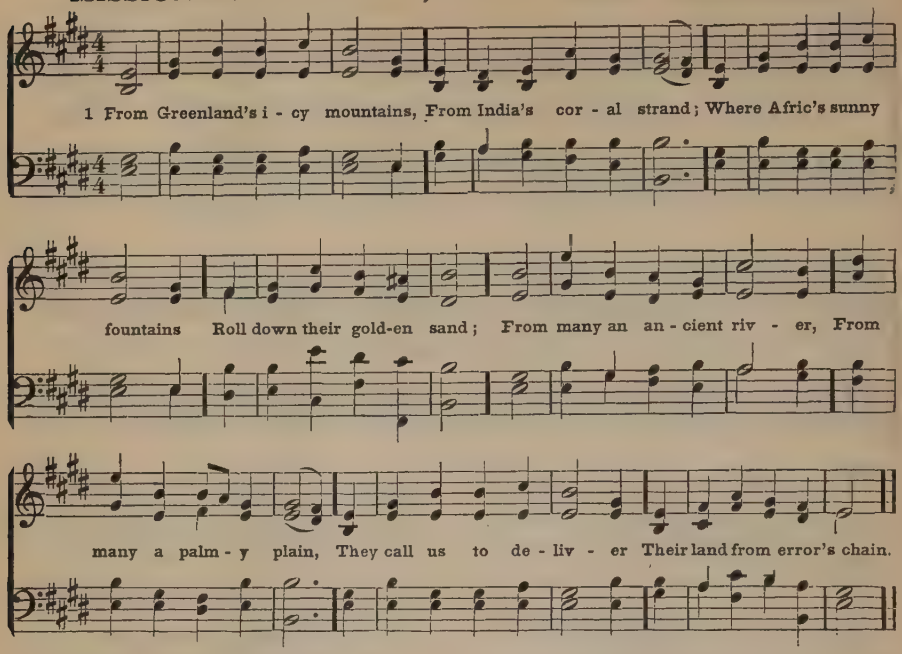
3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. LOWELL MASON.


1 From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand; Where Afric's sunny
fountains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

930 *Missionary hymn.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber

931 *Departing missionaries.*

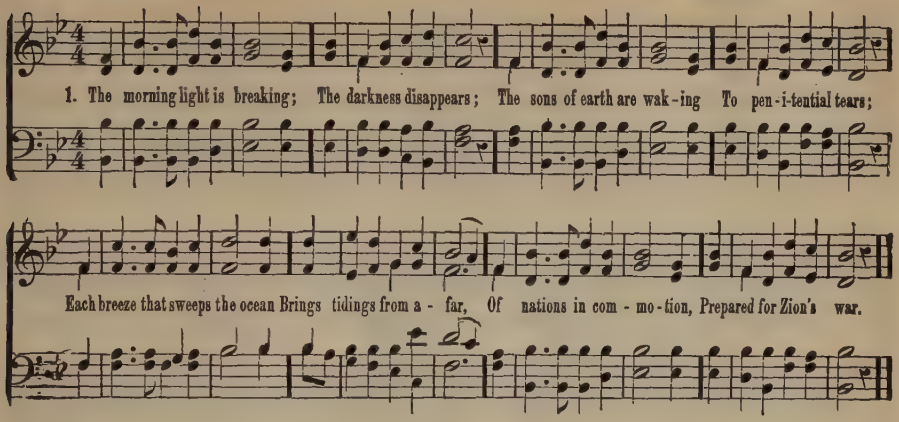
1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.


1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-tential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far, Of nations in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

932 *The morning light is breaking.*

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

933 *Domestic missions.*

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

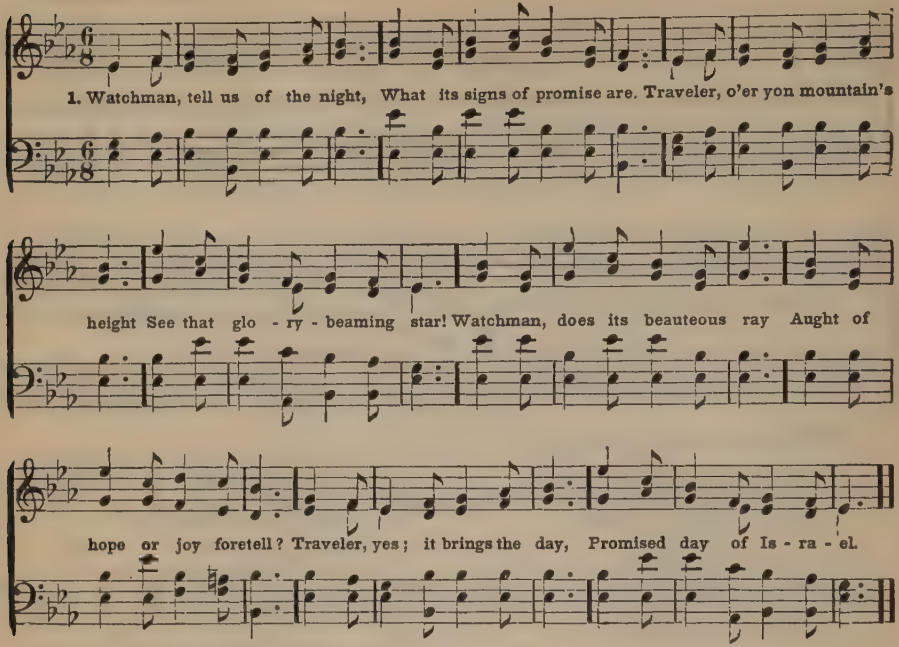
934 *The universal anthem.*

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

James Edmeston, alt.

WATCHMAN. 7. D. LOWELL MASON.


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's
height See that glo - ry - beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
hope or joy foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

935 *The watchman's report.*

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring.

936 *The word glorified.*

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

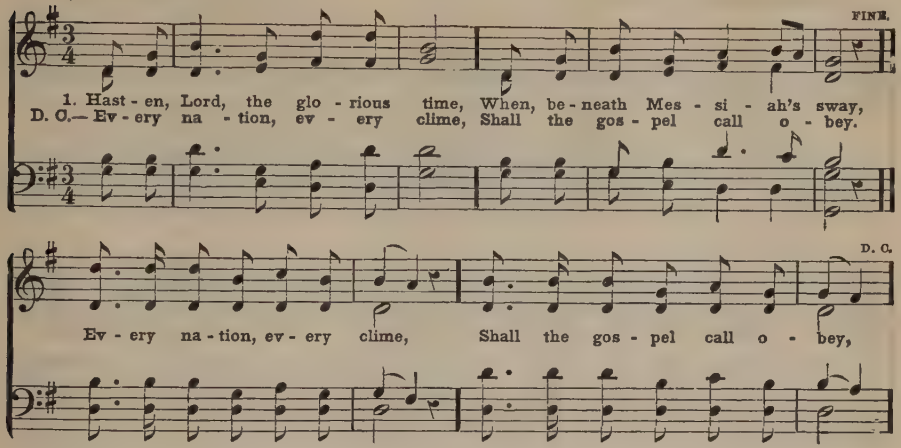
3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

ELTHAM. 7. 61.

LOWELL MASON.


FINE.
1. Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
D. C.— Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
D. C.
Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey,

937 *Christ's universal reign.*

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

938 *The song of jubilee.*

1 HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery.

939 *The banner of the cross.*

1 GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.

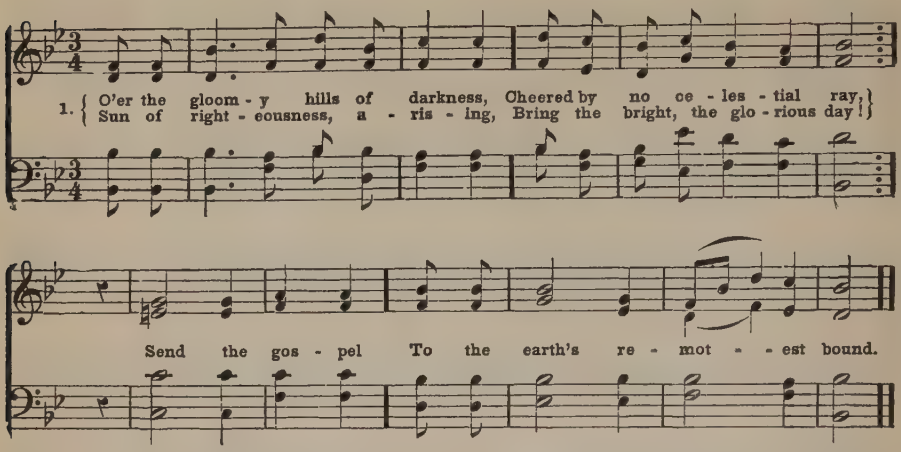
4 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven,
Chase away his dark despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

HAMDEN. 8, 7, 4. LOWELL MASON.


1. { O'er the gloom - y hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
Sun of right - eousness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day! }
Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - - est bound.

940 *The conquest of the gospel.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day!
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around!

William Williams.

941 *The Macedonian cry.*

1 SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken: none has taught them
Of his love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations, lead us o'er!
When we seek them,
Let thy Spirit go before.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

942 *Fields white to the harvest.*

1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

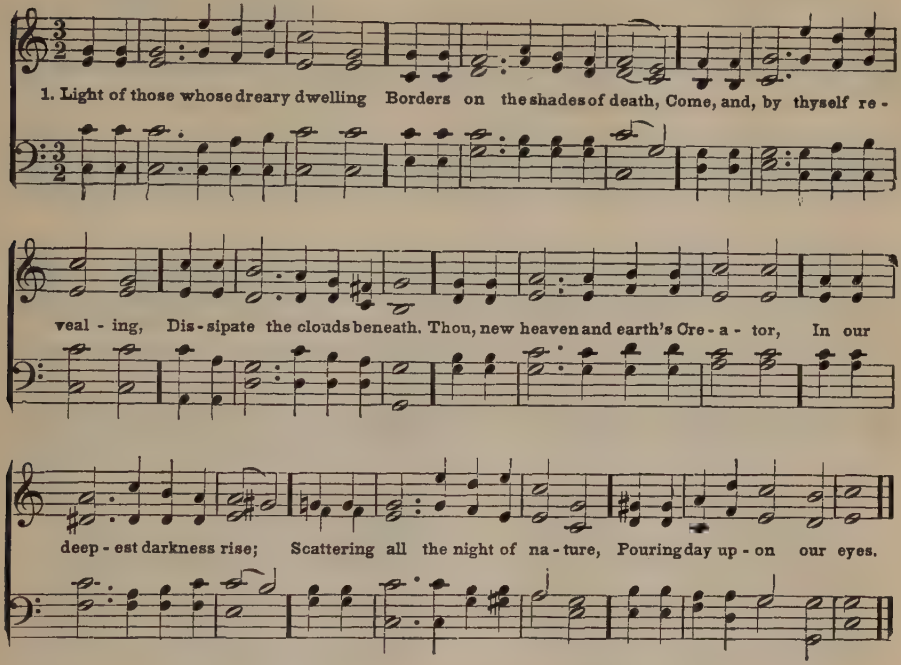
2 Thou hast promised by thy prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

Unknown.

FABEN. 8, 7. D.

JOHN HENRY WILCOX.


1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and, by thyself re -
veal - ing, Dis - sipate the clouds beneath. Thou, new heaven and earth's Cre - a - tor, In our
deep - est darkness rise; Scattering all the night of na - ture, Pouring day up - on our eyes.

943 *The Light of the world.*

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come, and manifest thy favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

944 *So shall He sprinkle many nations.*

Isa. 52: 15.

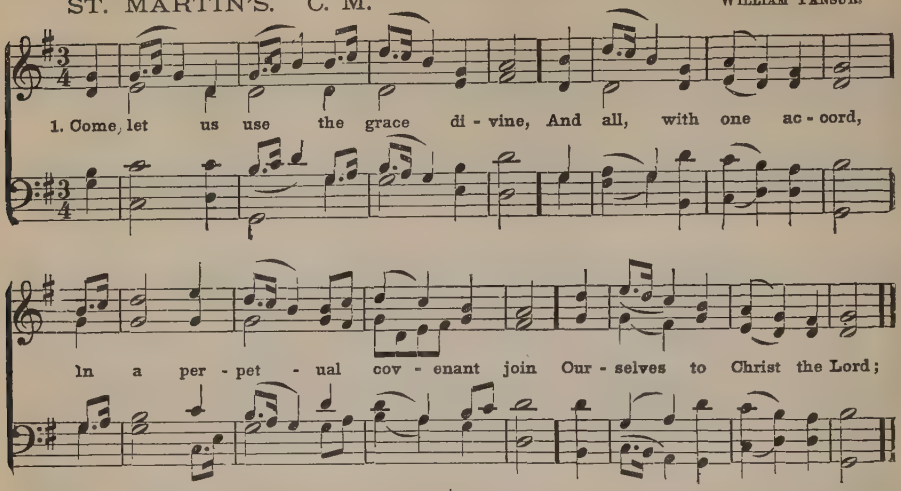
1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight
For thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



945 *Renewing the covenant.*

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

946 *Praise and thanksgiving.*

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand Sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Charles Wesley

947 *A midnight song.*

1 JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

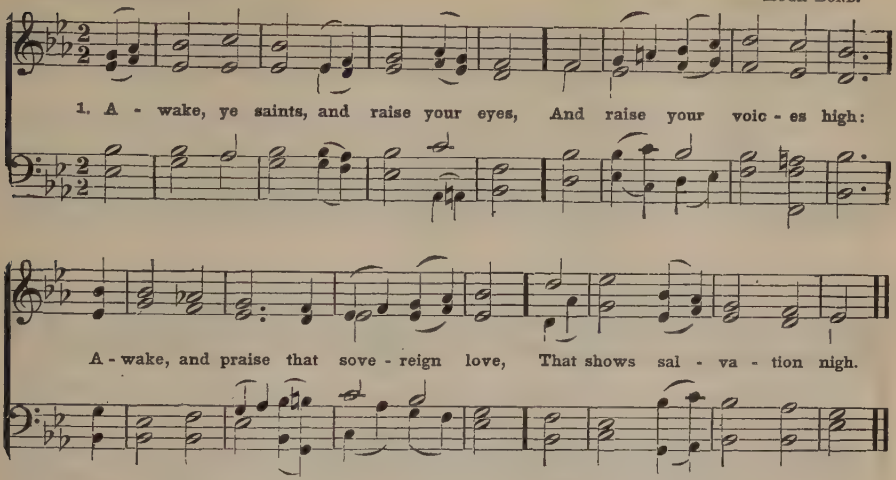
2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley

FROME. C. M.

HUGH BOND.


1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high:
A - wake, and praise that sove - reign love, That shows sal - va - tion nigh.

948

Close of the year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Philip Doddridge.

949

The opening year.

1 THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears;

2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

3 To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The newborn year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence;
Give peace and plenteousness;

4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
The growth of vice restrain;
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

6 O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise thee, year by year,
With angel-hosts above.

From the Latin. Tr. by F. Pott.

[S. M. Tune, State Street. Page 115.]

950

Beginning a new year.

1 OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

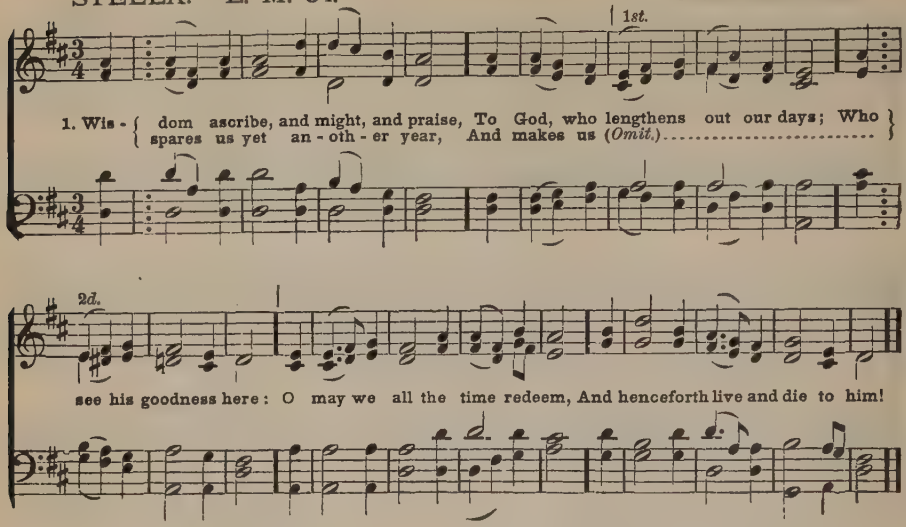
Benjamin Beddome.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

STELLA. L. M. 61. FROM CROWN OF JESUS.


1st.
1. Wis - { dom ascribe, and might, and praise, To God, who lengthens out our days; Who
{ spares us yet an - oth - er year, And makes us (Omit.)
2d.
see his goodness here: O may we all the time redeem, And henceforth live and die to him!

951 *A living sacrifice.*

1 WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone!" his mercy cried,
And turned the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

Charles Wesley.

952 *A solemn vigil.*

1 HOW many pass the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For us suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

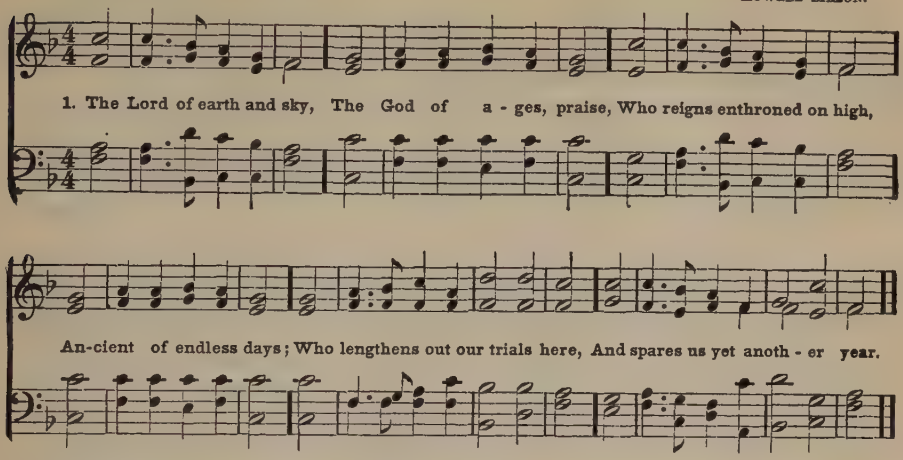
5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let our joys abound;
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask in faith for every soul;
O let our glorious joy be full!

6 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return;
And, far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagle wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love!

Charles Wesley.

ZEBULON. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. The Lord of earth and sky, The God of a - ges, praise, Who reigns enthroned on high,
An-cient of endless days; Who lengthens out our trials here, And spares us yet anoth - er year.

953 *The barren fig-tree.*

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Charles Wesley.

954 *The Bridegroom cometh.*

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead, awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

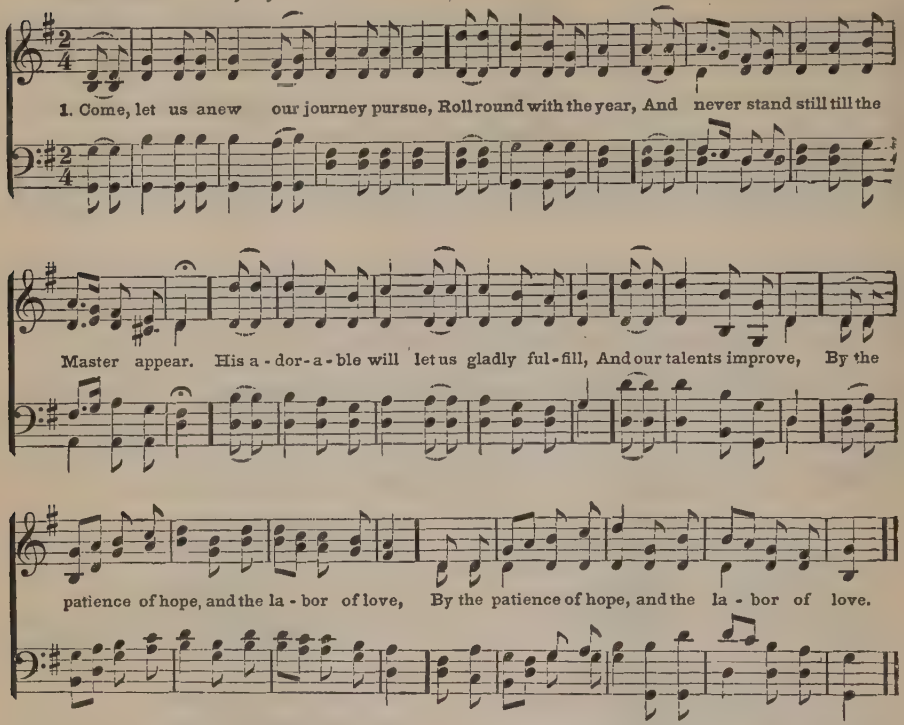
3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

Charles Wesley.

LUCAS. 10, 5, 11. JAMES LUCAS.


1. Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the
Master appear. His a - dor - a - ble will let us gladly ful - fill, And our talents improve, By the
patience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

955 *Renewed devotedness.*

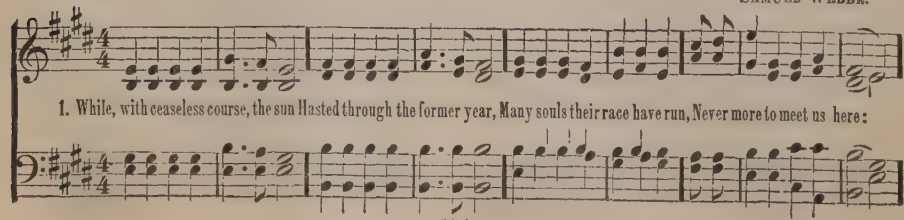
1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

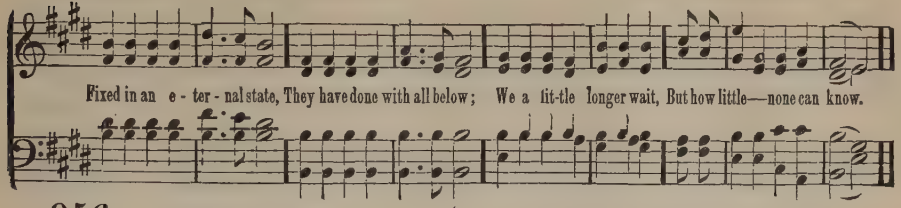
3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Charles Wesley.

BENEVENTO. 7. D. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:

BENEVENTO.—*Continued.*



956 *Retrospect of the year.*

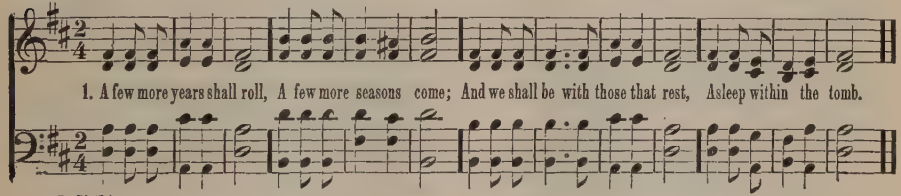
2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with him above.

John Newton.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



957 *Nearing the end.*

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar.

958 *Our fathers; where are they?*

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

Philip Doddridge.

959 *Plea for sparing mercy.*

1 LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span;
Mine age is naught with thee;
And, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.

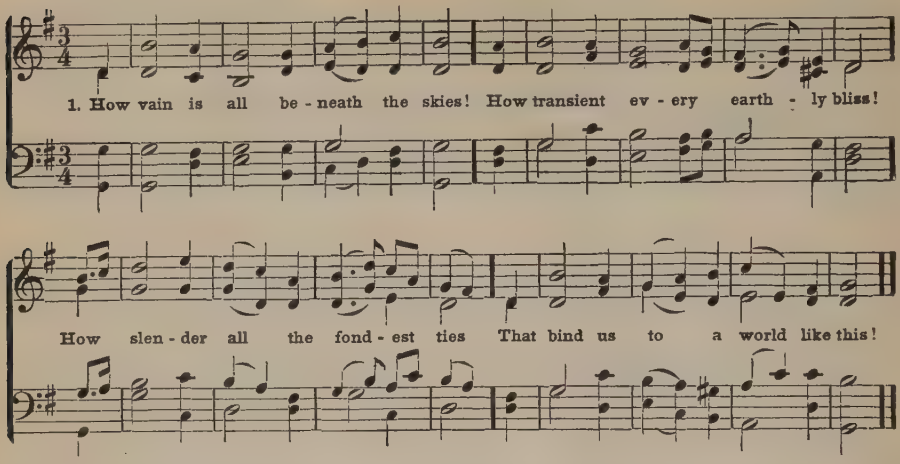
3 At thy rebuke the bloom
Of earthly beauty flies;
And grief shall like a moth consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

James Montgomery.

SEASONS. L. M. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. How vain is all be - neath the skies! How transient ev - ery earth - ly bliss!
How slen - der all the fond - est ties That bind us to a world like this!

960 *Earthly things vain and transitory.*

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

David E. Ford.

961 *A peaceful death besought.*

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

Charles Wesley.

962 *The soul's best portion.*

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

Anne Steele.

963 *The way of all the earth.*

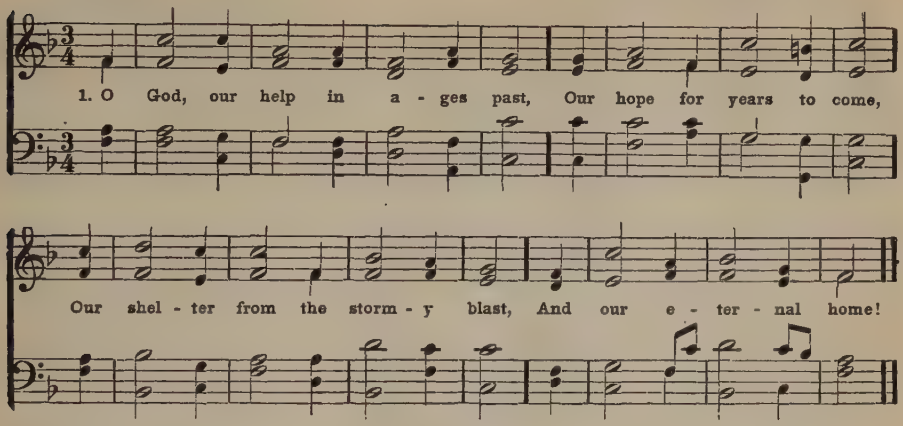
1 PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

Charles Wesley.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. AARON WILLIAMS.



964 *Man frail—God eternal.*

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

Isaac Watts.

965 *Frailty of life.*

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

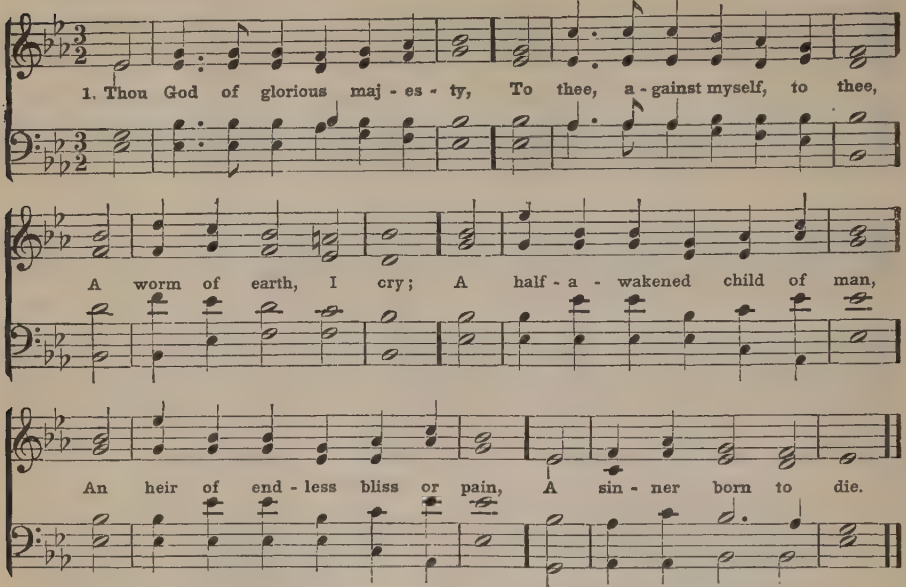
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. Thou God of glorious maj - es - ty, To thee, a - gainst myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry; A half - a - wakened child of man,
An heir of end - less bliss or pain, A sin - ner born to die.

966 *The brink of fate.*

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

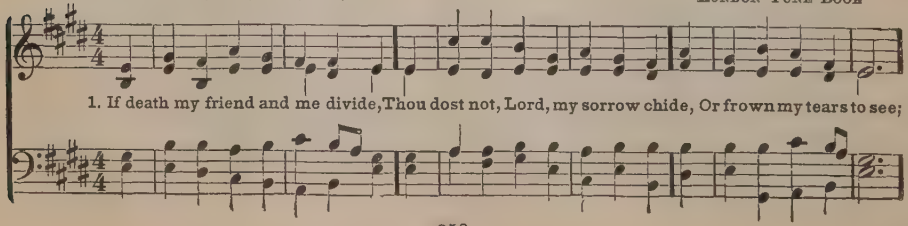
5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

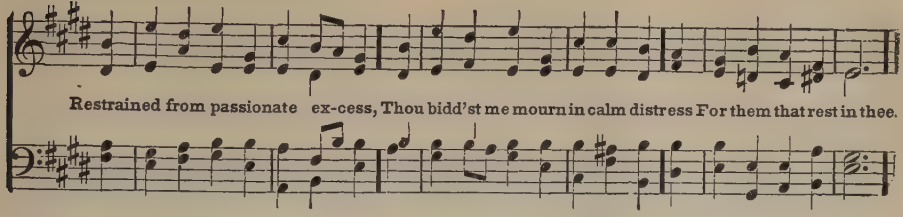
Charles Wesley.

VENETIA. C. P. M.

LONDON TUNE BOOK



VENETIA.—*Continued.*



967 *Death of a friend.*

1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

968 *The momentous question.*

1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure;
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

Charles Wesley.

[Not set to music.]

969 *The dying Christian to his soul.*

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

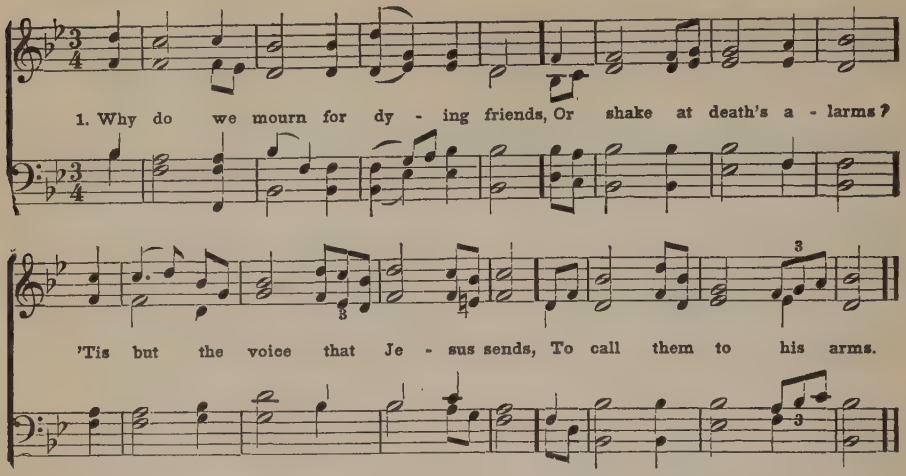
Alexander Pope

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more!

Tate and Brady.

CHINA. C. M. TIMOTHY SWAN.



970 *We mourn not as those without hope.*

1 WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

971 *To die is gain.*

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

William H. Bathurst.

972 *A voice from the tombs.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

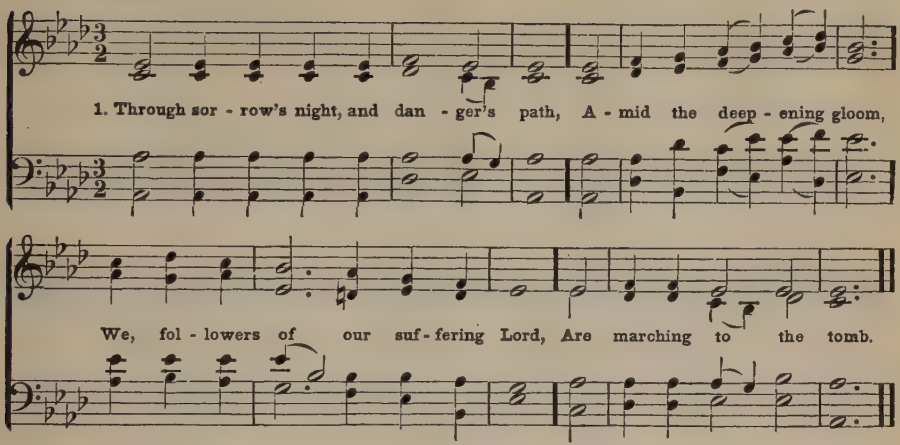
3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

DITSON. C. M.

UNKNOWN.


1. Through sor - row's night, and dan - ger's path, A - mid the deep - ening gloom,
We, fol - lowers of our suf - fering Lord, Are marching to the tomb.

973 *Through death to life.*

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

H. Kirke White.

974 *Peaceful departure.*

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody.

975 *Thou art with me.*—Ps. 23: 4.

1 THAT solemn hour will come for me,
When, though their charms I own,
All human ties resigned must be;
For I must die alone.

2 All earthly pleasures will be o'er,
All earthly labors done,
And I shall tread the eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

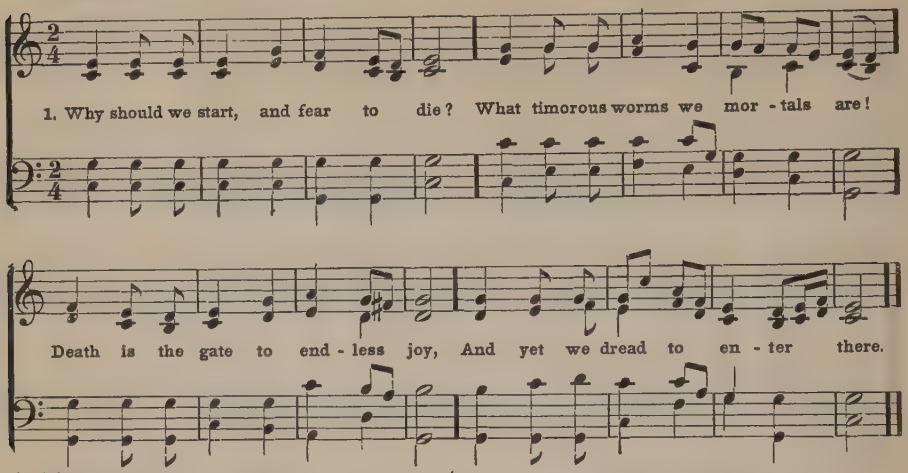
3 But O, I will not view with dread
That shadowy vale unknown:
I see a light within it shed;
I shall not die alone!

4 One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known;
To die is now my wish, my choice:
I shall not die alone!

Unknown.

BRISTOL. L. M.

EDWARD L. WHITE.


1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor - tals are!
Death is the gate to end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

976 *Christ's presence makes dying easy.*

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

977 *Sown in dishonor—raised in glory.*

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine.
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

978 *The memory of the just is blessed.* Prov. 10: 7.

1 EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;

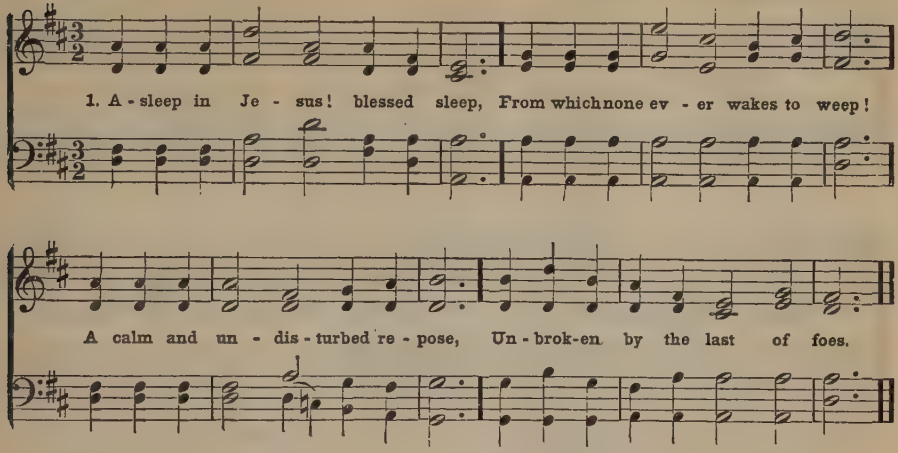
3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;

4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

Sir John Bowring.

REST. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep!
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok-en by the last of foes.

979 *Asleep in Jesus.*

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

980 *The Christian's parting hour.*

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

William H. Bathurst.

981 *The vision of faith.*

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

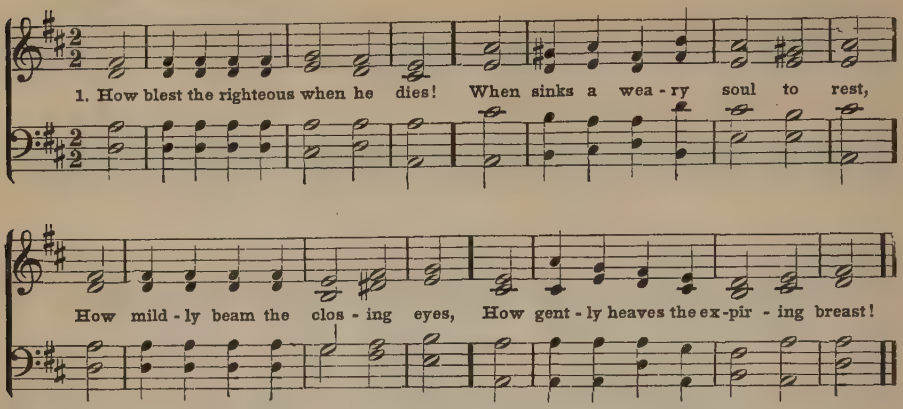
2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

ASHWELL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest,
How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes, How gent - ly heaves the ex-pir - ing breast!

982 *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

983 *Disembodied saints.*

1 THE saints who die of Christ possessed,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

984 *Resting in peace.*

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

[C. M. Tune, Mount Auburn. Page 365.]

985 *Victory over death.*

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

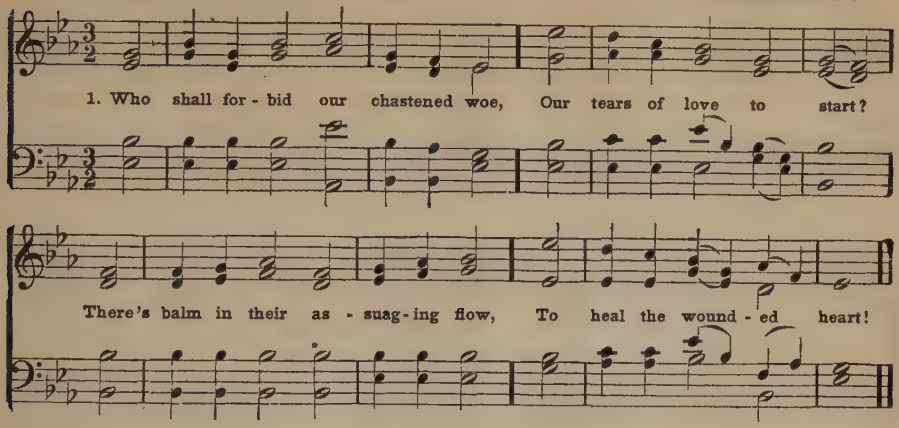
3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Who shall for - bid our chastened woe, Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their as - suag - ing flow, To heal the wound - ed heart!

986 *Planted to bloom in paradise.*

1 WHO shall forbid our chastened woe,
Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart!

2 This lovely child, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.

3 Here sleep thou, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

4 We plant thee here, with tears bedewed,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs renewed,
These flowing founts supply.

5 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

William Hunter.

987 *Death of children.*

1 THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

Samuel Stennett.

988 *The sharpness of death overcome.*

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bower
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

989 *Death vanquished.*

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake;

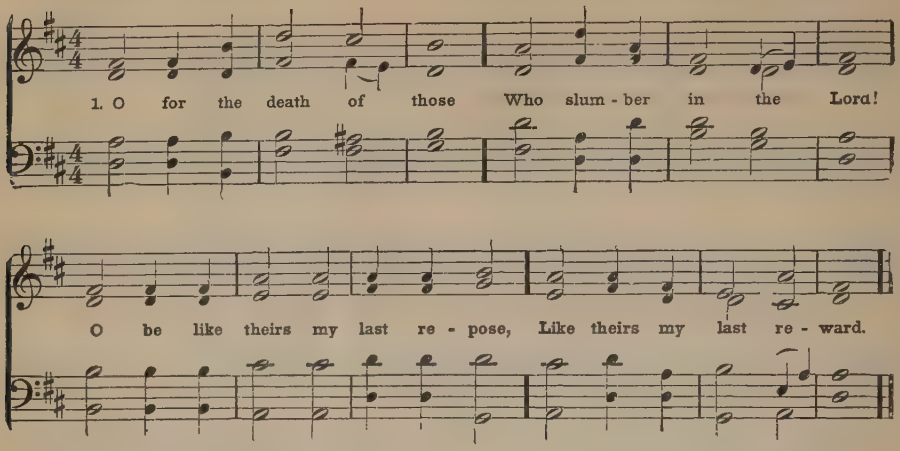
2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
And Death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quits the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

William Cameron.

OWEN. S. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



990 *Let me die the death of the righteous.*

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

James Montgomery

991 *The conqueror crowned.*

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

992 *Death of a pastor.*

1 REST from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go, as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Saviour, into thy hands
Our pastor we resign
And now we wait thine own commands,
We were not his but thine.

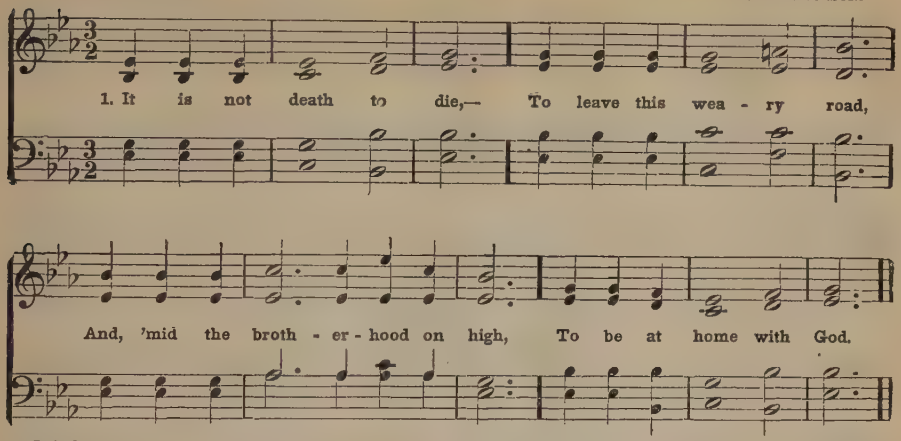
4 Thou art thy Church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To thee we lift our eye.

5 On thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed the flock.

James Montgomery.

CAPELLO. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



993 *It is not death to die.*

1 IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Abraham H. C. Malan. Tr. by G. W. Bethune.

994 *Resting in hope.*

1 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar.

995 *Because I live, ye shall live also.*

1 AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

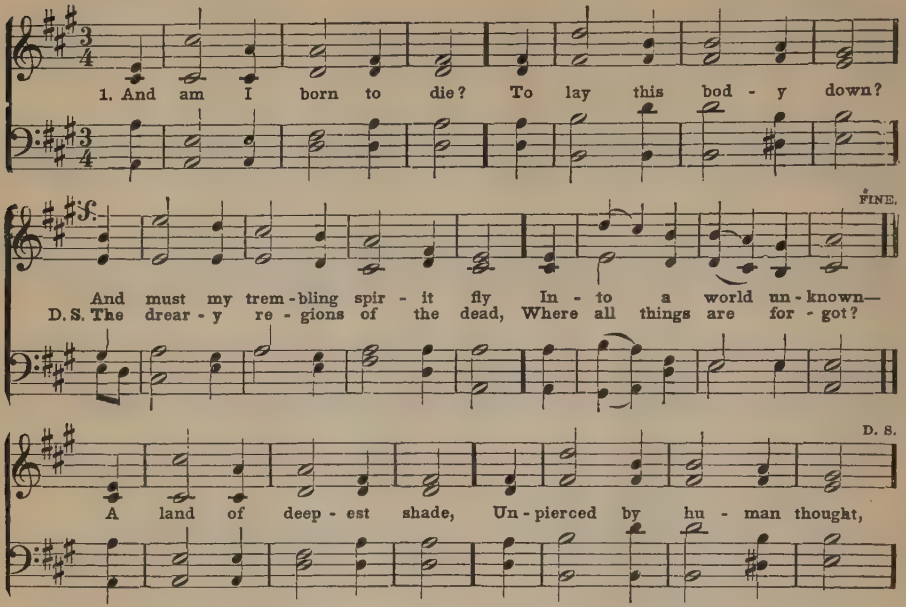
3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

5 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

TIOGA. S. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down?
And must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known—
D. S. The drear - y re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got?
FINE.
A land of deep - est shade, Un - pierced by hu - man thought,
D. S.

996 *Solemn thoughts of the future.*

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

3 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

4 O thou who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

Charles Wesley.

997 *For victory in death.*

1 WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God, at thy command,—

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart,—

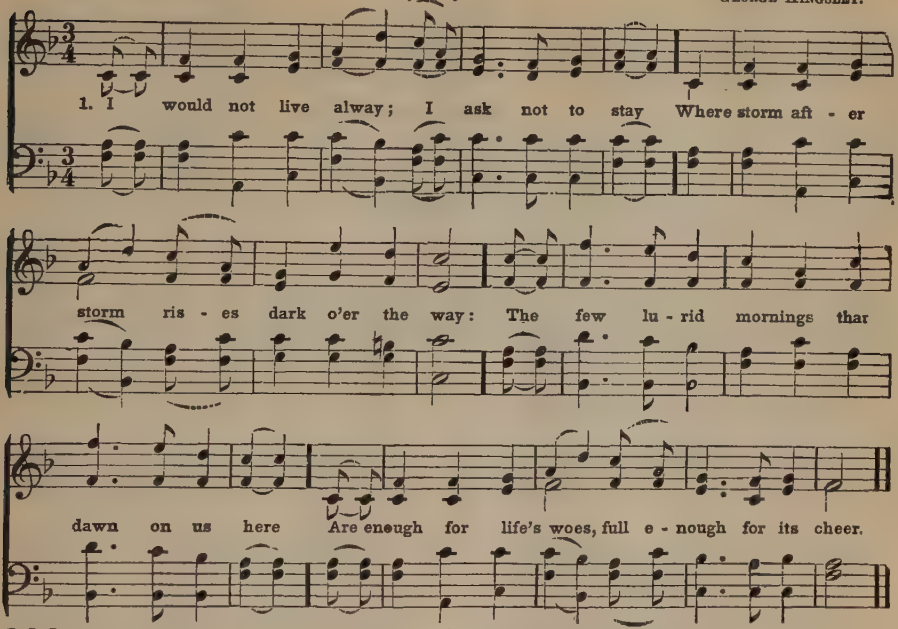
3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

William B. Collyer, alt.

FREDERICK. 11, or 13, 11, 12. GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er
storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that
dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

998 *I would not live alway.*

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg.

999 *Thou art gone to the grave.*

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

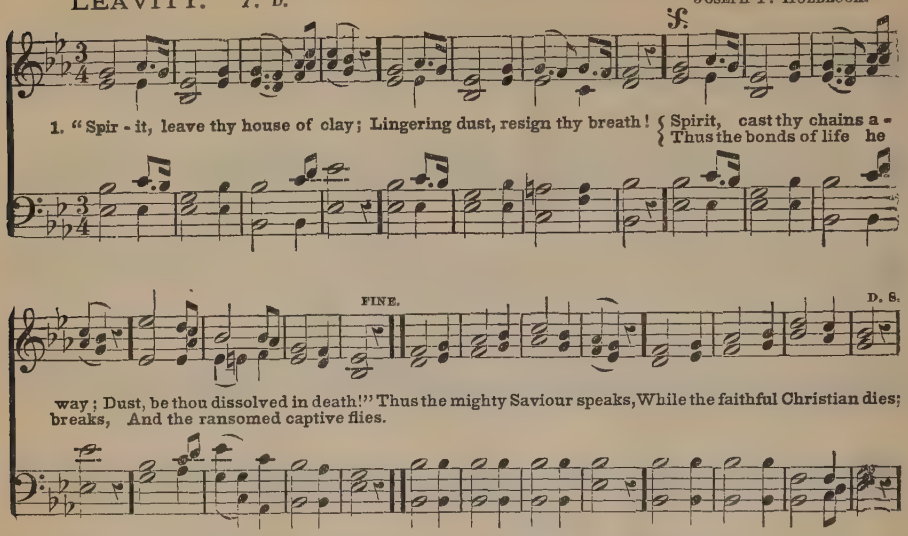
3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber.

LEAVITT. 7. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. "Spir - it, leave thy house of clay; Lingering dust, resign thy breath! Spirit, cast thy chains a - Thus the bonds of life he
FINE.
D. S.
way; Dust, be thou dissolved in death!" Thus the mighty Saviour speaks, While the faithful Christian dies; breaks, And the ransomed captive flies.

1000 *Clothed with immortality.*

1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!"

James Montgomery, alt.

1001 *Dying in the Lord.*

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

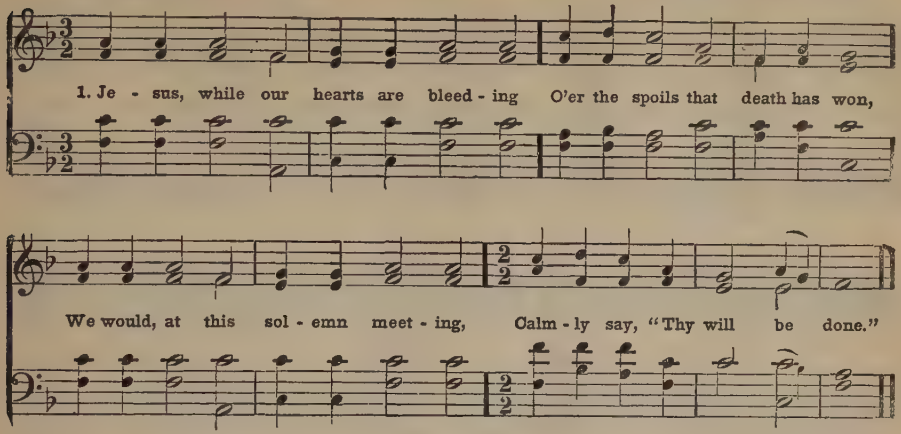
3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter, and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now."

Charles Wesley.

TALMAR. 8, 7.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say, "Thy will be done."

1002 *Bereavement and resignation.*

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings.

1003 *Conflict ended—crown waiting.*

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

[7. Tune, Leavitt. Page 370.]

1004 *The dying believer.*

1 DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—

2 Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him,—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossings, hushed its roar.

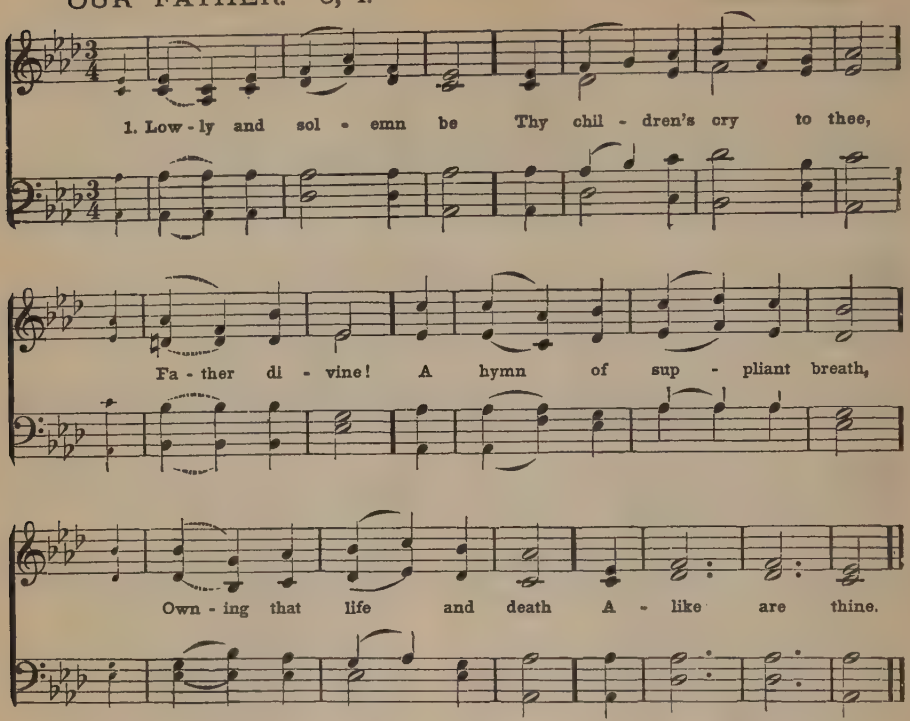
6 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

7 See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

8 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

Augustus M. Toplady.

OUR FATHER. 6, 4. EDWARD L. WHITE.


1. Low - ly and sol - emn be Thy chil - dren's cry to thee,
Fa - ther di - vine! A hymn of sup - pliant breath,
Own - ing that life and death A - like are thine.

1005 *Our stay in death.*

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

1006 [7, 6 l. Tune, Gethsemane. Page 407.]
Death of a child.

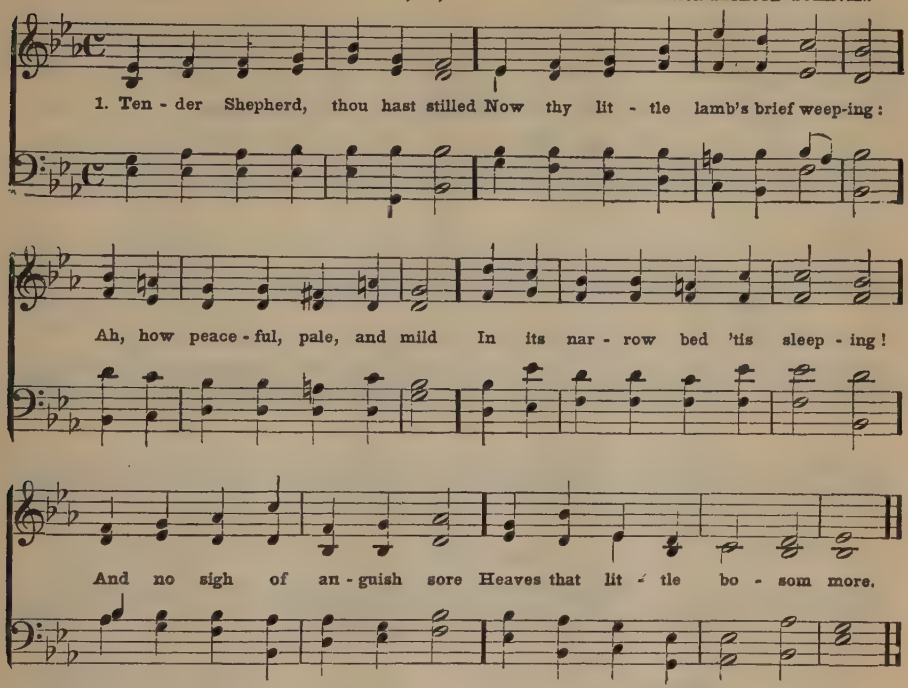
1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan;
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!"
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine.

Charles Wesley

THE LONG HOME. 7, 8, 7. SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.


1. Ten - der Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep-ing:
Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing!
And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

1007 *On the death of a little child.*

1 TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

From the German. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

[6. Tune, Jewett. Page 241.]

1008 *For a child's funeral.*

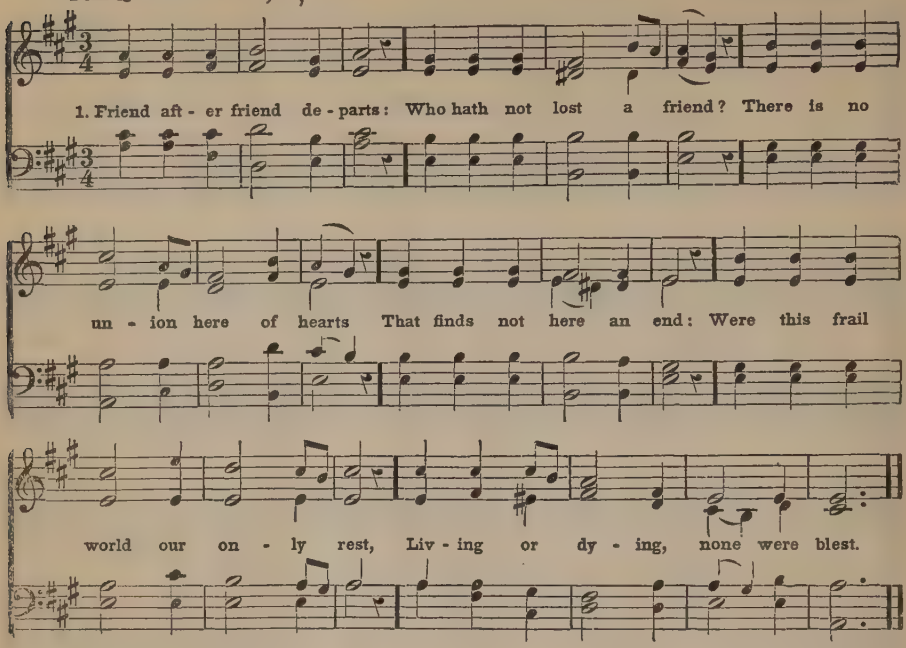
1 Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

REQUIEM. 6, 8, 8. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Friend aft - er friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no
un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail
world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

1009 *Friends separated.*

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

[7, 6. Tune, Munich. Page 83.]

1010 *Present with the Lord.*

1 THE precious seed of weeping
To-day we sow once more,
The form of one now sleeping,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
Ah! death but safely lands him
Where we too would attain;
Our Father's voice demands him,
And death to him is gain.

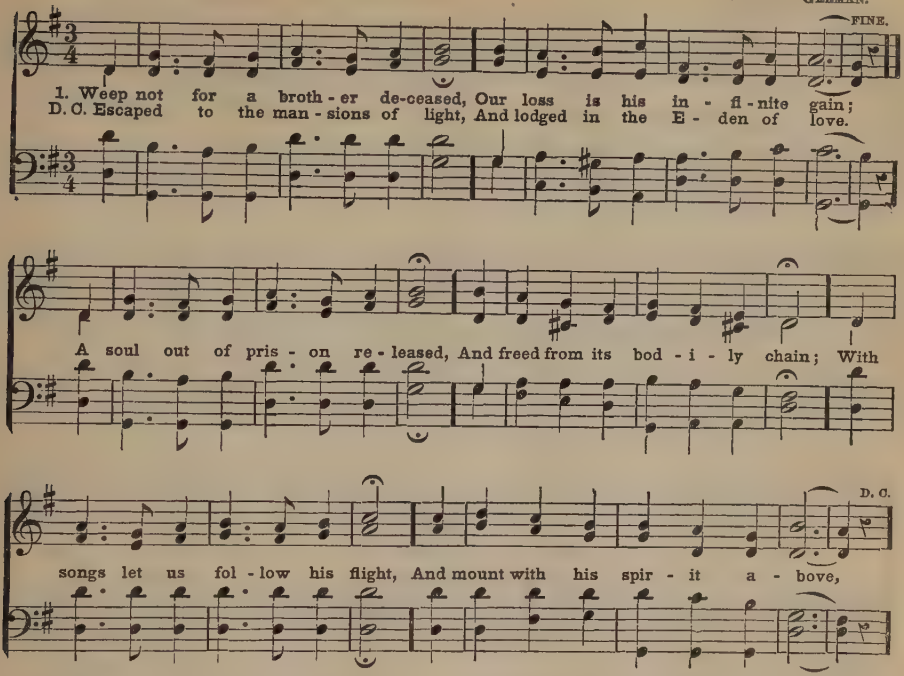
2 He has what we are wanting,
He sees what we believe;
The sins on earth so haunting
Have there no power to grieve;
Safe in his Saviour's keeping,
Who sent him calm release,—
'Tis only we are weeping,—
He dwells in perfect peace.

3 The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the shining palm,
The "Holy, holy," shareth,
And joins the angels' psalm;
But we, poor pilgrims, wander
Still through this land of woe,
Till we shall meet him yonder,
And all his joy shall know.

Carl J. P. Spitta. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth

VERNON. 8.

GERMAN.


FINE.
1. Weep not for a broth - er de-ceased, Our loss is his in - fi - nite gain;
D. C. Escaped to the man - sions of light, And lodged in the E - den of love.
A soul out of pris - on re - leased, And freed from its bod - i - ly chain; With
D. C.
songs let us fol - low his flight, And mount with his spir - it a - bove,

1011 *Safe in the harbor.*

1 WEEP not for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

1012 *The grave disarmed.*

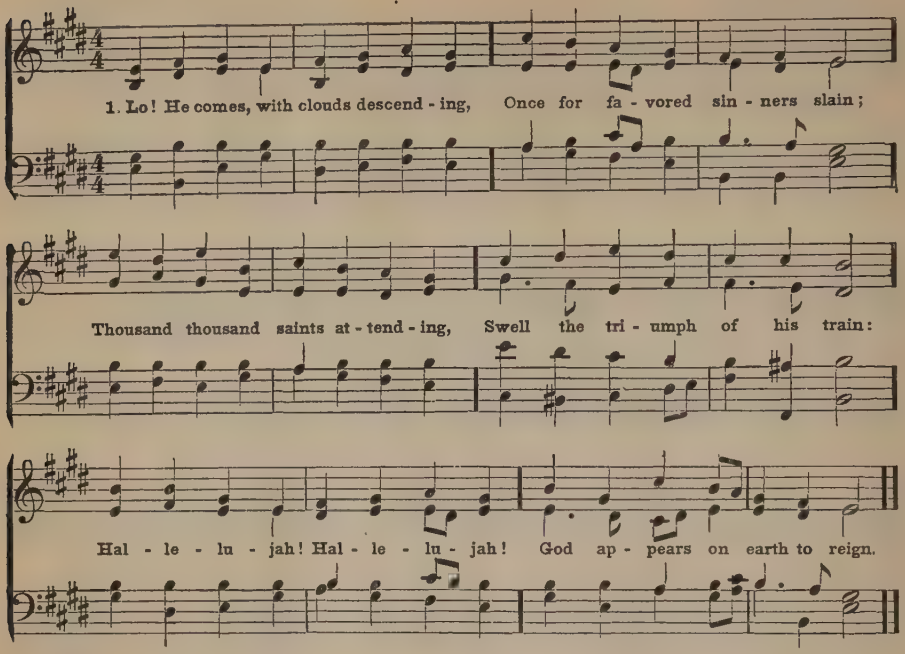
1 MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?—Hark! from the skies,
I hear a voice answer and say,
"The spirit of man never dies!
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
His soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God."

2 No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord,
Who know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word:
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.

3 O Lord God Almighty! to thee
We turn, as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But never thy fountains of love:
O teach us thy will to obey,
And sing with one heart and accord,
"He gave, and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord."

George P. Morris.

NOVELLO. 8, 7, 4. VINCENT NOVELLO.


1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train:
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

1013 *The second advent.*

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Charles Wesley.

1014 *Judgment terrors—judgment raptures.*

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

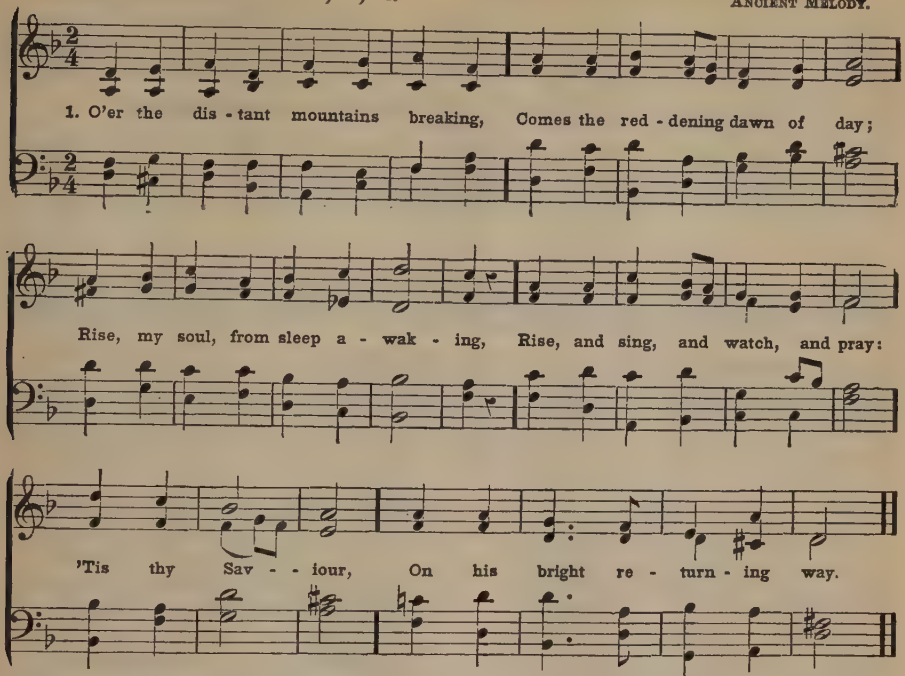
4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him;
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

5 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

Charles Wesley.

PILGRIMAGE. 8, 7, 4.

ANCIENT MELODY.


1. O'er the dis - tant mountains breaking, Comes the red - dening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray:
'Tis thy Sav - - iour, On his bright re - turn - ing way.

1015 *O'er the distant mountains breaking.*

2 O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell.

1016 *Christ is coming.*

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

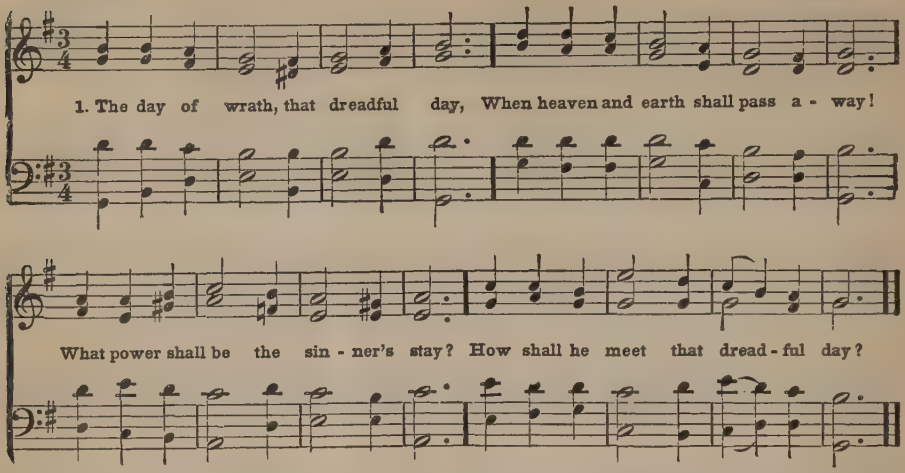
2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John R. Macduff.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a - way!
What power shall be the sin - ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread - ful day?

1017 *The dreadful day.*

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir Walter Scott.

1018 *The Judge severe.*

1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace!
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

1019 *Safety amid general dissolution.*

1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

Charles Wesley.

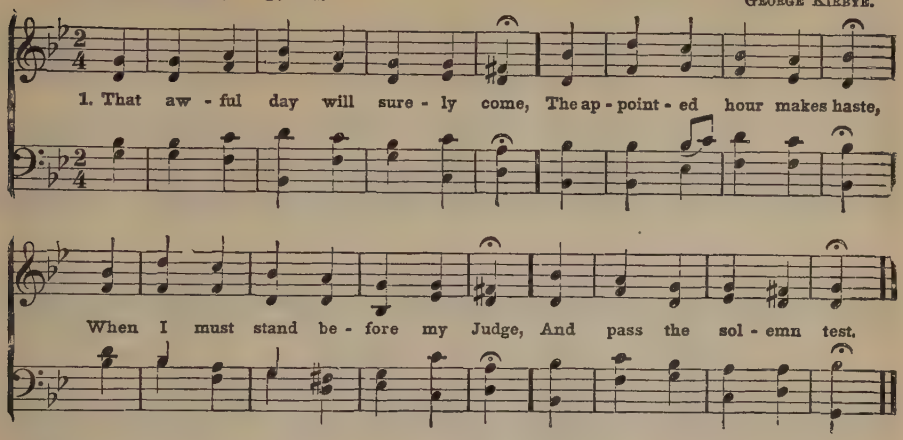
Dozology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

WINDSOR. C. M.

GEORGE KIRBYE.


1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, The ap - point - ed hour makes haste,
When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

1020 *The awful sentence.*

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

Isaac Watts.

1021 *The final account.*

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

[L. M. Tune, Grace Church. Page 378.]

1022 *Be pitiful, O God.*

1 O SON of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed!

2 Be with us in this darkened place,—
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us, by thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

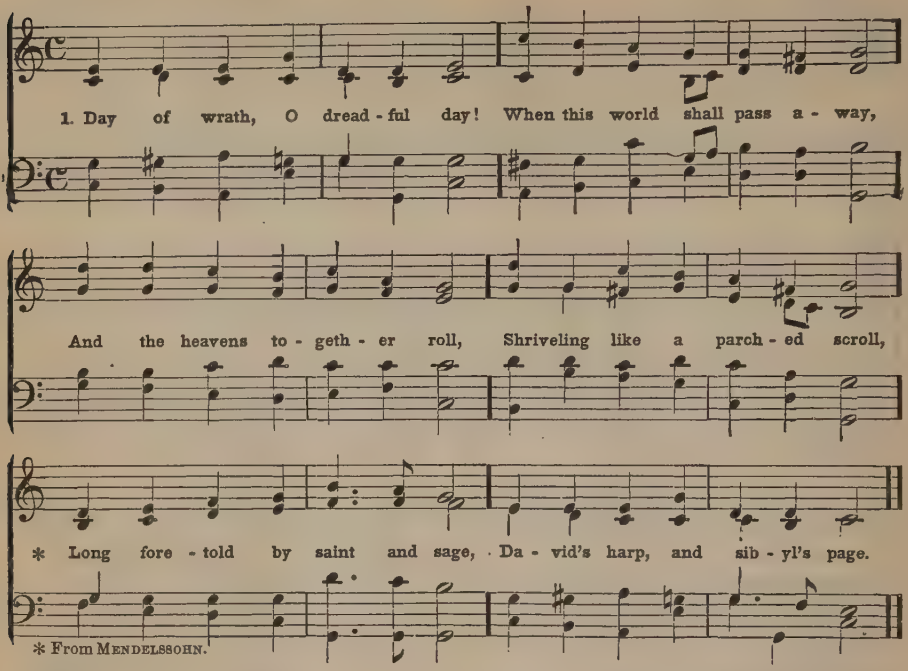
3 And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look
The good we knew, and left undone;

4 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before thy face we stand,
Look thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

5 And by the love that brought thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

REYNOLDSTONE. 7, 6l. Rev. T. R. Matthews.


1. Day of wrath, O dread - ful day! When this world shall pass a - way,
And the heavens to - geth - er roll, Shriveling like a parch - ed scroll,
* Long fore - told by saint and sage, Da - vid's harp, and sib - yl's page.

* From Mendelssohn.

1023 *Day of wrath.*

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

4 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past.
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

5 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace,—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief,—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Thomas of Celano. Tr. by A. P. Stanley.

[S. M. Tune, Tioga. Page 368.]

1024 *The inexorable Judge.*

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

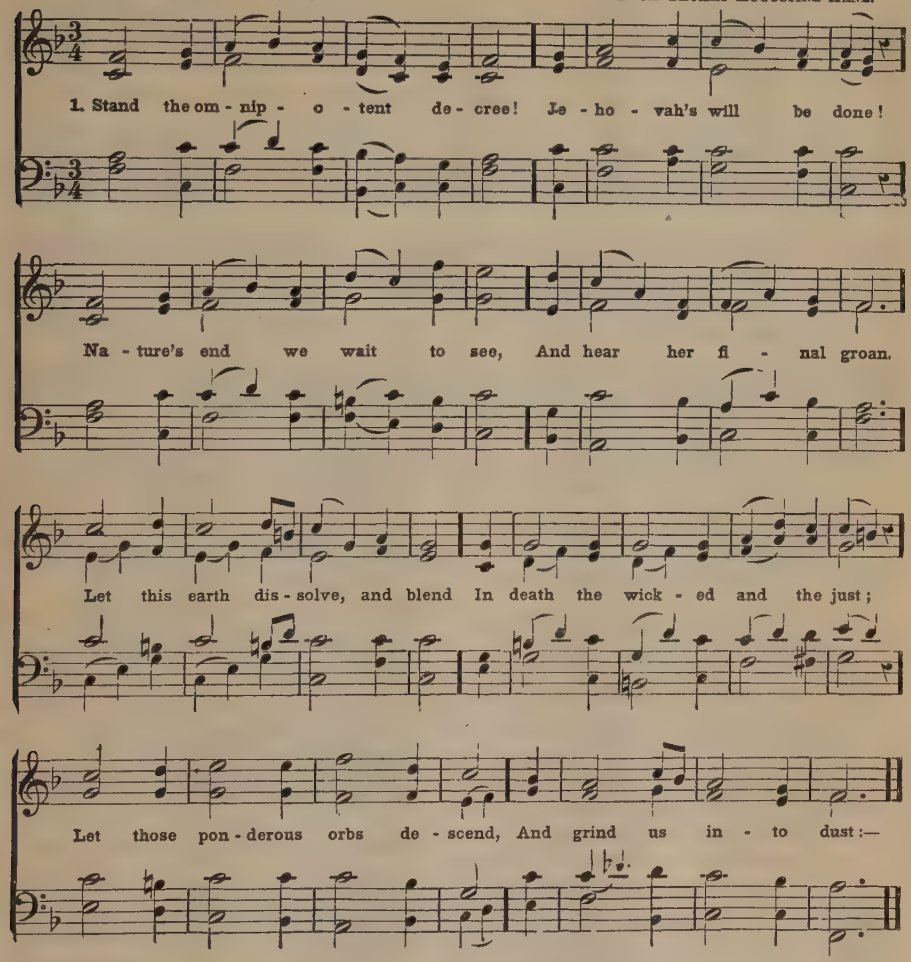
2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

FALKIRK. 7, 6, 8.

From Thomas Augustine Arne.


1. Stand the om - nip - o - tent de - cree! Je - ho - vah's will be done!
Na - ture's end we wait to see, And hear her fi - nal groan.
Let this earth dis - solve, and blend In death the wick - ed and the just;
Let those pon - derous orbs de - scend, And grind us in - to dust:—

1025 *The omnipotent decree.*

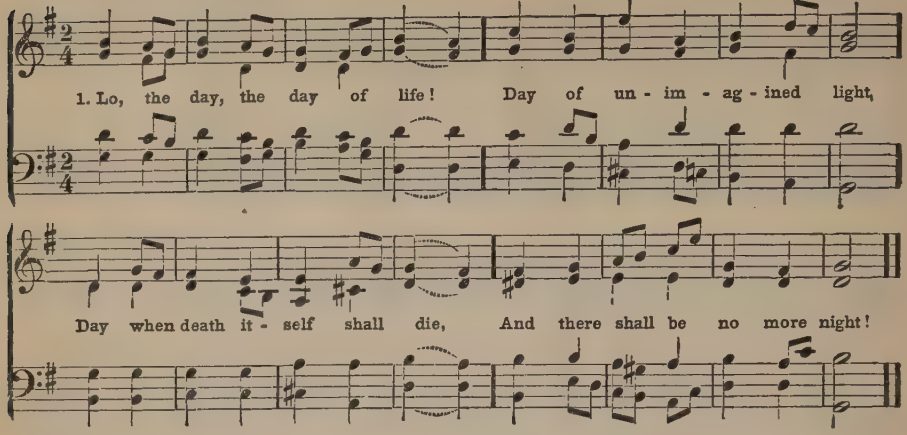
1 Stand the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:—

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed:
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

Charles Wesley.

CHARLES. 8, 7. J. PARKER.



1026 *Day of life.*

2 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length he hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

3 O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

4 Blessed then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!

5 What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

From the Latin. Tr. by Mrs. E. Charles.

[C. P. M. Tune, Meribah. Page 858.]

1027 *Supplication.*

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

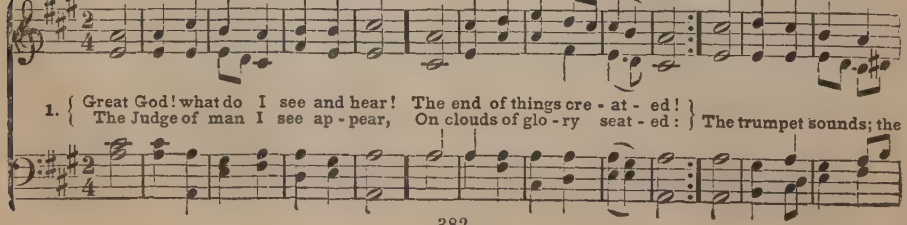
2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

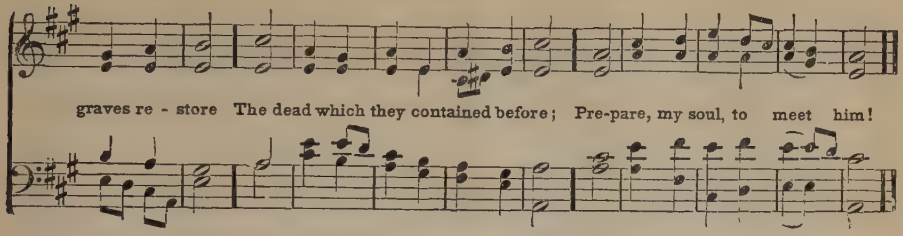
4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

JUDGMENT HYMN. 8, 7. (Peculiar.) JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.


1. { Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed! }
{ The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: } The trumpet sounds; the

JUDGMENT HYMN.—*Continued.*



1028 *The end of things created.*

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

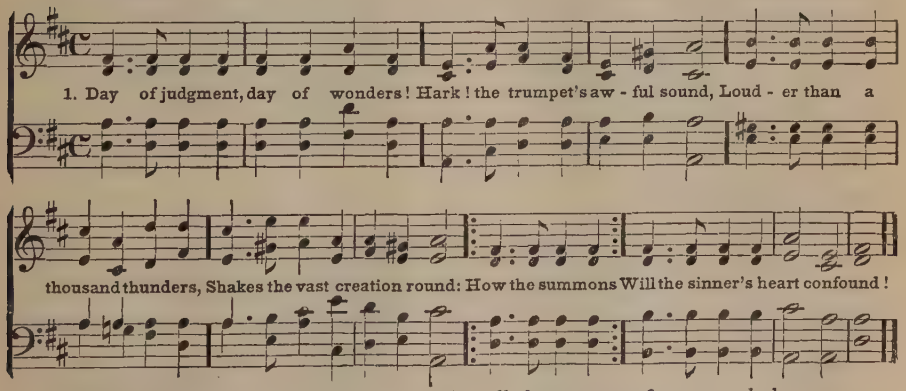
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Bartholomäus Ringwaldt. Tr. by W. B. Collyer, alt.

BREST. 8, 7, 4. LOWELL MASON.


1. Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful sound, Loud - er than a
thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round: How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

1029 *The judgment-day.*

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Glorious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

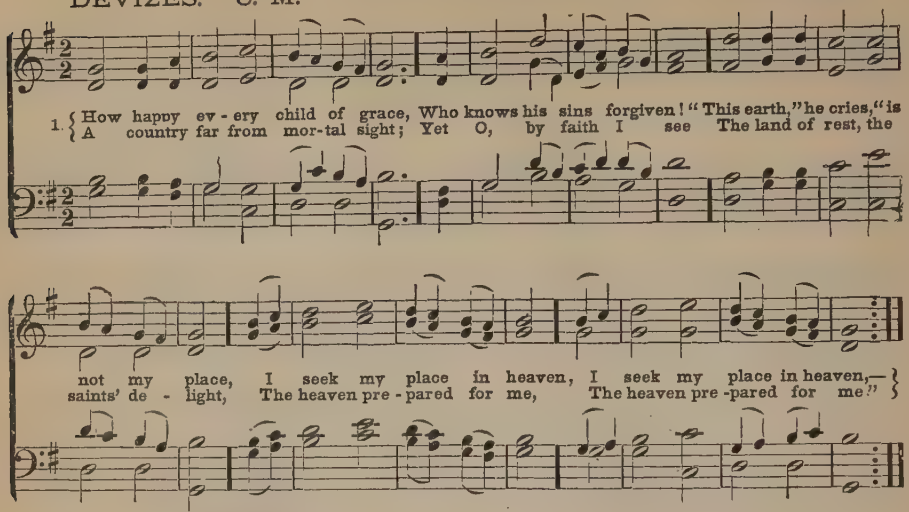
3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

DEVIZES. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.


1. How happy ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! "This earth," he cries, "is
A country far from mor-tal sight; Yet O, by faith I see The land of rest, the
not my place, I seek my place in heaven, I seek my place in heaven,—
saints' de - light, The heaven pre - pared for me, The heaven pre - pared for me."

FIRST PART.

1030 *The full assurance of hope.*

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

SECOND PART.

1031 *Endless bliss in prospect.*

1 A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest;
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley.

THIRD PART.

1032 *The prospect joyous.*

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

FOURTH PART.

1033 *Communion with saints in heaven.*

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley.

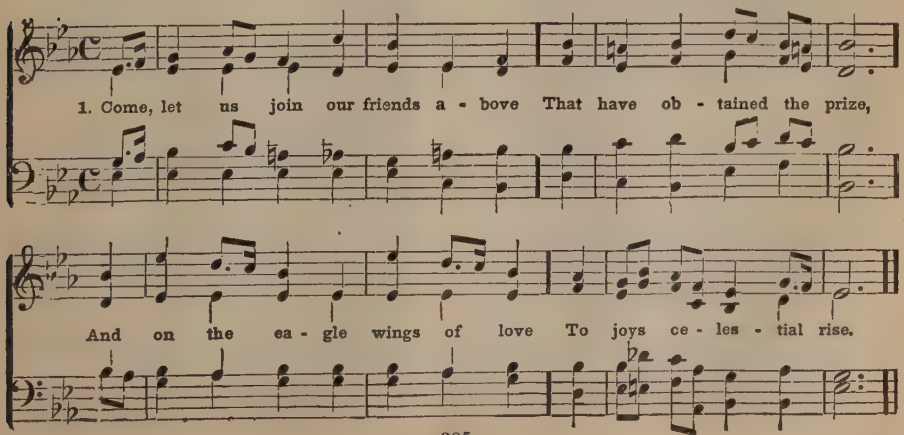
Doxology.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

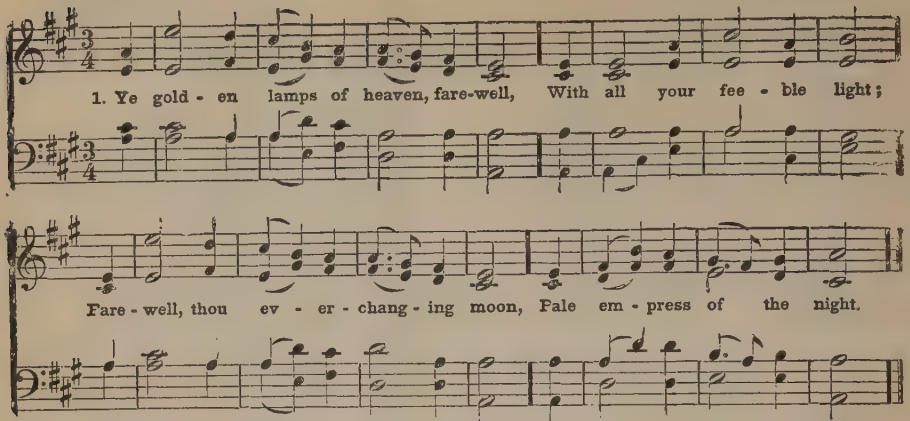
Isaac Watts.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

JOHN FRECKLETON BURROWES.



HARRIS. C. M. ARR. FROM DEVEREUX.


1. Ye gold - en lamps of heaven, fare-well, With all your fee - ble light;
Fare - well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

1034 *Farewell to earth—heaven welcomed.*

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

Philip Doddridge.

1035 *The New Jerusalem.*

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

Isaac Watts.

1036 *In the desert—heaven before us.*

1 FORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

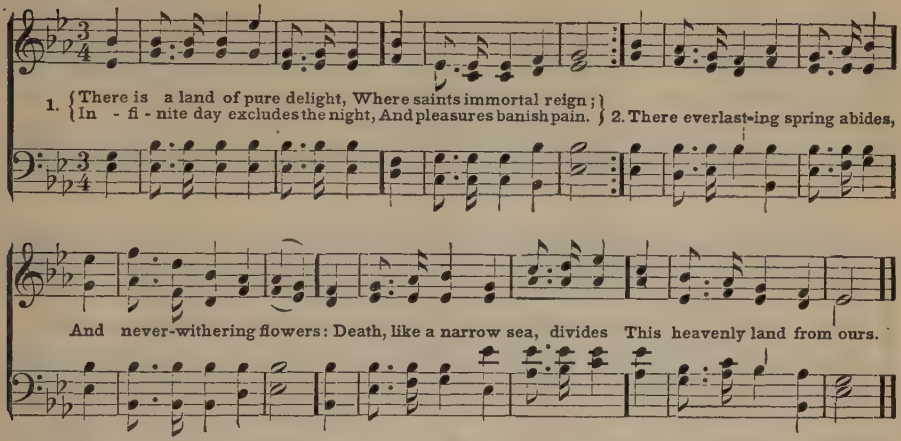
3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

Henry Alford.

VARINA. C. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlast-ing spring abides,
And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

1037 *The heavenly Canaan.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

1038 *The promised land.*

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

[8, 6. Tune, Tappan. Page 56.]

1039 *The land of rest.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

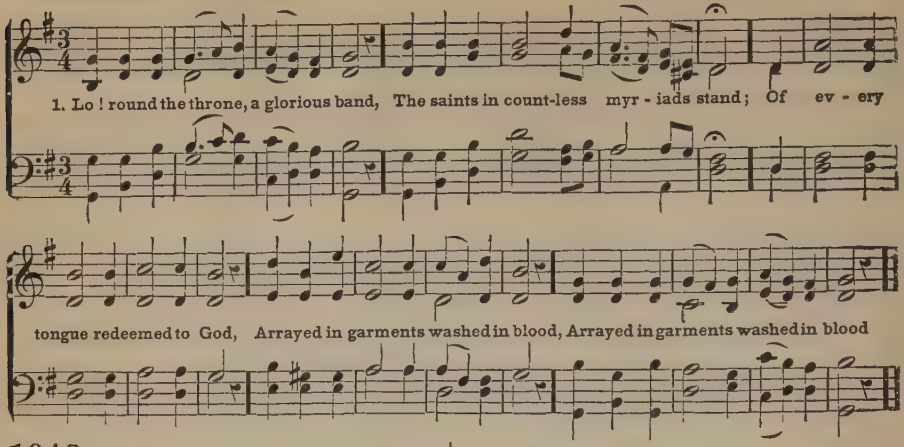
2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan.

PARK STREET. L. M. FREDRICK MARC ANTOINE VENUA.


1. Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints in count-less myr - iads stand; Of ev - ery
tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood

1040 *The redeemed in heaven.*

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

Mary L. Duncan.

1041 *They shall behold the land that is very far off.*—Isa. 33: 17.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

1042 *Perfection in heaven.*

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts.

1043 *The heavenly Zion.*

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

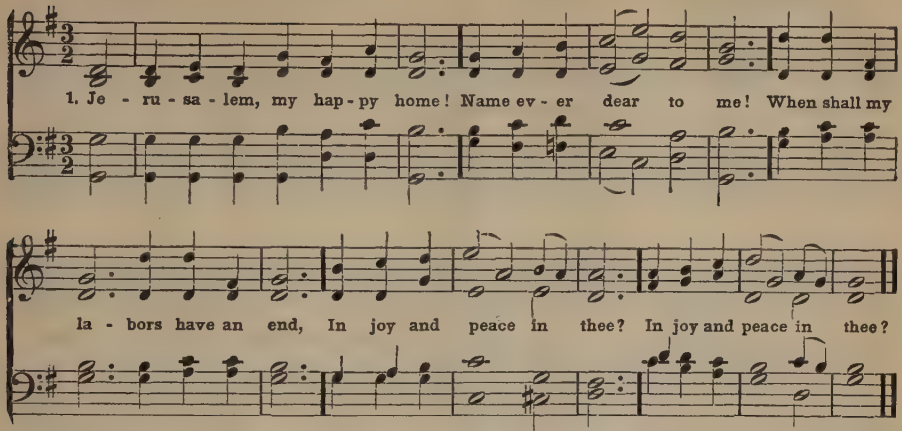
3 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

4 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Charles Wesley.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my
la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? In joy and peace in thee?

1044 *The heavenly city.*

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown.

1045 *The saints in glory.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

1046 *We shall see Him as he is.*

1 THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

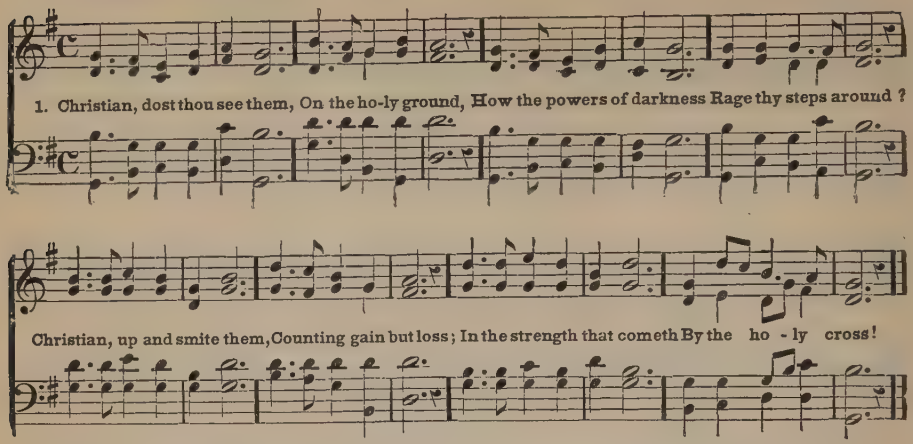
3 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

GREEK HYMN. 6, 5. °J— P— H—.


1. Christian, dost thou see them, On the ho-ly ground, How the powers of darkness Rage thy steps around ?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho - ly cross!

1047 *In the conflict.*

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch, and pray, and fast!

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

Andrew of Crete. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

[S. M. Tune, Vigil. Page 891.]

1048 *The pilgrim's home.*

1 WHILE through this world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his soul ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 His freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
Where all is perfect love.

4 There we our treasure place;
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our converse be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

James Montgomery.

[S. M. Tune, Vigil. Page 891.]

1049 *No night in heaven.*

1 THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

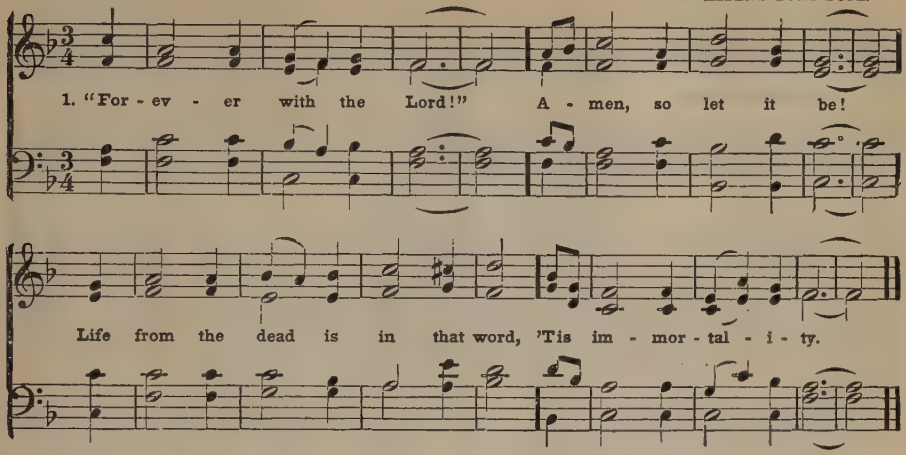
3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

Frederick D. Huntington.

VIGIL. S. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book.



1050 *At home in heaven.*

1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

1051 *The goodly land.*

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair.
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele.

1052 *The land of peace.*

1 Come to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

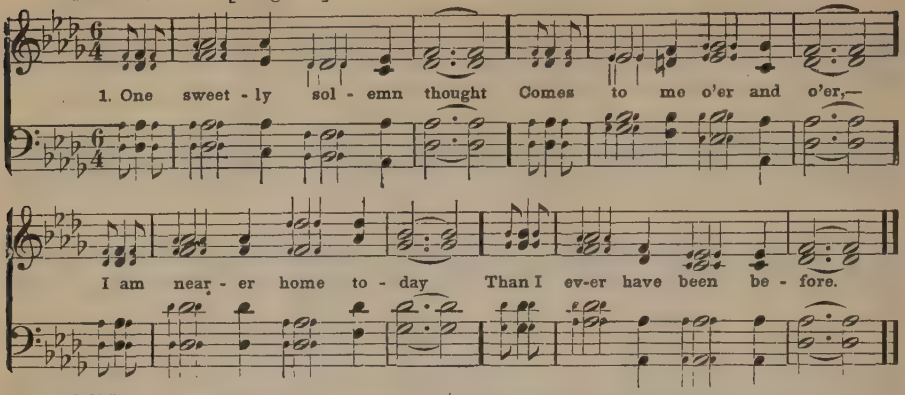
3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away!"

Unknown.

CARY. 6. [Irregular.] EBEN TOURJÉE, AD. BY L. FRANKLIN SNOW.



1053 *Nearer home.*

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

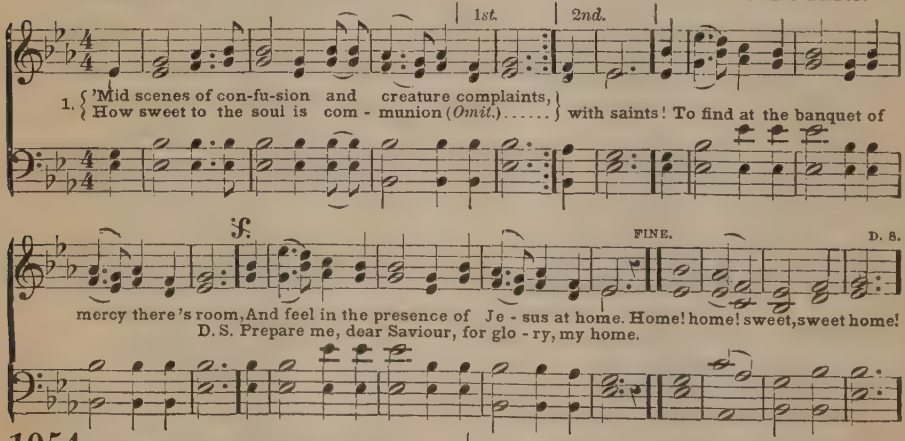
4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

Phœbe Cary.

THE SAINT'S HOME. 11. SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.


1st.
2nd.
1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, } { How sweet to the soul is com - munion (Omit.)..... } with saints! To find at the banquet of
f
FINE.
D. S.
mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
D. S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

1054 *Home! home! sweet, sweet home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

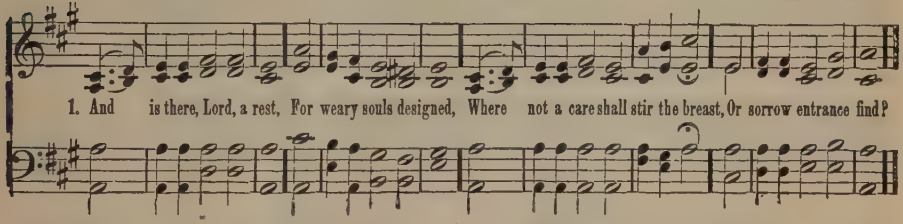
5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Denham.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1055 *Repose in heaven.*

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer.

1056 *The house not made with hands.*

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And then triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

Charles Wesley.

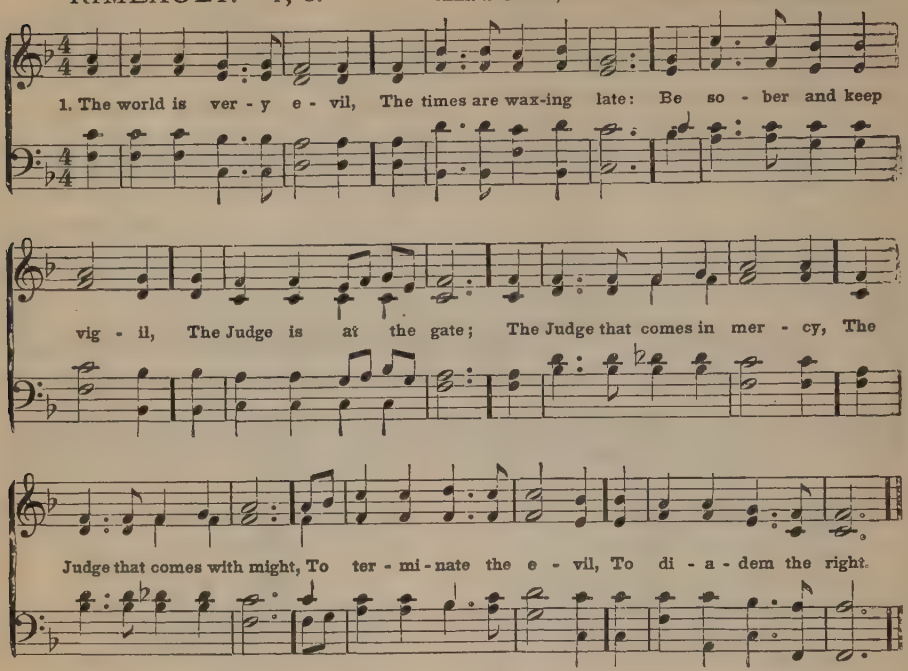
1057 *The mighty change.*

1 O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound:
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

2 No slightest touch of pain,
No sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

Charles Wesley.

RIMBAULT. 7, 6. CHAS. D'URHAN, ARR. BY EDWARD FRANCIS RIMBAULT.


1. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax-ing late: Be so - ber and keep
vig - il, The Judge is at the gate; The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The
Judge that comes with might, To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.

1058 *O sweet and blessed country.*

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn!
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distressed!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

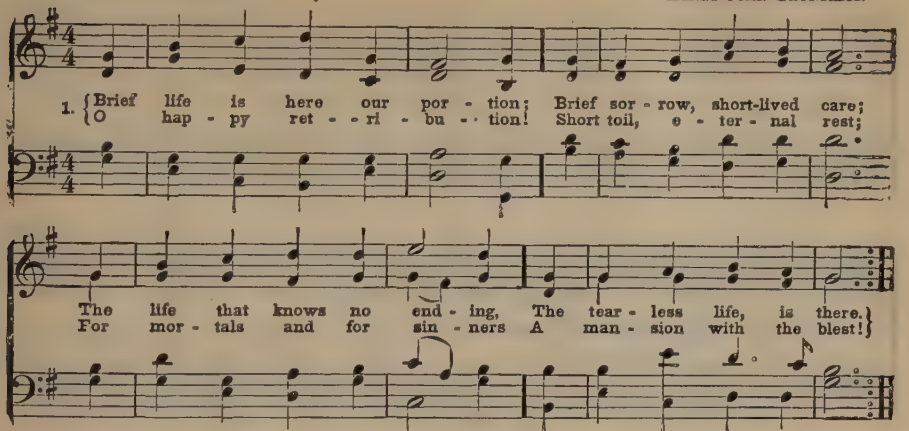
Doxology.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Unknown.

GAUNTLETT. 7, 6.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.


1. {Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
{O hap - py ret - - ri - bu - - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there.}
For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest!}

1059 *Brief sorrow—eternal rest.*

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

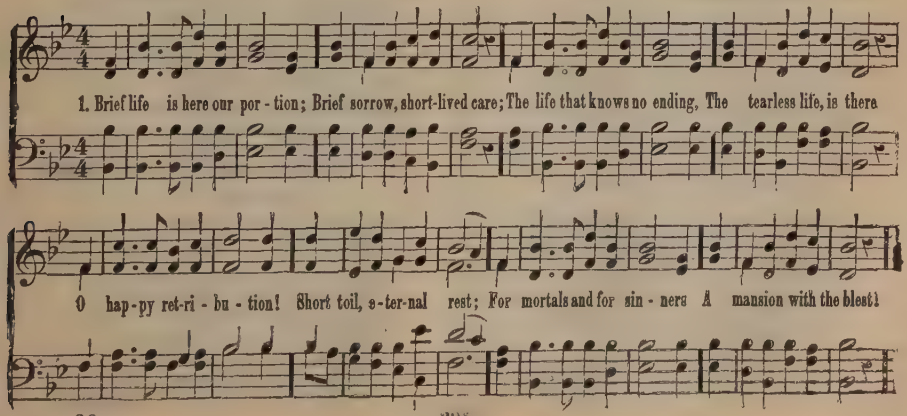
3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

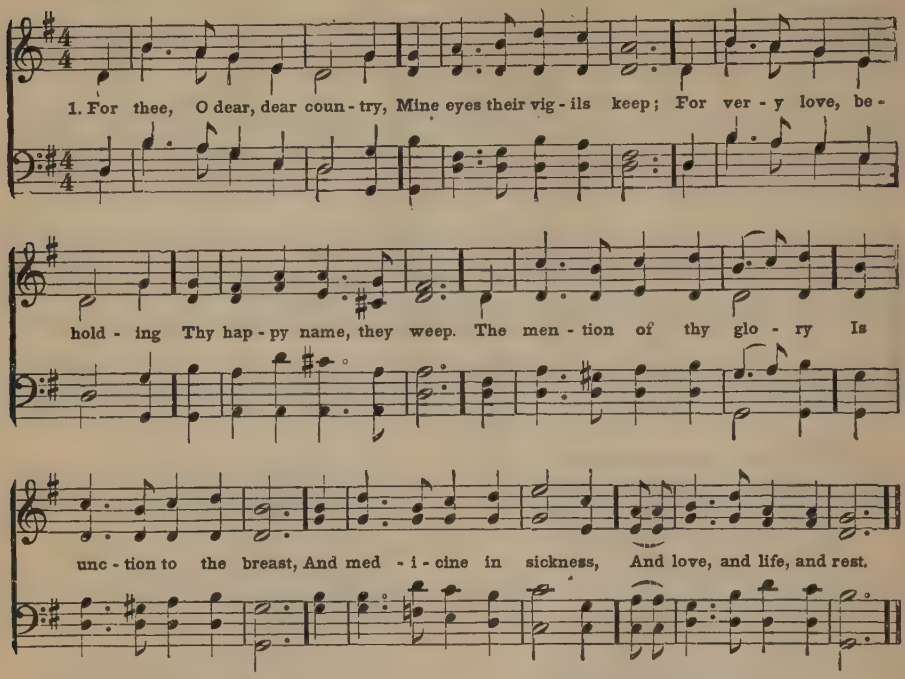
Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.


1. Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no ending, The tearless life, is there
O hap-py ret-ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e-ter-nal rest; For mortals and for sin - ners A mansion with the blest!

BERNARD. 7, 6. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be -
hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is
unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

1060 *Paradise of joy.*

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

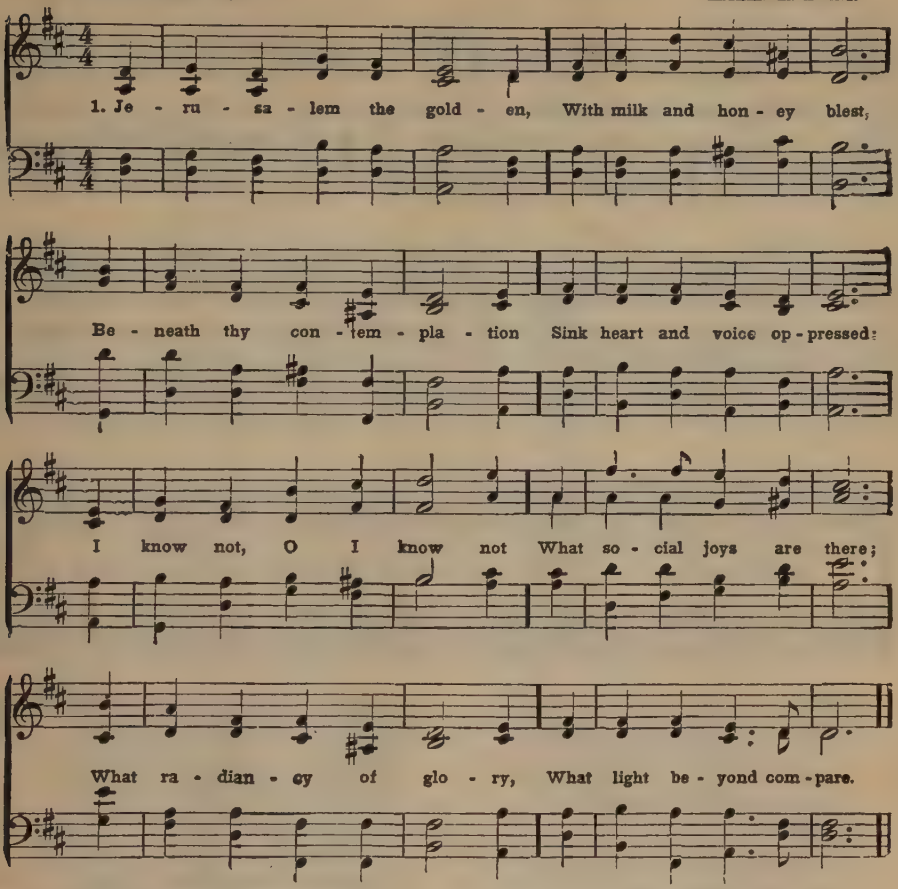
Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

Doxology.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Unknown.

EWING. 7, 6. ALEXANDER EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.

1061 *The home of God's elect.*

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

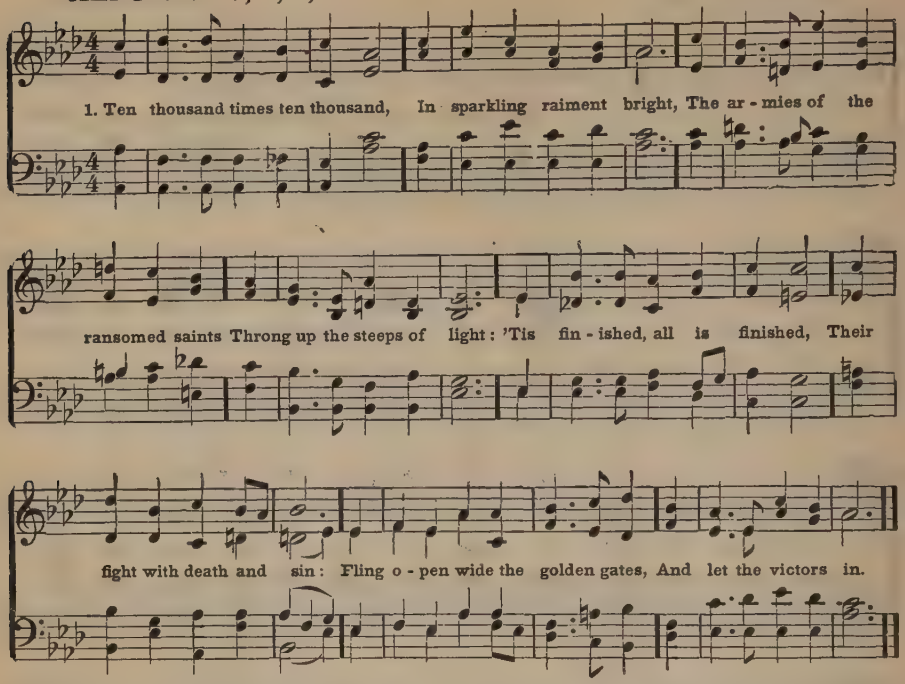
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.


1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar - mies of the
ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin - ished, all is finished, Their
fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

1062 *The armies of the living God.*

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford.

[8. Tune, Desire. Page 399.]

1063 *The heavenly Jerusalem.*

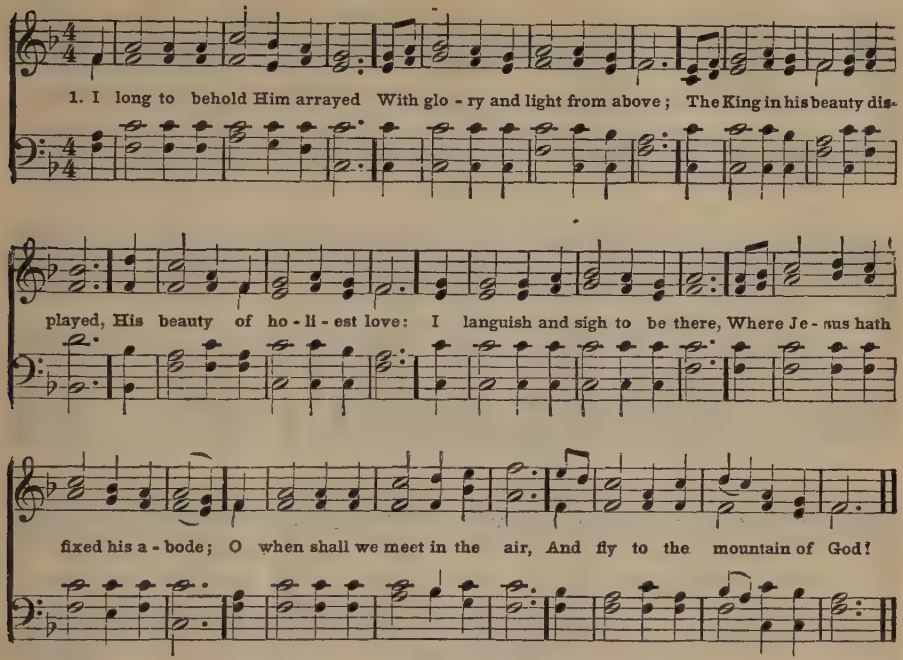
1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

Charles Wesley.

DESIRE. 8. J. B.


1. I long to behold Him arrayed With glo - ry and light from above; The King in his beauty dis-
played, His beauty of ho - li - est love: I languish and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath
fixed his a - bode; O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!

1064 *Desiring to depart.*

1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

Charles Wesley.

1065 *To be with Christ is far better.*

1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

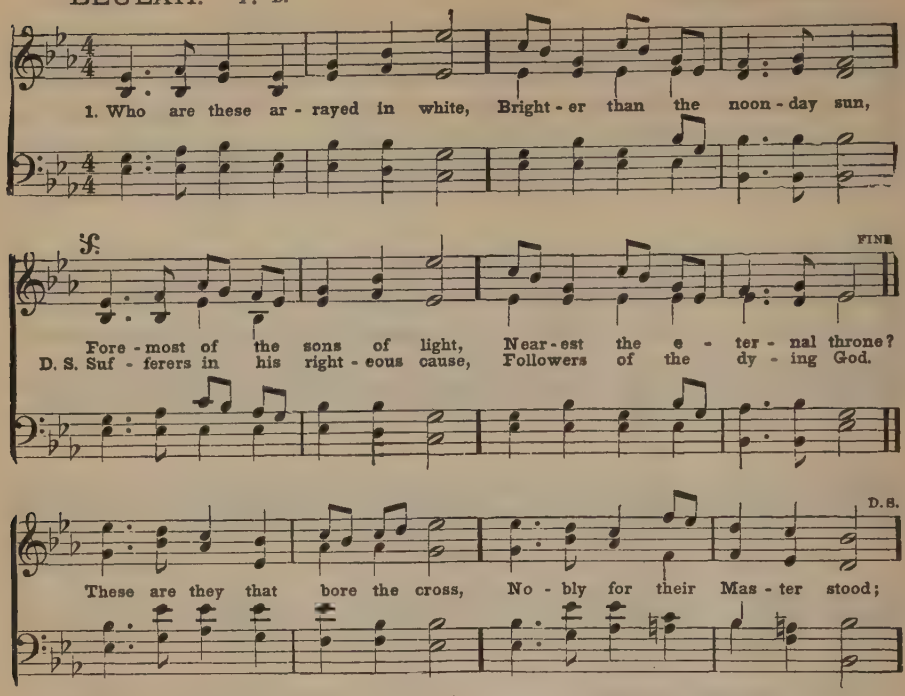
2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone;
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

Charles Wesley.

BEULAH. 7. D.

ARR. BY ELAM IVES, JR.


1. Who are these ar - rayed in white, Bright - er than the noon - day sun,
Fore - most of the sons of light, Near - est the e - ter - nal throne?
D. S. Suf - ferers in his right - eous cause, Followers of the dy - ing God.
FINE
These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood;
D.S.

1066 *In white array.*

1 WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more.
He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.

Charles Wesley.

1067 *Night lost in day.*

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

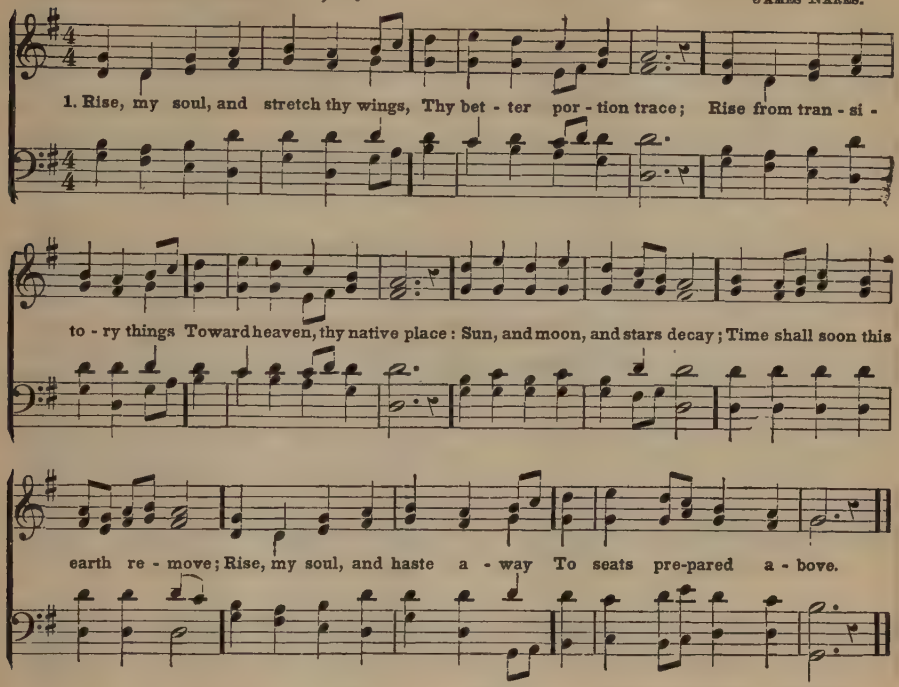
2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again:
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Thomas Raffles.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7.

JAMES NARES.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si -
to - ry things Toward heaven, thy native place: Sun, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this
earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

1068 *The better portion.*

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

Robert Seagrave.

[7. Tune, Beulah. Page 400.]

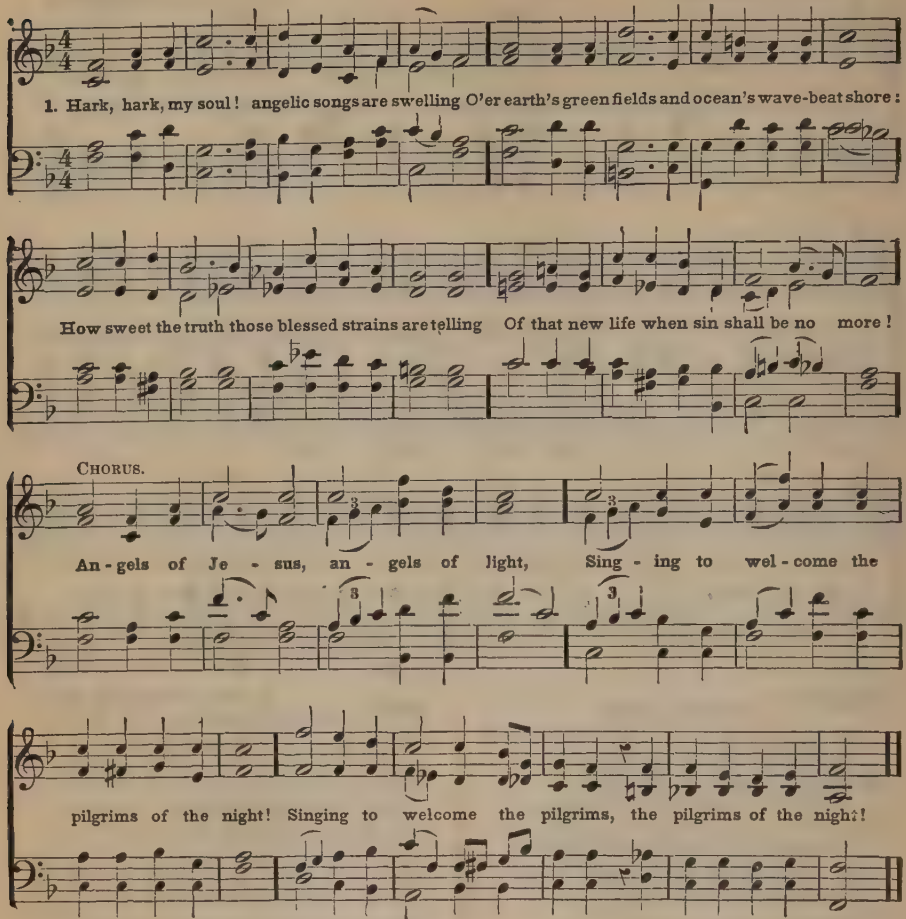
1069 *Saints and angels round the throne.*

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in whitest robes arrayed;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came,
Him, who reigns enthroned on high
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

Charles Wesley

ANGELS' SONG. 11, 10. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Chorus.
An-gels of Je-sus, an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the
pilgrims of the night! Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night!

1070 *The night is far spent, the day is at hand.* Rom. 13: 12.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

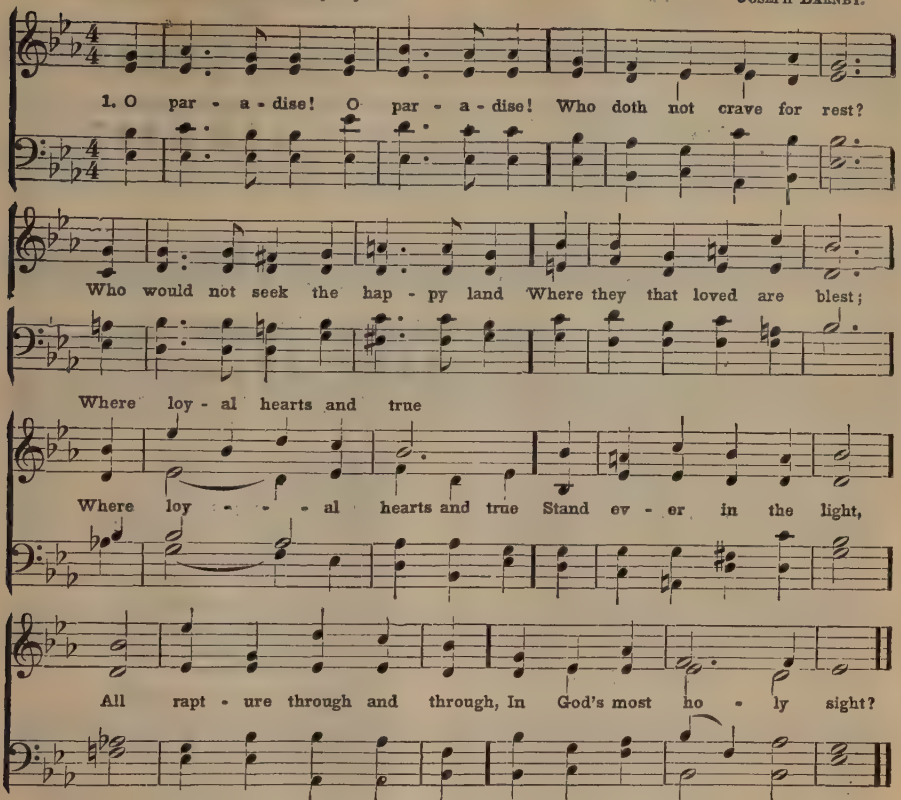
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber.

PARADISE. 8, 6, 6.

JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. O par - a - dise! O par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rapt - ure through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?

1071 *Paradise.*

1 O PARADISE! O paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight;

2 O paradise! O paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

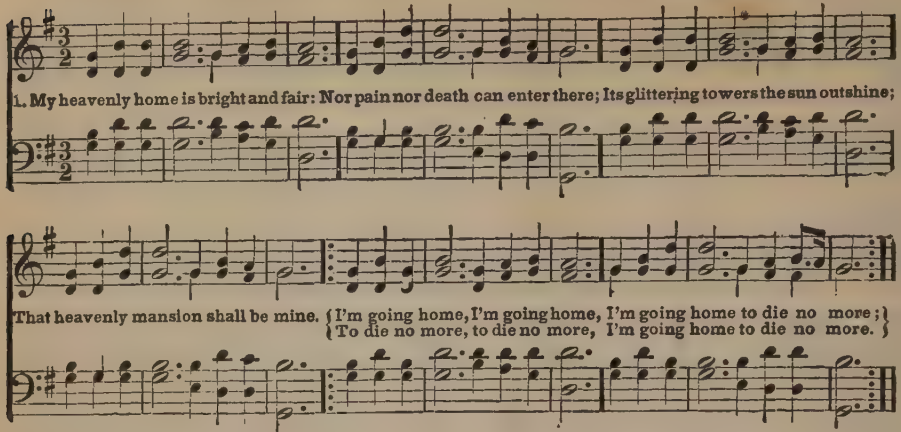
3 O paradise! O paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O paradise! O paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5 O paradise! O paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber

GOING HOME. L. M. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.


1. My heavenly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can enter there; Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine. { I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more; }
{ To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more. }

1072 *The heavenly home.*

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

[12, 9. Tune, Rapture. Page 164.]

1073 *Rapturous anticipation.*

1 Come, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

6 "Hallelujah," they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
"Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

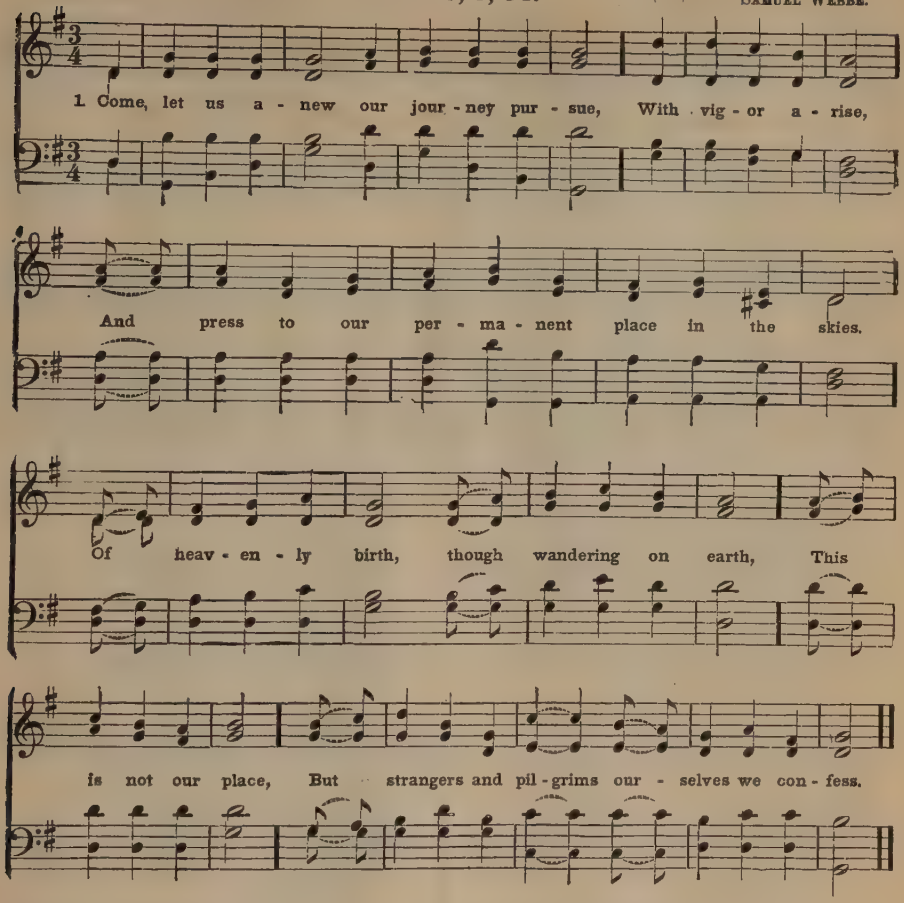
Charles Wesley.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 10, 5, 11. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1 Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, With vig - or a - rise,
And press to our per - ma - nent place in the skies.
Of heav - en - ly birth, though wandering on earth, This
is not our place, But strangers and pil - grims our - selves we con - fess.

1074 *Eternity near.*

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

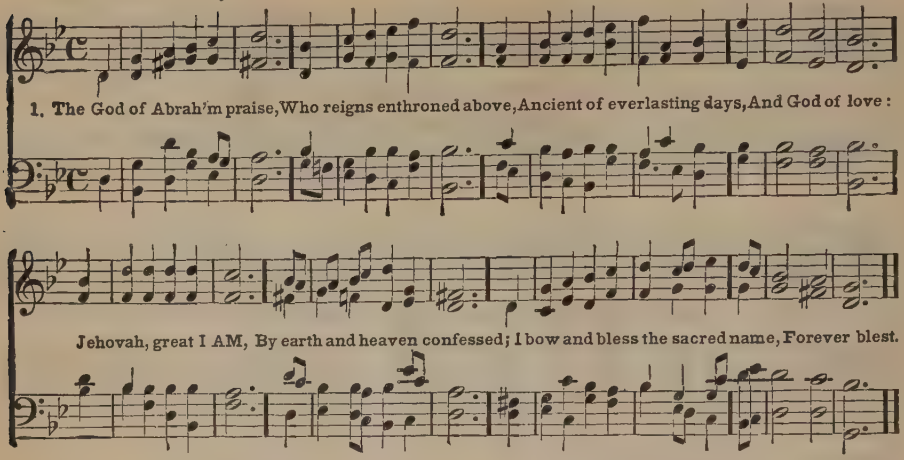
2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near

4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

Charles Wesley.

LEONI. 6, 8, 4. AD. BY RABBI LEONI.


1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed; I bow and bless the sacred name, Forever blest.

FIRST PART.

1075 *The God of Abraham.*

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

SECOND PART.

1076 *Pressing toward the mark.*

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

Thomas Olivers.

[6, 8, 4. Tune, Leoni. Page 406.]

THIRD PART.

1077 *Joining the heavenly choir.*

1 THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb!

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays,—
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

[C. P. M. Tune, Ganges. Page 243.]

1078 *The pilgrim's lot.*

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

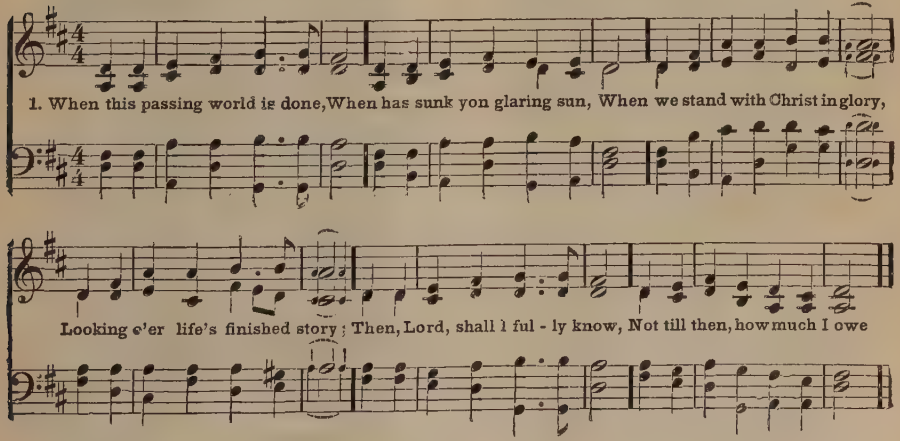
3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 "I come," thy servant, Lord, replies,
"I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!"

John Wesley.

GETHSEMANE. 7, 61.

RICHARD REDHEAD.


1. When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun, When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story; Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe

1079 *The debt unknown.*

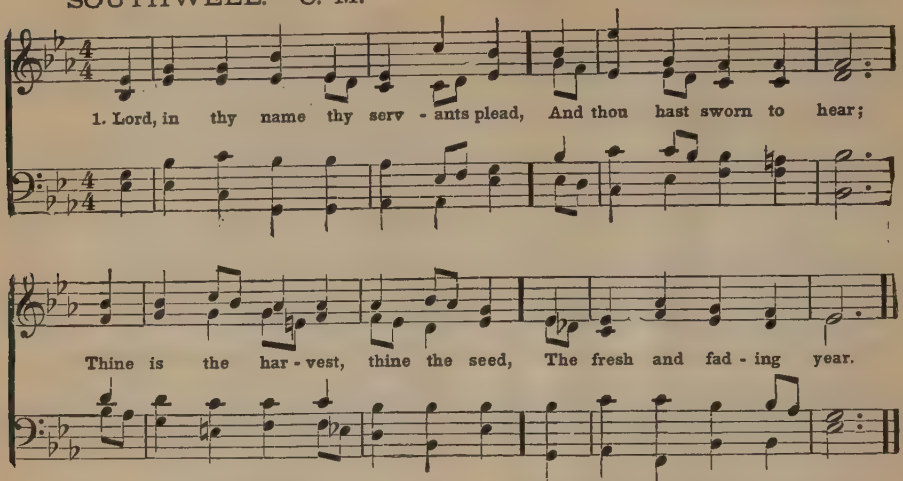
2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

Robert M. M'Cheyne.

SOUTHWELL. C. M.

HERBERT S. IRONS.


1. Lord, in thy name thy serv - ants plead, And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the har - vest, thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year.

1080 *The fruit of the seasons.*

1 LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

John Keble.

1081 *Bountiful goodness.*

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.

[L. M. Tune, Duke Street. Page 320.]

1082 *Eternal Source of every joy.*

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

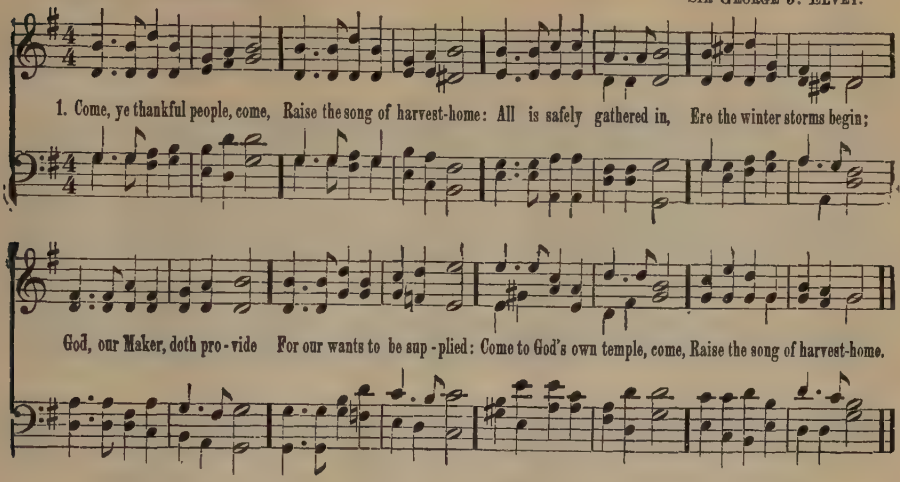
3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. GEORGE. 7. D. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.


1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest-home: All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.

1083 *Harvest-home.*

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford.

1084 *Thanksgiving hymn.*

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

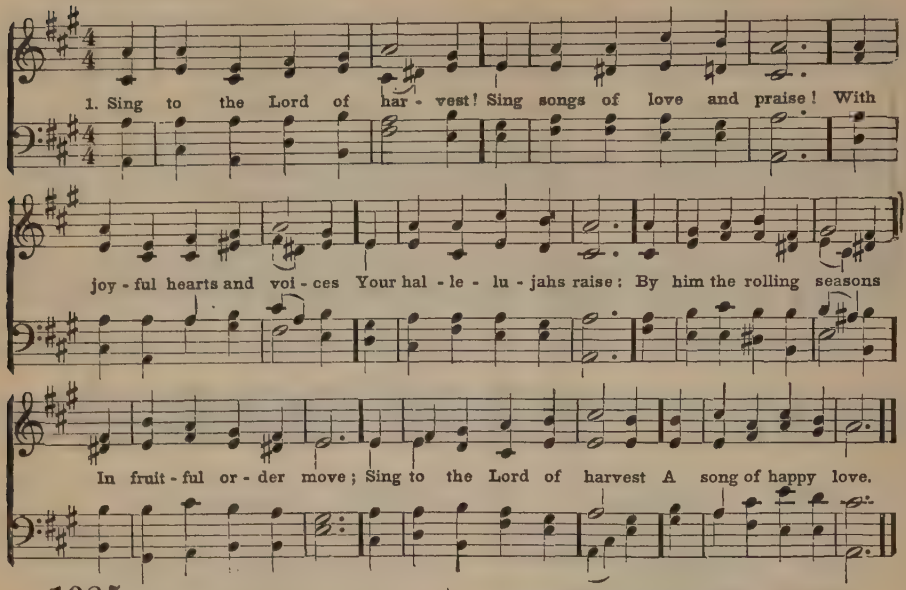
Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

Doxology.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Charles Wesley.

ST. JAMES. 7, 6. FROM LINDEMAN'S KORAL BOK.


1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest! Sing songs of love and praise! With
joy - ful hearts and voi - ces Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise: By him the rolling seasons
In fruit - ful or - der move; Sing to the Lord of harvest A song of happy love.

1085 *Praise to the Lord of harvest.*

1 SING to the Lord of harvest!
Sing songs of love and praise!
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise:
By him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with his fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty, and with peace.

3 Heap on his sacred altar
The gifts his goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls he died to save:
Your hearts lay down before him
When at his feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore him
Who gave his life for all.

4 To God, the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good,"
To Christ, who, when we wandered
Restored us with his blood,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore!

John S. B. Monsell.

1086 *God's gifts in nature.*

1 WE plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

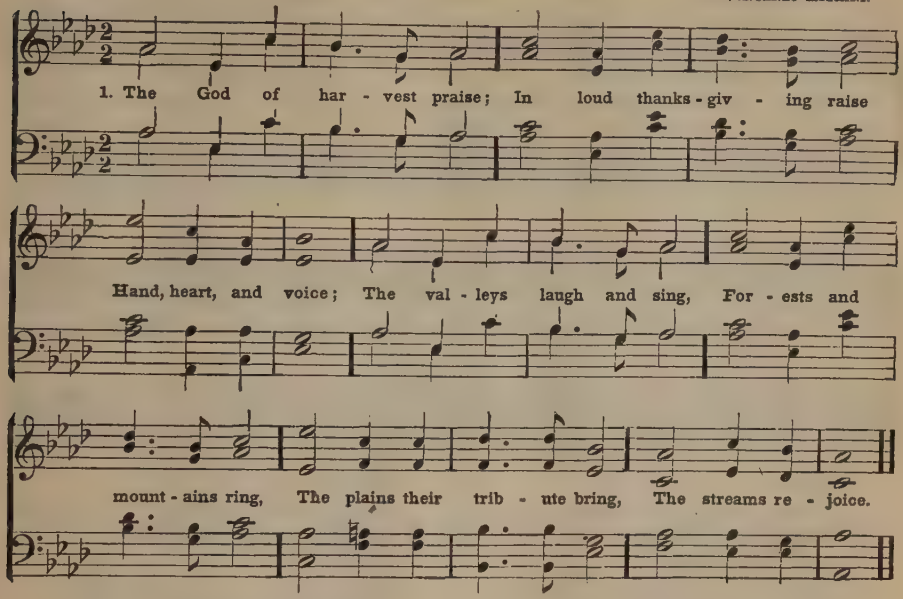
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

From the German of Matthias Claudius.

RIGHINI. 6, 4.

VINCENZO RIGHINI.


1. The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanks - giv - ing raise
Hand, heart, and voice; The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and
mount - ains ring, The plains their trib - ute bring, The streams re - joice.

1087 *Praise to the God of harvest.*

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyful thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery.

1088 [7, 6. Tune, St. James. Page 410.]
The preaching leaves.

1 THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay,
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

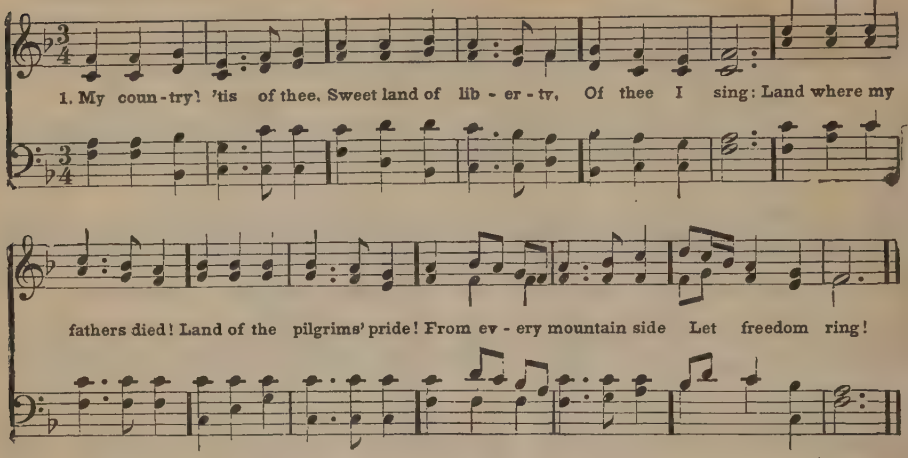
2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward unto heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky:
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,—
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home:
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

AMERICA. 6, 4. HENRY CAREY.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-ery mountain side Let freedom ring!

1089 *National hymn.*

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

1090 *Our native land.*

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

[8, 7. Tune, Wilmot. Page 70.]

1091 *Pardon for national sins.*

1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies.
Hear thy people's supplications
Now for their deliverance rise.

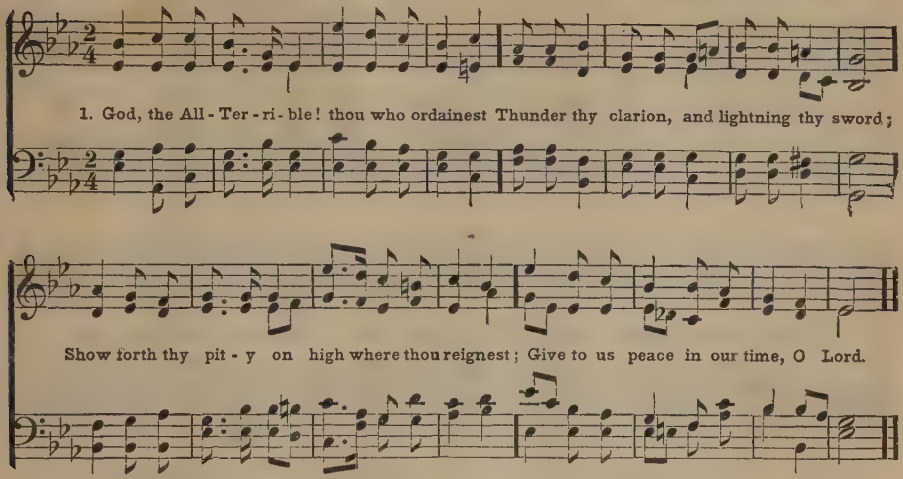
2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Unknown.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 11, 10, 9. ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.


1. God, the All - Ter - ri - ble! thou who ordainest Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pit - y on high where thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

1092 *Prayer for peace.*

1 GOD, the All-Terrible! thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

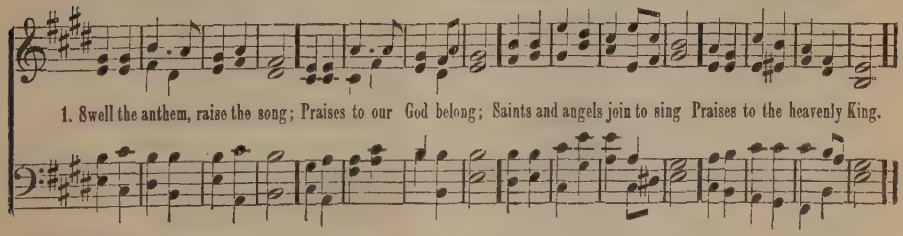
2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful devotion
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Henry F. Chorley.

JEFFERSON. 7. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI, ARR. BY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



1093 *Thanksgiving choral.*

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

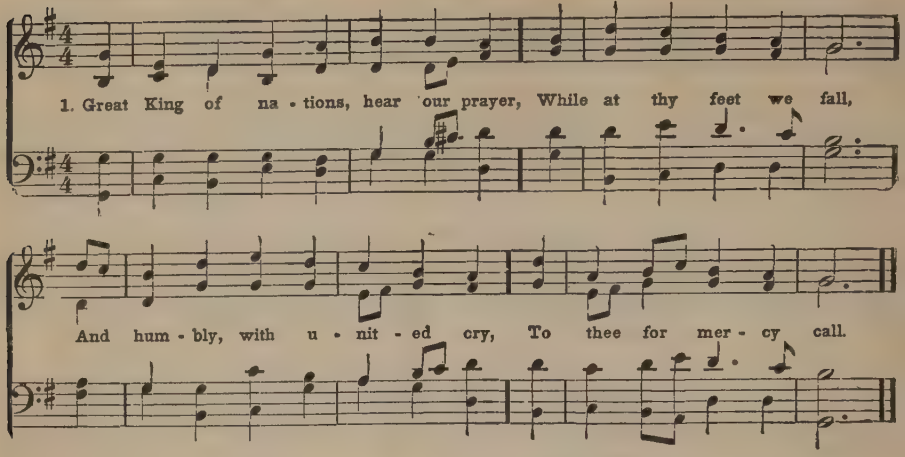
3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

ZELZAH. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



1094 *Mercy implored.*

1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To thee for mercy call.

2 The guilt is ours, but grace is thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from thy lofty throne
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare.

John H. Gurney.

1095 *For protection in pestilence.*

1 IN grief and fear to thee, O Lord,
We now for succor fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread;
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

William Bullock.

1096 *Impending judgments.*

1 COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

Anne Steele.

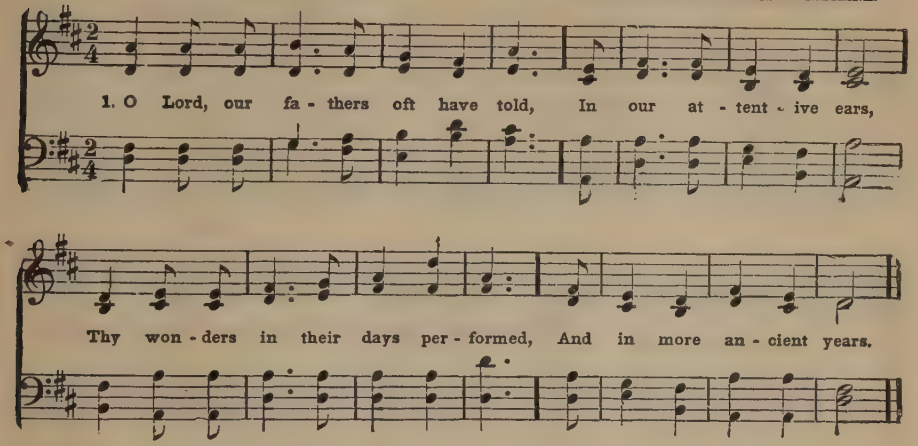
Doxology.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

PALESTRINA. C. M.

GIOVANNI PETRI ALOYSIUS PALESTRINA.



1097 *National deliverance ascribed to God.*

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save;

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

Tate and Brady.

1098 *Prayer for our native land.*

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John B. Wreford.

1099 *Strong to heal and save.*

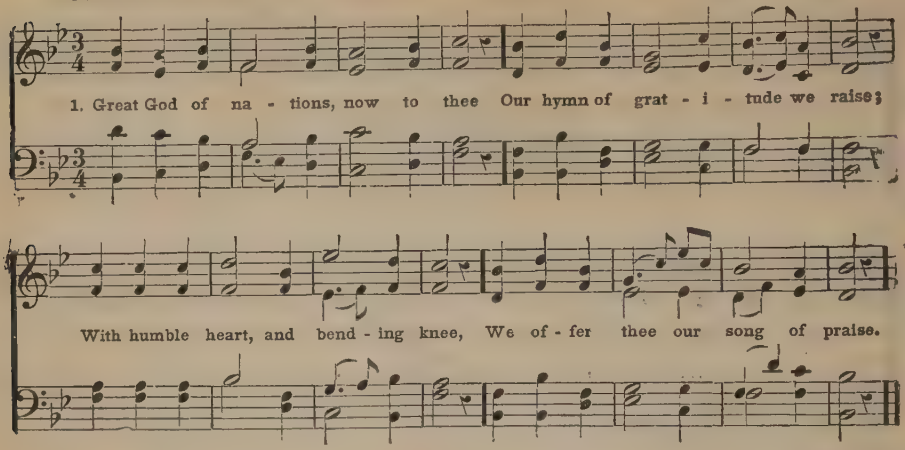
1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

Edward H. Plumptre.

MENDON. L. M. GERMAN MELODY.


1. Great God of na - tions, now to thee Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise;
With humble heart, and bend - ing knee, We of - fer thee our song of praise.

1100 *National blessings.*

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

Unknown.

1101 *Thanksgiving for national peace.*

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

Anne Steele.

1102 *Give peace, O God.*

1 O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

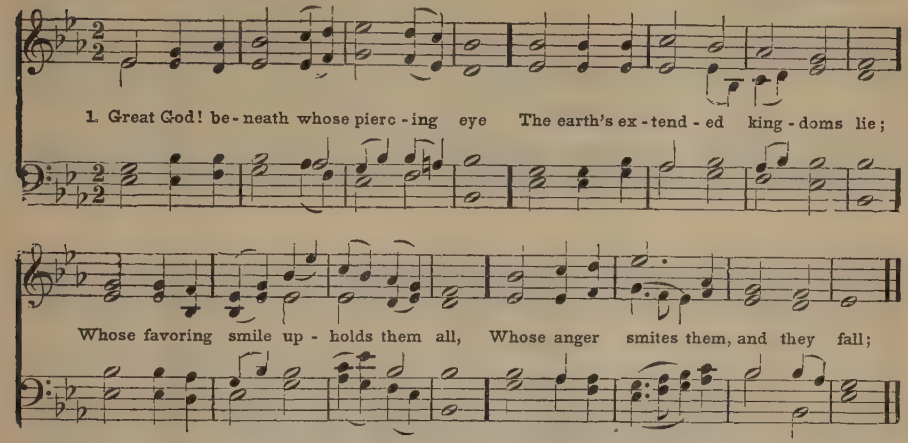
3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord,
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.


1. Great God! be - neath whose pierc - ing eye The earth's ex - tend - ed king - doms lie;
Whose favoring smile up - holds them all, Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

1103 *God, the nation's guardian.*

1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

William Roscoe, alt.

1104 *In time of war.*

1 Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then, save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song

Isaac Watts.

1105 *Trust in our fathers' God.*

1 To thee, O God, whose guiding hand
Our fathers led across the sea,
And brought them to this barren shore,
Where they might freely worship thee,—

2 To thee, O God, whose arm sustained
Their footsteps in this desert land,
Where sickness lurked, and death assailed
And foes beset on every hand,—

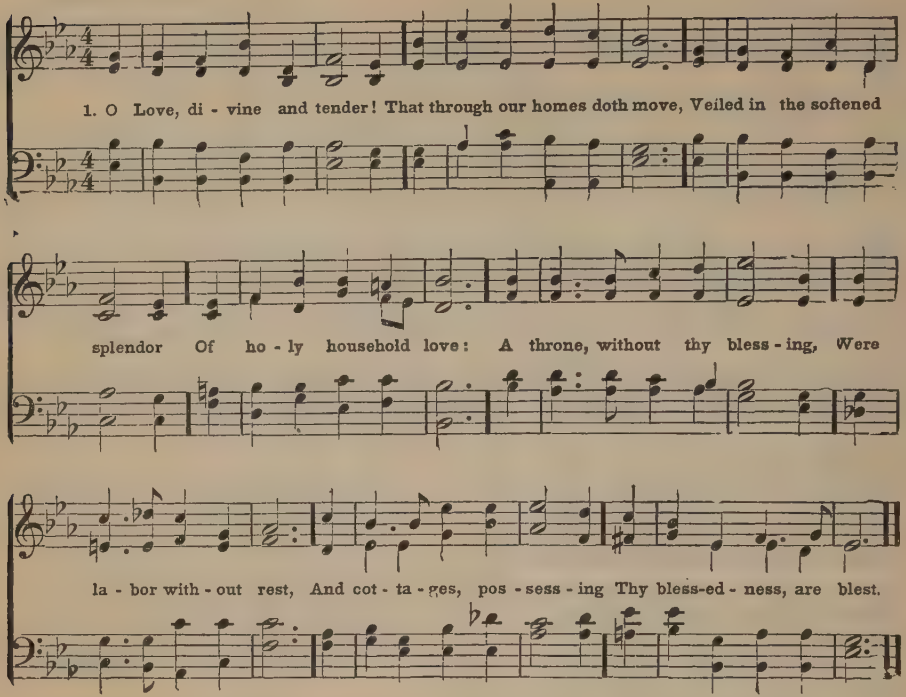
3 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
To thee our grateful voices raise,
And, kneeling at thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

4 Our fathers' God, incline thine ear,
And listen to our heartfelt prayer;
Surround us with thy heavenly grace,
And guard us with thy constant care.

5 Our fathers' God, in thee we 'll trust,
Sheltered by thee from every harm;
We 'll follow where thy hand shall guide,
And lean on thy sustaining arm.

William T. Davis.

BOLTON. 7, 6. JOHN WALSH.


1. O Love, di - vine and tender! That through our homes doth move, Veiled in the softened
splendor Of ho - ly household love: A throne, without thy bless - ing, Were
la - bor with - out rest, And cot - ta - ges, pos - sess - ing Thy bless-ed - ness, are blest.

1106 *Household love.*

1 O LOVE, divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love:
A throne, without thy blessing,
Were labor without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, forever sharing
Its joy, where "God is love."

John S. B. Monsell.

[S. M. Tune, Dennis. Page 298.]

1107 *Marriage hymn.*

1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

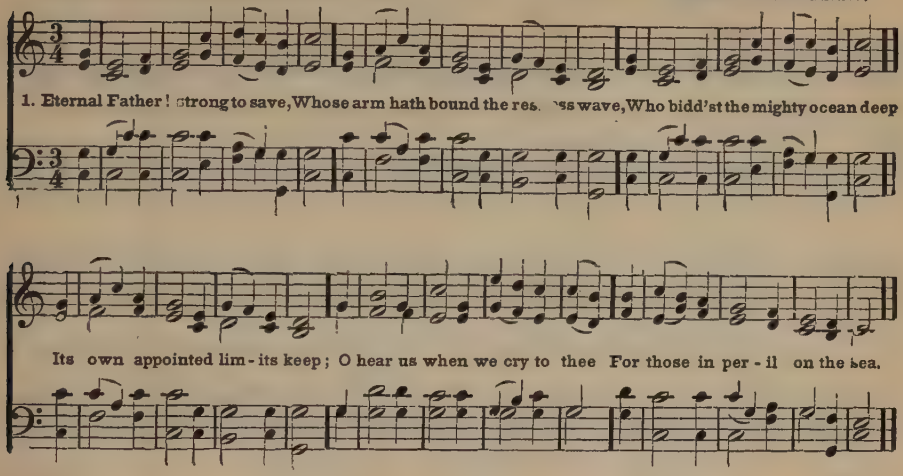
4 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side.

6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 61. DIMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY.


1. Eternal Father! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the res. ss wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed lim - its keep; O hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.

1108 *For those in peril on the sea.*

1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting.

[7, 6, 8. Tune, Penitence. Page 204.]

1109 *Safe with Jesus in the ship.*

1 LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand,
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.

Charles Wesley.

[8. Tune, Desire. Page 399.]

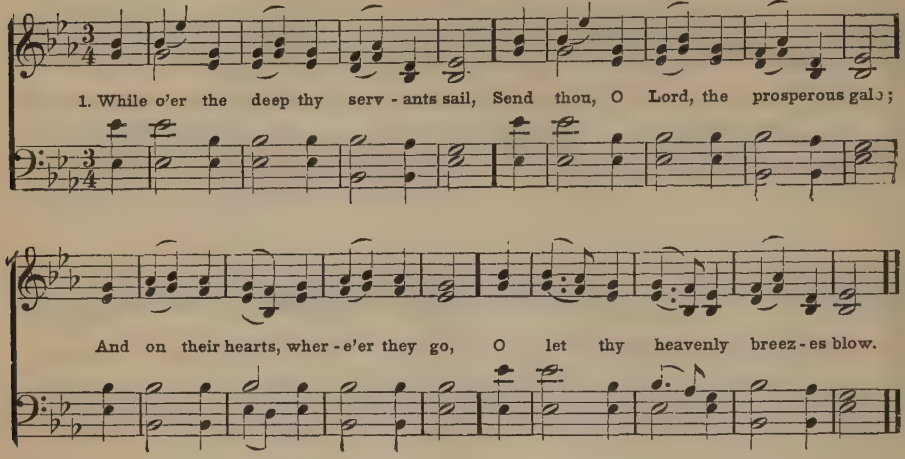
1110 *He holdeth the waters in his hand.*

1 O THOU, who hast spread out the skies
And measured the depths of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall arise
In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
Forever thy presence is near,
Though heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride on the deep without fear;
The waters are held in thy hand.

2 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round;
Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to thee,
As on toward the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

Hannah F. Gould.

GRATITUDE. L. M. REV. AMI BOST, ARR. BY THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. While o'er the deep thy serv - ants sail, Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, wher - e'er they go, O let thy heavenly breez - es blow.

1111 *For mariners.*

1 WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

George Burgess.

1112 *His way is in the sea.*

1 LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore;
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

Charles Wesley.

[C. M. Tune, Ortonville. Page 92.]

1113 *God's servants safe by sea or land.*

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

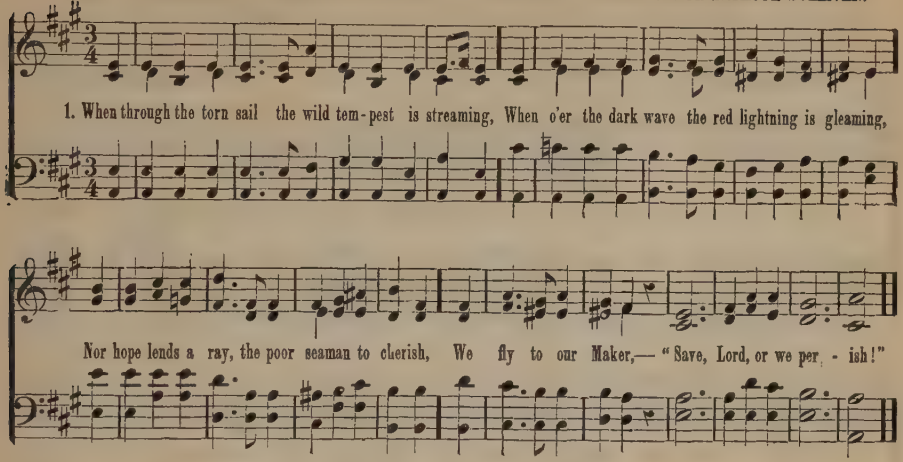
5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

SULLIVAN. 12.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.


1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker,— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish!"

1114 *Save, Lord, or we perish.*

1 When through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—"Save, Lord, or we
perish!"

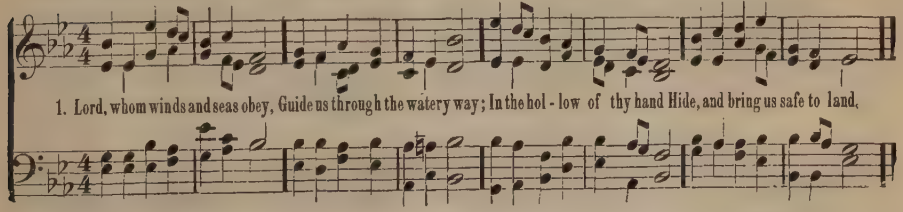
2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or
we perish!"

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeeméd to
cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer, "Save, Lord, or we
perish!"

Reginald Heber.

THEODORA. 7.

Arr. from George Frederick Handel.



1115 *Embarking.*

1 Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

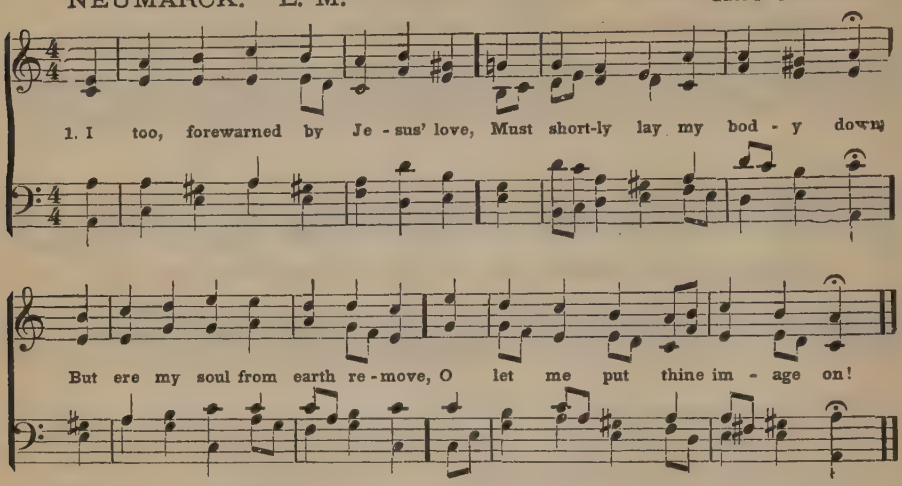
4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Charles Wesley.

THE FOLLOWING HYMNS WERE COMPOSED BY CHARLES WESLEY IN EXTREME OLD AGE.
THE SECOND HYMN WAS HIS LAST UTTERANCE IN VERSE, AND
WAS DICTATED ON HIS DEATH-BED.

NEUMARCK. L. M.

GEORGE NEUMARCK.



1116 *The aged disciple's prayer.*

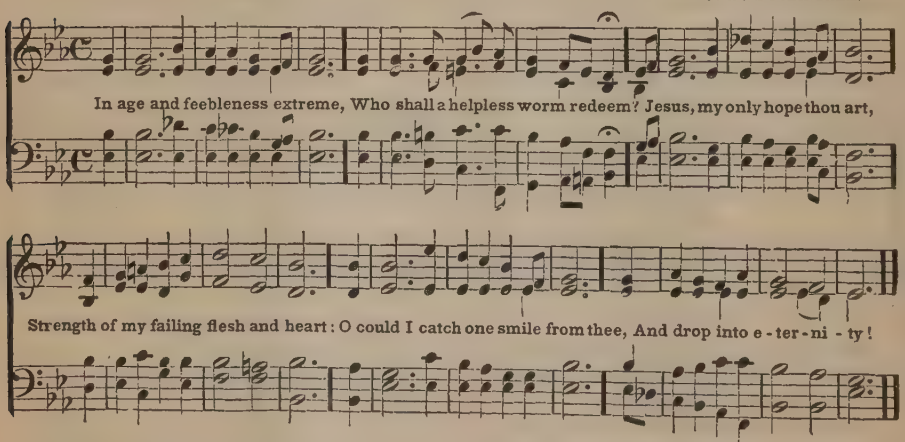
1 I TOO, forewarned by Jesus' love,
Must shortly lay my body down;
But ere my soul from earth remove,
O let me put thine image on!

2 Saviour! thy meek and lowly mind
Be to thine aged servant given;
And glad I 'll drop this tent, to find
My everlasting house in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

VALE. L. M. 61.

J. D. BUCKINGHAM.


In age and feebleness extreme, Who shall a helpless worm redeem? Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart: O could I catch one smile from thee, And drop into e - ter - ni - ty!

1117 *Aged and helpless.*

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

2 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Tate and Brady.

3 C. M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

Isaac Watts.

4 S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

5 L. M. 61.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

John Dryden.

6 L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Isaac Watts.

7 H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

Isaac Watts, alt.

8 C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more!

Tate and Brady.

9 7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Charles Wesley.

10 7, 61.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Unknown.

11 8, 7, 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

William Goode.

12 8, 7.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder, alt.

13 8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest!
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be confessed.

Unknown.

14 7, 6, 8.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore!
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

15 6, 4.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!

Edwin F. Hatfield.

16 7, 8, 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ascribe we equal glory;
One Deity, in Persons Three,
Let all thy works adore thee:
As was from the beginning,
Glory to God be given,
By all who know thy name below,
And all thy hosts in heaven.

Charles Wesley

17 7, 6.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Thomas Haweis.

18 10.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

Simon Browne.

19 11.

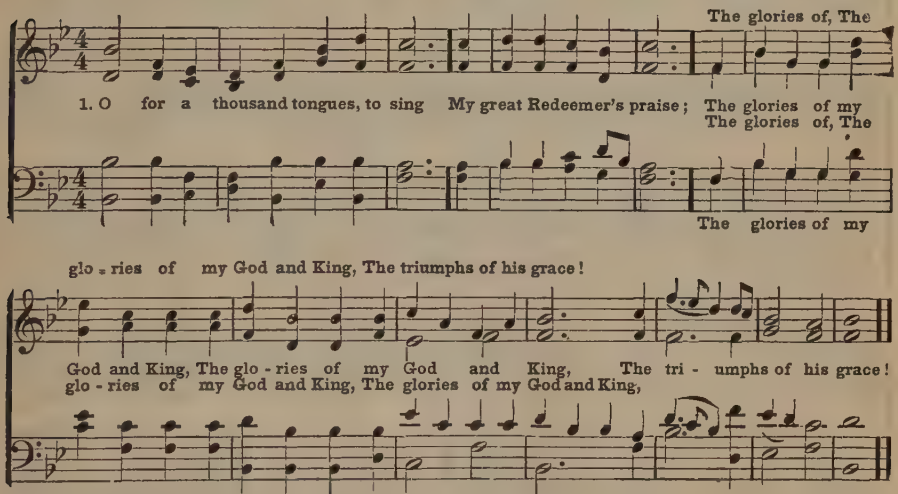
O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Unknown.

OCCASIONAL PIECES AND CHANTS.

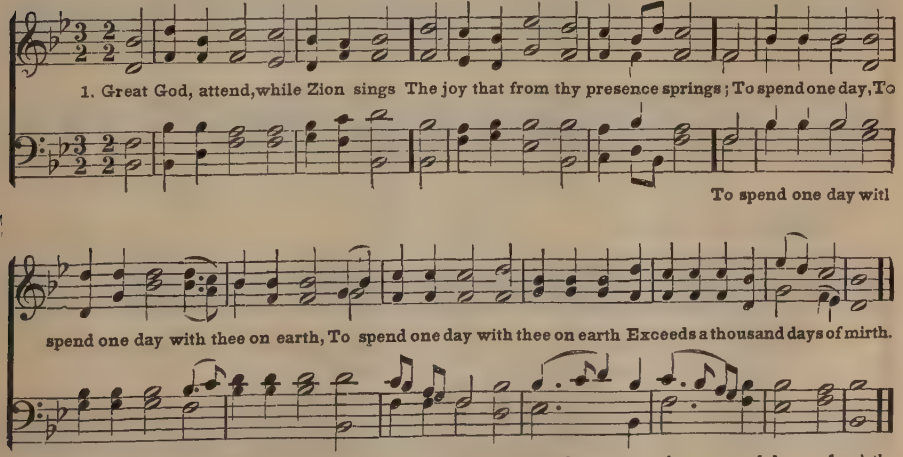
NORTHFIELD. C. M. (See Hymn 1.)

JEREMIAH INGALLS.


The glories of, The
1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
The glories of, The
The glories of my
glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
God and King, The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!
glo - ries of my God and King, The glories of my God and King,
God and King, The glories of my God and King,

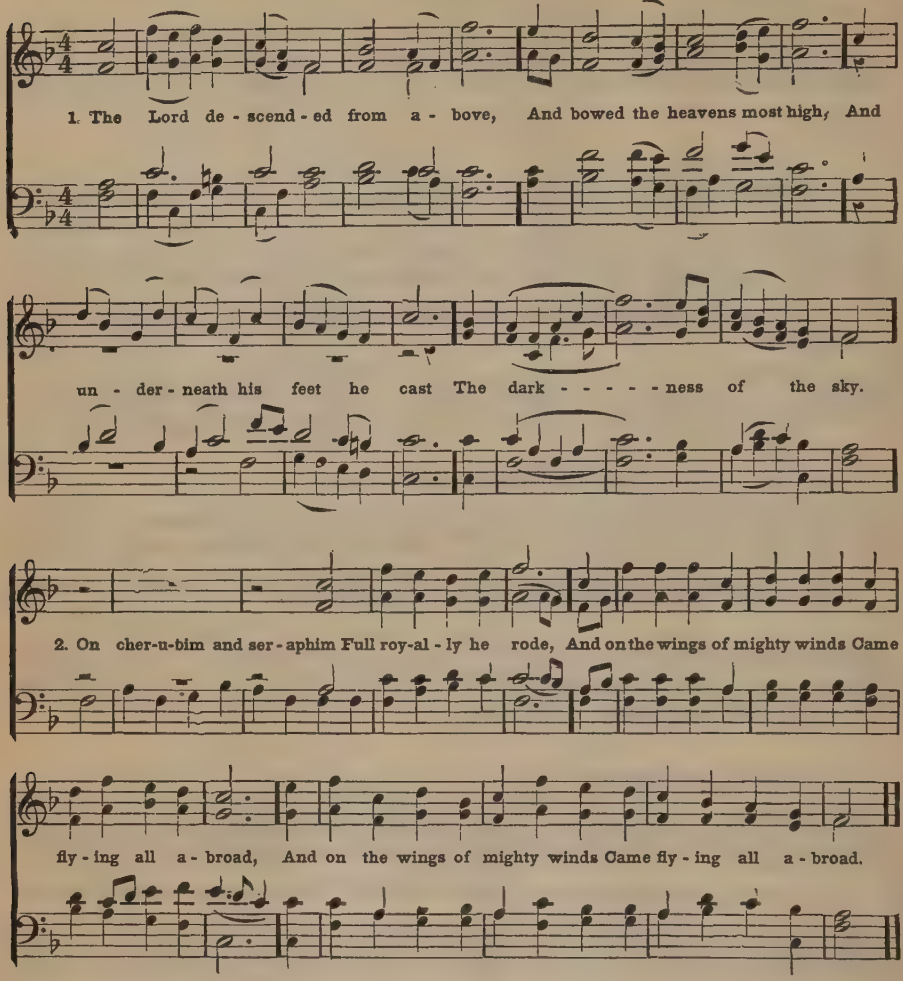
BRIDGEWATER. L. M. (See Hymn 69.)

LEWIS EDSON.


1. Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day, To
To spend one day with
spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

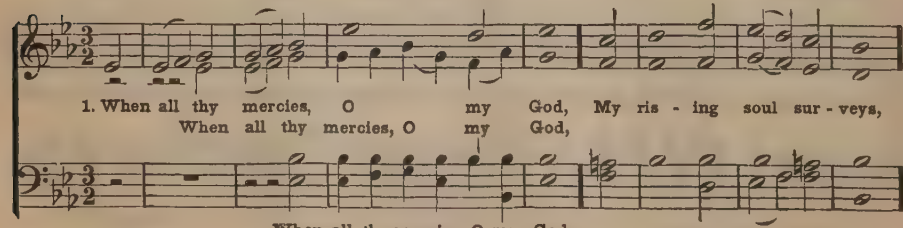
MAJESTY. C. M. D. (See Hymn 152.)

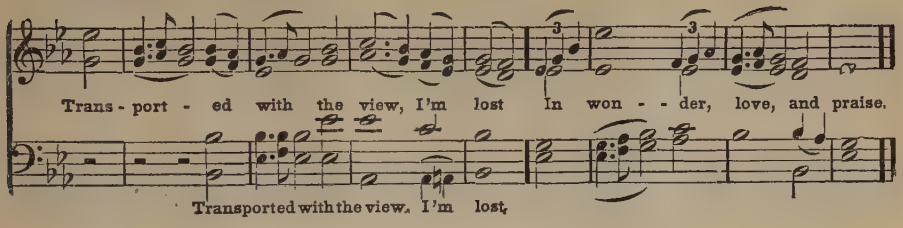
WILLIAM BILLINGS.

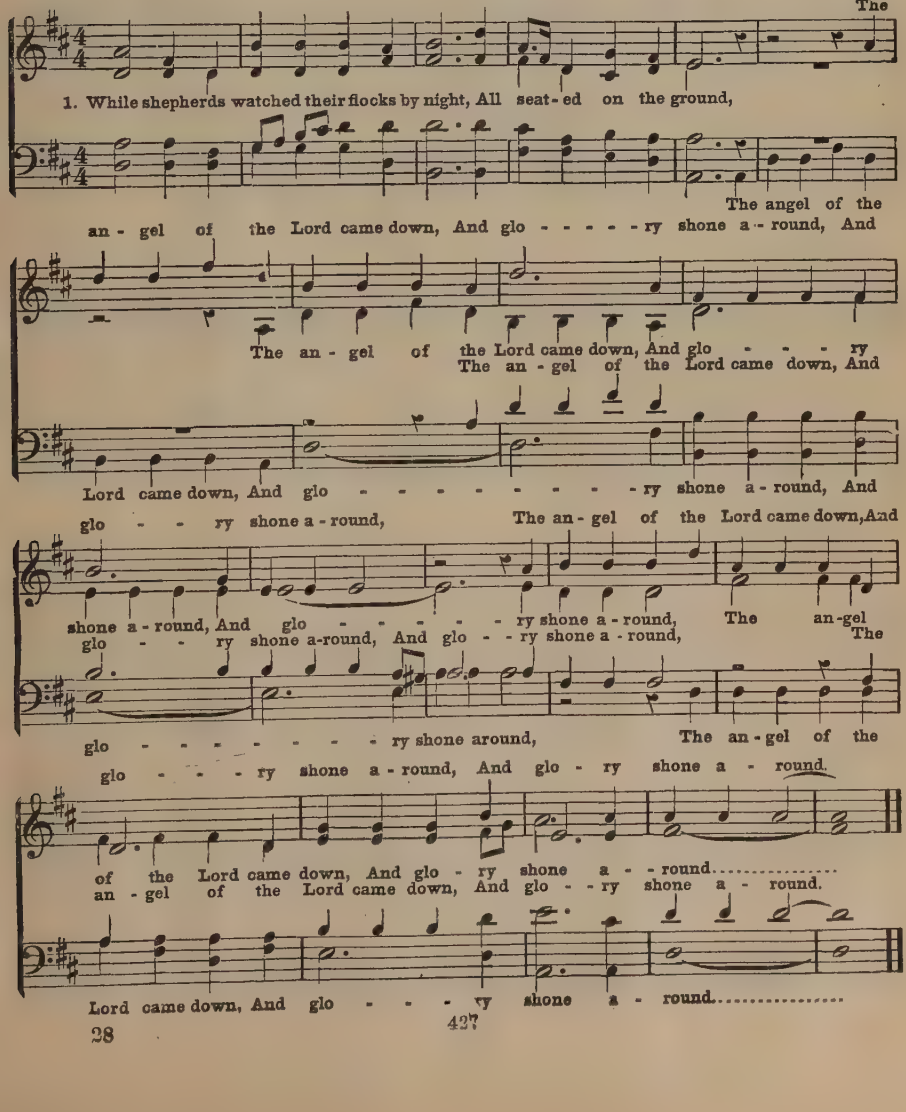

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And
un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.
2. On cher-u-bim and ser - aphim Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came
fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

GENEVA. C. M. (See Hymn 160.)

JOHN COLE.

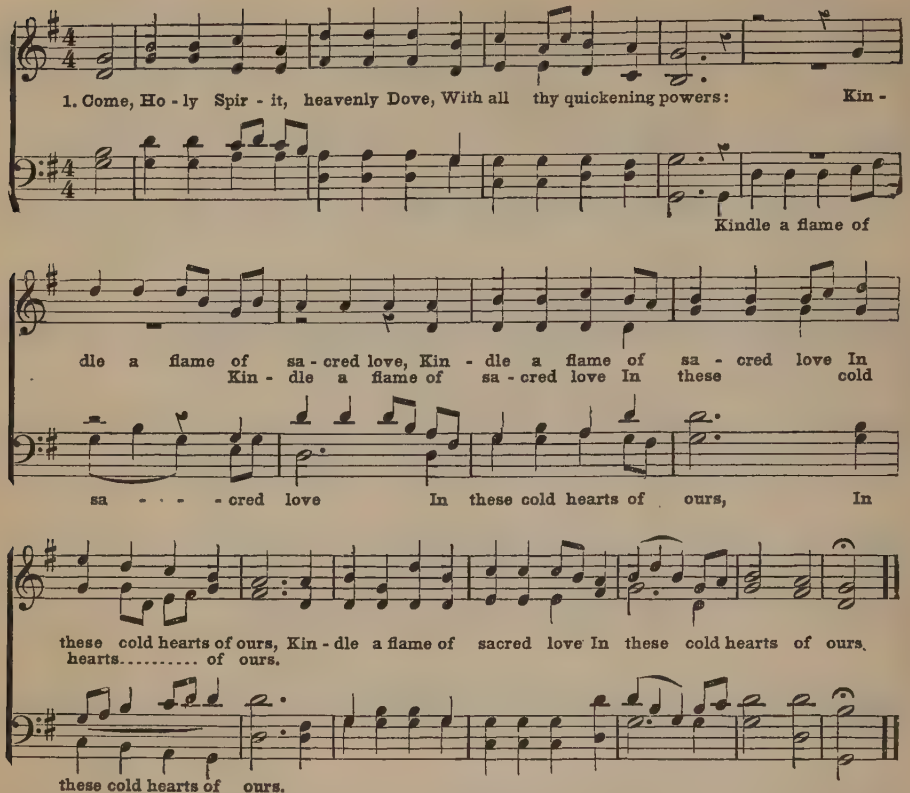


GENEVA.—*Concluded.*

SHERBURNE. C. M. (See Hymn 192.) DANIEL READ.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
The angel of the
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - ry shone a - round, And
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
Lord came down, And glo - - - - - - - - - ry shone a - round, And
glo - - ry shone a - round,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
shone a - round, And glo - - - - - ry shone a - round,
The an - gel
glo - - ry shone a - round, And glo - - ry shone a - round,
The
glo - - - - - - - - ry shone around,
The an - gel of the
glo - - - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - - round.....
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a - round.
Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a - round.....

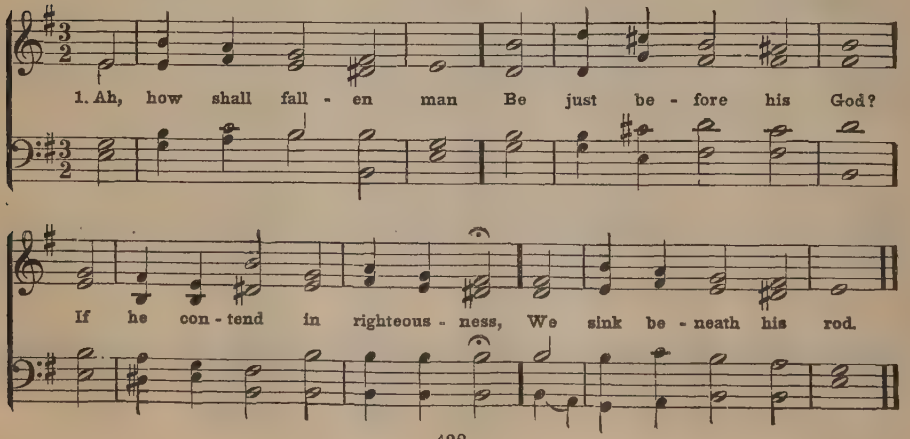
TURNER. C. M. (See Hymn 277.)

ABRAHAM MAXIM.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers: Kin -
Kindle a flame of
dle a flame of sa - cred love, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold
sa - - - - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In
these cold hearts of ours, Kin - dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
hearts..... of ours.
these cold hearts of ours.

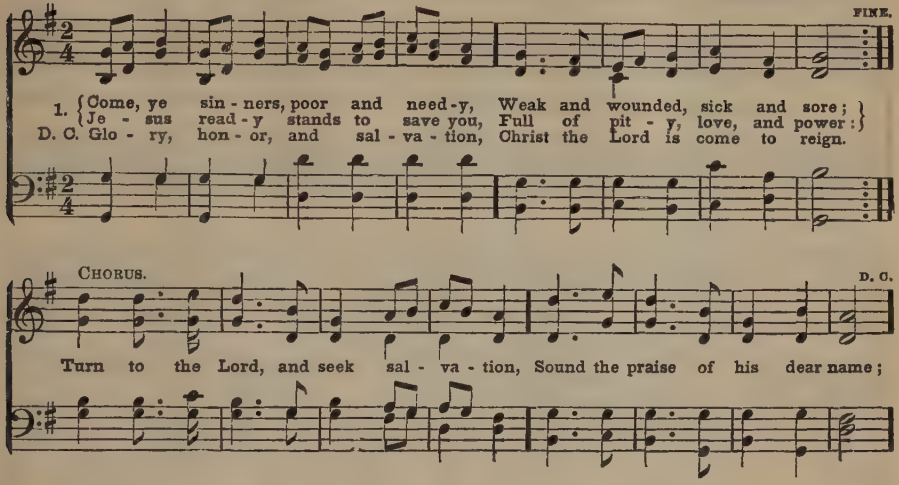
AYLESBURY. S. M. (See Hymn 310.)

JAMES GREEN.



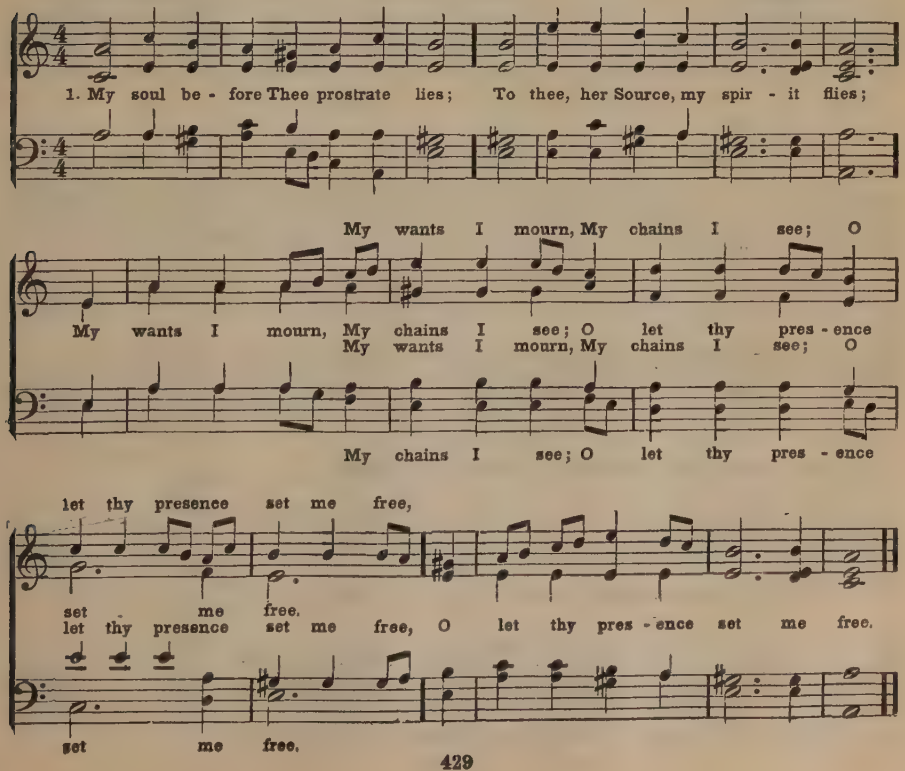
COME, YE SINNERS. 8, 7. D. (See Hymn 340.)

JEREMIAH INGALLS.


FINE.
1. {Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
{Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power:
D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

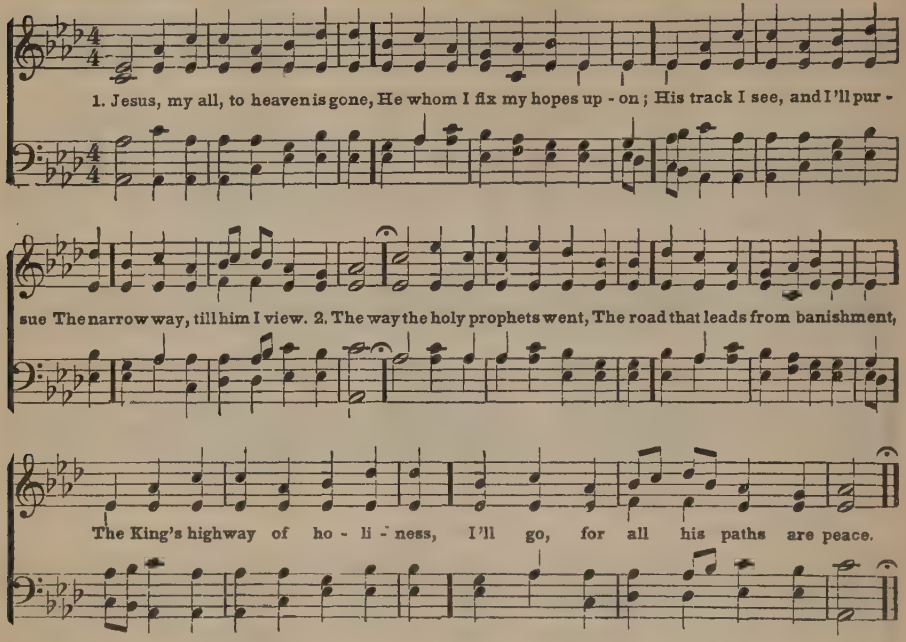
RUSSIA. L. M. (See Hymn 394.)

DANIEL READ.


1. My soul be - fore Thee prostrate lies; To thee, her Source, my spir - it flies;
My wants I mourn, My chains I see; O
My wants I mourn, My chains I see; O let thy pres - ence
My wants I mourn, My chains I see; O
My chains I see; O let thy pres - ence
let thy presence set me free,
set me free.
let thy presence set me free, O let thy pres - ence set me free.
set me free.

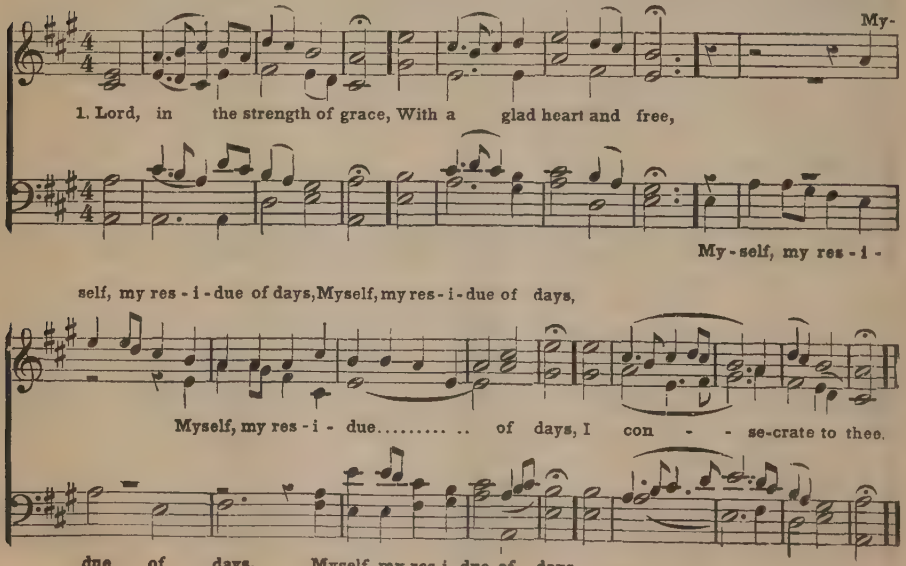
DUANE STREET. L. M. D. (See Hymn 450.)

REV. GEORGE COLES.


1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur -
sue The narrow way, till him I view. 2. The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

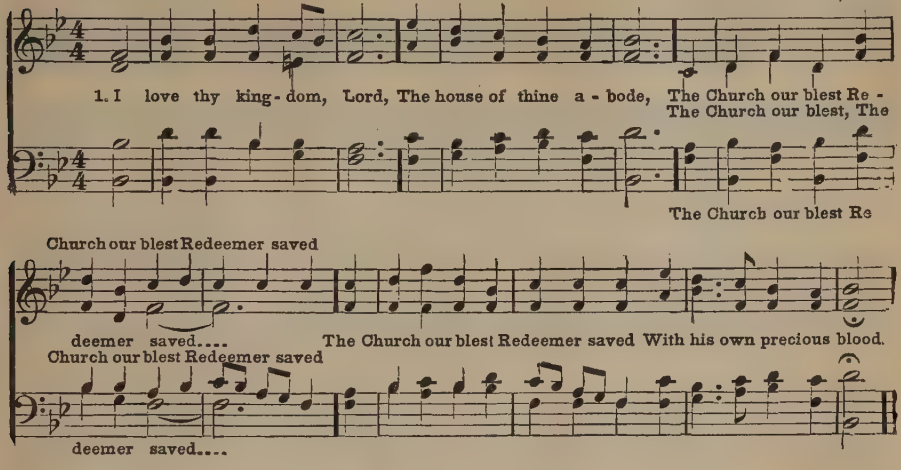
STAFFORD. S. M. (See Hymn 473.)

DANIEL READ.


My-
1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free,
My - self, my res - i -
self, my res - i - due of days, Myself, my res - i - due of days,
Myself, my res - i - due..... .. of days, I con - - se-crate to thee.
due of days, Myself, my res-i-due of days,

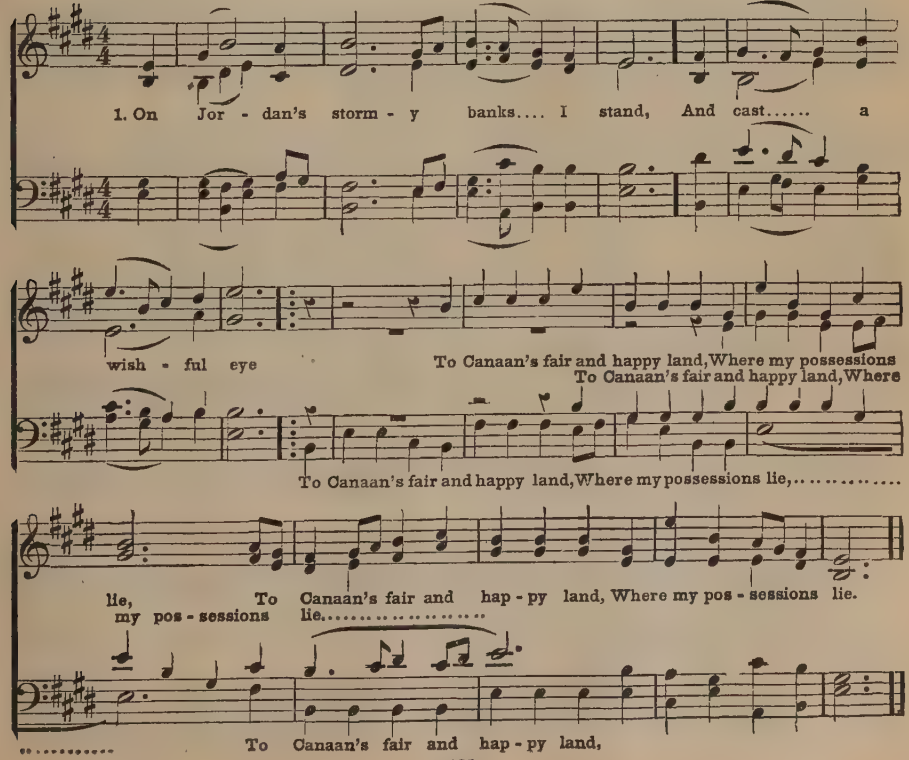
CONCORD. S. M. (See Hymn 770.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.


The Church our blest, The
1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re -
The Church our blest, The
The Church our blest Re
Church our blest Redeemer saved
deemer saved.... The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
Church our blest Redeemer saved
deemer saved....

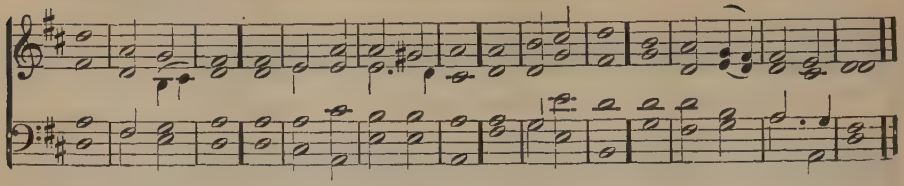
EXHORTATION. C. M. (See Hymn 1038.)

S. HIBBARD.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks.... I stand, And cast..... a
wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,.....
lie, To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
my pos - sessions lie.....
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land,

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



Psalm xcv.

1 O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; ‖ let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, ‖ and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God, ‖ and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; ‖ and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his, | and he | made it; ‖ and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.

6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down, ‖ and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God, ‖ and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty--of | holiness; ‖ let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

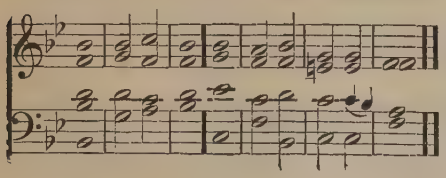
*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, ‖ and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

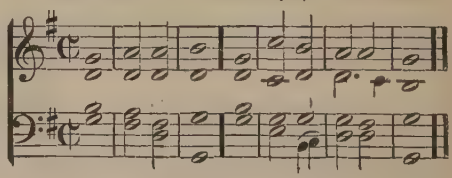
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

* Begin at middle of the Chant.

JUBILATE DEO. (1.) GREGORIAN.



JUBILATE DEO. (2.) WM. TURNER.



Psalm c.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands; ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; ‖ it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, | and the | sheep of--his | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.

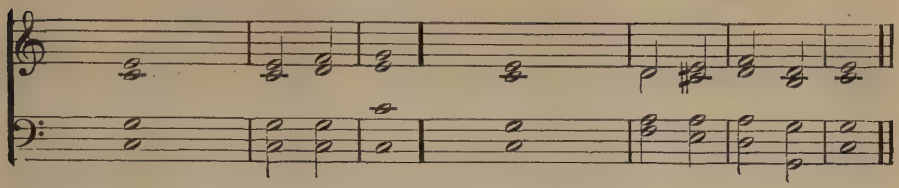
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting; ‖ and his truth endureth from gener- | ation--to | gener- | ation.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. T. Downes.



Matthew vi, 9–13.

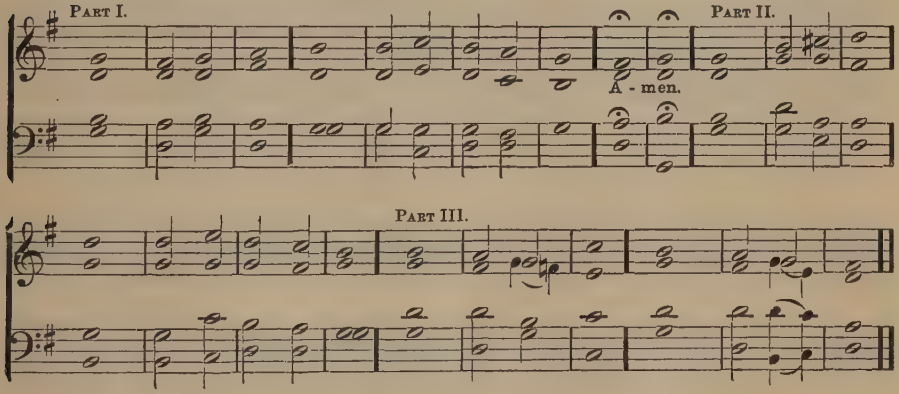
1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come: th will be done on | earth--as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass--a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory,--for- | ever. A- | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Unknown



PART I.

Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will--toward | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son of the | Father,

PART III.

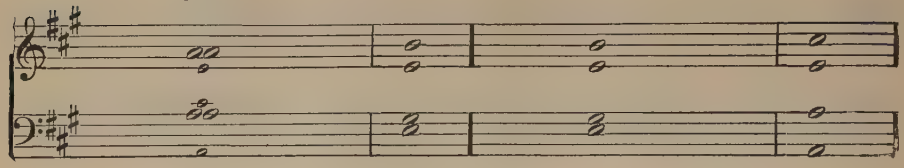
That takest away the | sins--of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins--of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins--of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.

PART I.

For thou | only--art | holy, ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory--of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

[The CADENCE of each part begins with the word or syllable in *Italics*.]



1 WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the *Lord:*
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever-*lasting.*

3 HOLY—HOLY—HO-*LY:*
LORD GOD OF *SABAOTH:*

5 The glorious company of the apostles praise *thee:*
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise *thee:*

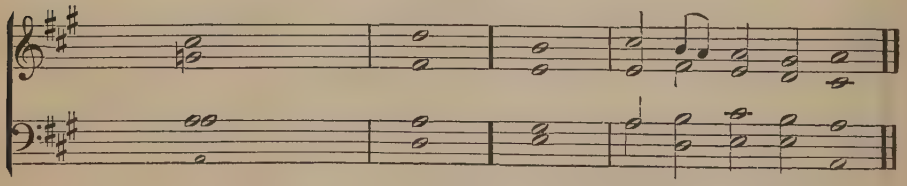
7 The Father of an infinite *Majesty:*
Thine adorable, true, and only *Son:*

9 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver *man,*
Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a *Virgin:*

11 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the *Father:*
We believe that thou shalt come, to be our *Judge:*

13 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine *heritage:*
Govern them, and lift them up for-*ever.*

15 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without *sin:*
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon *us.*



2 To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers there-*in:*
To thee cherubim and seraphim con-*tin*ually do cry,

4 HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE *FULL*
OF THE *MAJES*-TY OF THY GLORY.

6 The noble army of martyrs praise *thee:*
The holy Church, throughout all the world, *doth* acknowledge thee,

8 Also the Holy Ghost, the *Comforter.*
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ; thou art the everlasting *Son* = of the Father.

10 When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of *death,*
Thou didst open the kingdom of *heaven* to all believers.

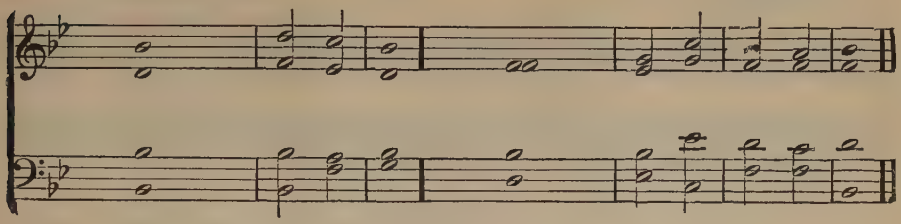
12 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious *blood:*
Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in *glo*-ry everlasting.

14 Day by day we magnify *thee:*
And we worship thy *Name* ever, world without end.

16 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in *thee:*
O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me *nev*-er be confounded.

BENEDICTUS.

RICHARD FARRANT.



Luke i, 68–71.

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel, ‖ for he hath visited | and re- | deemed his | people;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us, ‖ in the | house--of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, ‖ which have been | since the | world be- | gan;

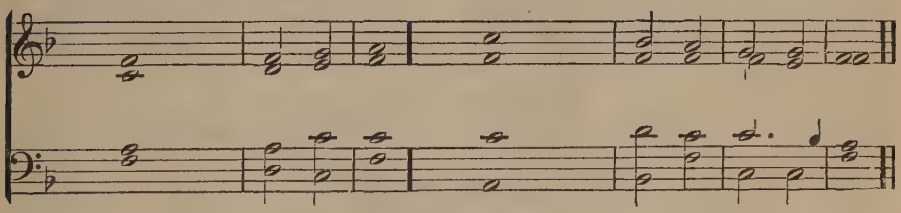
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, ‖ and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.



Psalm lxvii.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; ‖ and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci--ful | unto | us.

2 That thy way may be | known up--on | earth; ‖ thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; ‖ for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; ‖ and God, even our own | God shall | give us--his | blessing.

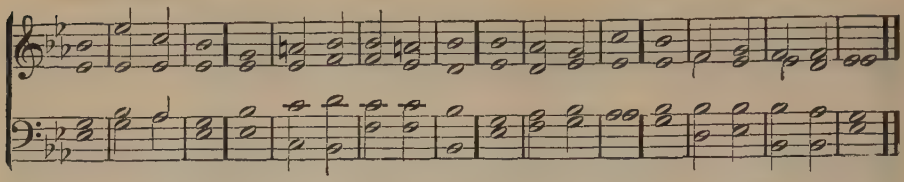
7 God | shall— | bless us; ‖ and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.

8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

LÆTATUS SUM.

JOHN ROBINSON.



Psalm cxxii.

1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me, ‖ Let us go into the | house— | of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusalem. ‖ Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether;

3 Whither the tribes go up; the tribes | of the | Lord, ‖ unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name— | of the | Lord.

4 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, ‖ the thrones | of the | house of | David.

5 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem; ‖ they shall | prosper | that love | thee.

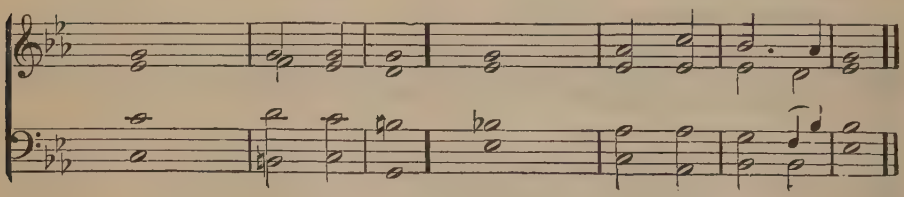
6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls; ‖ and prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.

7 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, ‖ I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.

8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, ‖ I will | seek, will | seek thy | good.

VIRUM DOLORUM.

REV. WILLIAM FELTON.



Isaiah liii.

1 HE is despised and re- | jected of | men; ‖ a man of sorrows and ac- | quainted | with— | grief.

2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him; ‖ he was despised, and | we es- | teemed him | not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried our | sorrows: ‖ yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten of | God,--and af- | flicted.

4 But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, ‖ he was bruised for | our in- | iqui- | ties;

5 The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on him, ‖ and with his | stripes— | we are | healed.

6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray; ‖ we have turned every | one to | his own | way;

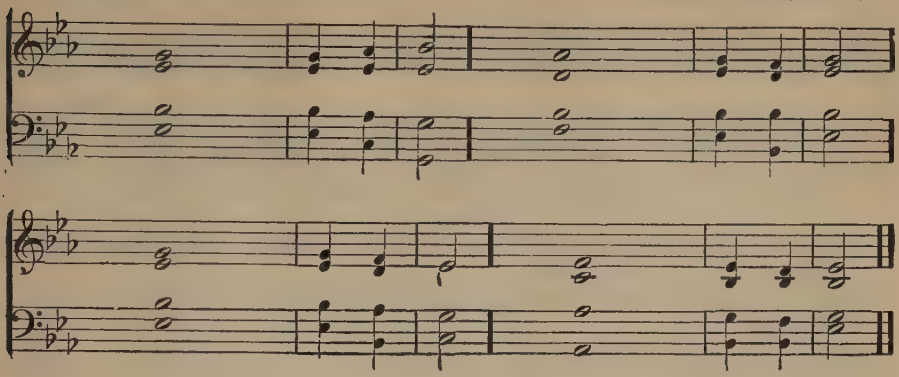
7 And the Lord hath | laid on | him ‖ the in- | iquity | of us | all.

8 When thou shalt make his soul an | offering--for | sin, ‖ he shall see his seed, he | shall pro- | long his | days,

9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in his | hand. ‖ He shall see of the travail of his soul, and | shall be | satis- | fied.

MY GOD, MY FATHER.

ARTHUR H. D. TROTTE.



Thy will be done!

1 My God, my Father, *while* I stray
Far from my home on *life's* rough way,
O teach me from my *heart* to say,
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh!
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

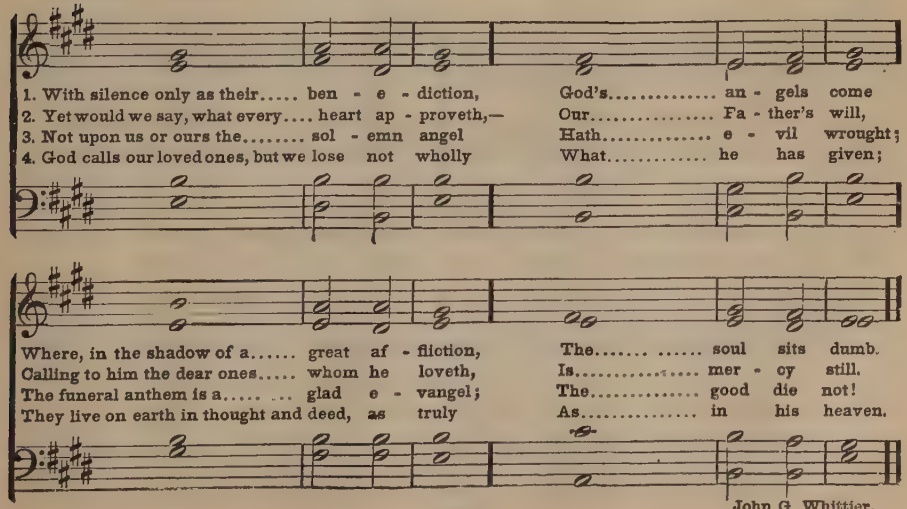
5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

THE GOOD DIE NOT.

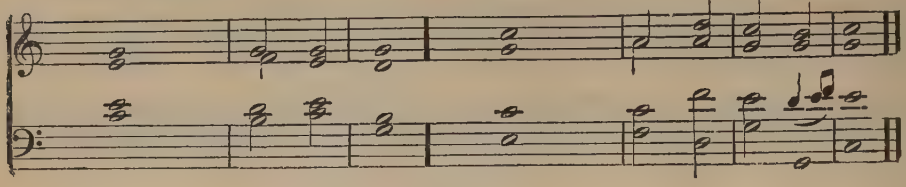
W. L. REYNOLDS.


1. With silence only as their..... ben - e - diction, God's..... an - gels come
2. Yet would we say, what every.... heart ap - proveth,— Our..... Fa - ther's will,
3. Not upon us or ours the..... sol - emn angel Hath..... e - vil wrought;
4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly What..... he has given;
Where, in the shadow of a..... great af - fliction, The..... soul sits dumb.
Calling to him the dear ones..... whom he loveth, Is..... mer - cy still.
The funeral anthem is a..... glad e - vangel; The..... good die not!
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly As..... in his heaven.

John G. Whittier.

QUI HABITAT.

UNKNOWN.



Psalm xci.

1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the | Most— | High, ‖ shall abide under the | shadow--of | the Al- | mighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge | and my | fortress, ‖ my God, in | him— | will I | trust.

3 Because thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, ‖ even the Most | High, thy | habi- | tation,

4 There shall no evil be- | fall— | thee, ‖ neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.

5 For he shall give his angels charge | over | thee, ‖ to | keep thee--in | all thy | ways.

6 They shall bear thee up | in their | hands, ‖ lest thou dash thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone.

7 Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder; ‖ the young lion and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet.

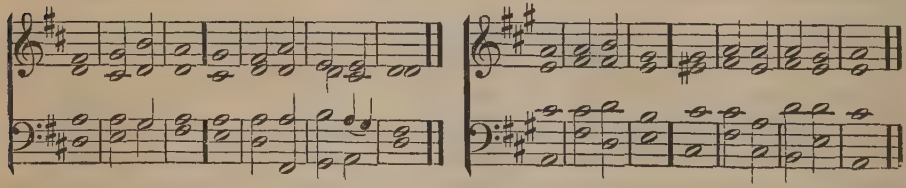
8 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I de- | liver | him: ‖ I will set him on high, because | he hath | known my | Name.

9 He shall call upon me, and I will | answer | him: ‖ I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver | him, and | honor | him.

10 With long life will I | satis- | fy him, ‖ and | show him | my sal- | vation.

LEVAVI OCULOS. (1.) *

LEVAVI OCULOS. (2.) BUCKINGHAM.



Psalm cxxi.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills, ‖ from | whence— | cometh--my | help

2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, ‖ who | made— | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved! ‖ he that | keepeth--thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth | Is-ra- | el, ‖ shall not | slum- — | ber nor | sleep.

5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; ‖ the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.

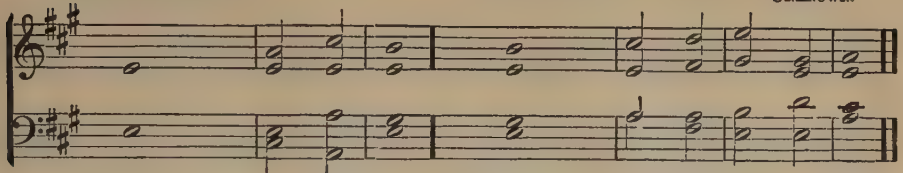
6 The sun shall not smite | thee by | day, ‖ nor the | moon— | by— | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil; ‖ he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in, ‖ from this time forth, and | even--for | ever- | more.

TRISAGION.

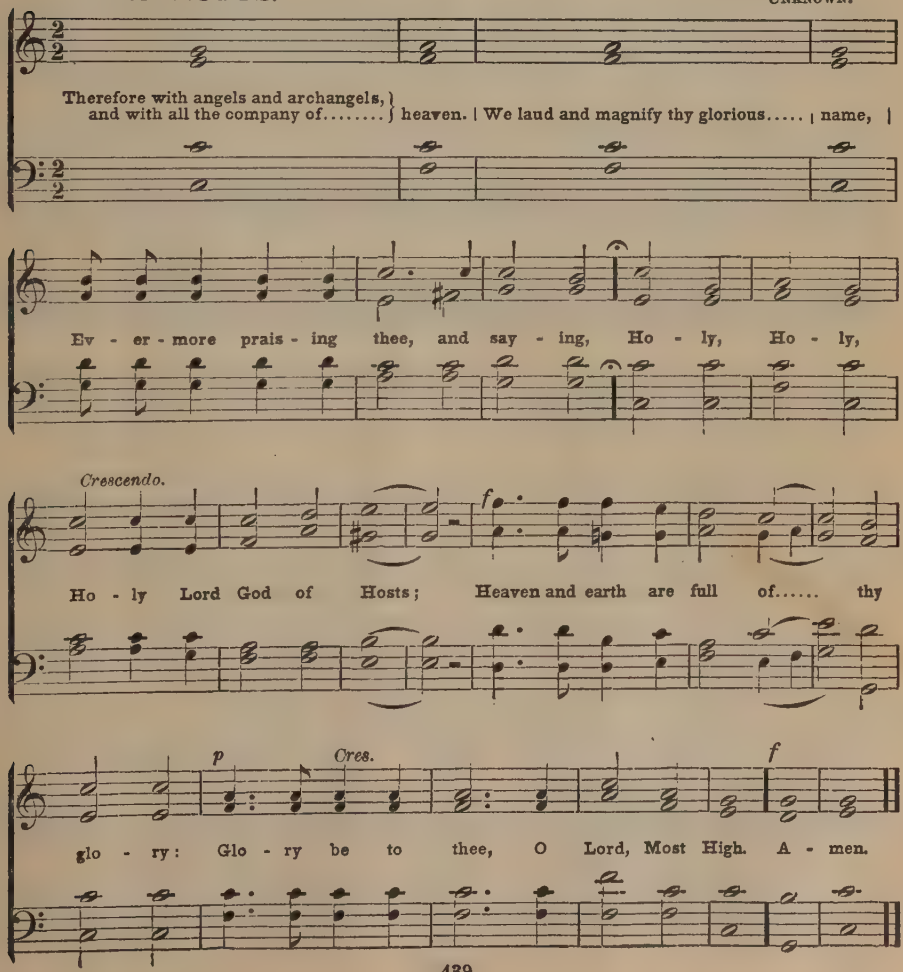
UNKNOWN.



Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full | of thy | glory.
Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Ho- | sanna | in the | highest!

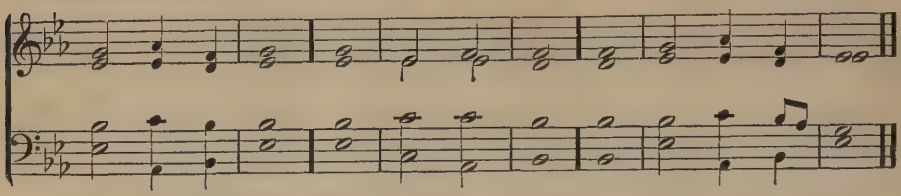
TERSANCTUS.

UNKNOWN.


Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of..... heaven. | We laud and magnify thy glorious..... | name, |
Ev - er - more prais - ing thee, and say - ing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
Crescendo.
f
Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of..... thy
p
Cres.
f
glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Most High. A - men.

THY WILL BE DONE.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



"Thy will be done."

1 "THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"

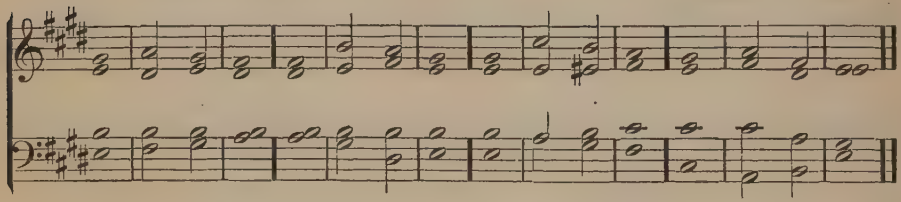
2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine: |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort, one
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

Sir John Bowring.

A LOWLY SPIRIT.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.



A lowly spirit.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble | prayer as- | cends; ‖ O | Father, | hear it; ‖
Upsoaring on the wings of | fear and | meekness, ‖
For- | give its | weakness.

2 I know, I feel, how mean and | how un- | worthy ‖
The trembling sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee; ‖
What can I offer in thy | presence | holy ‖
But | sin and | folly?

3 For in thy sight, who every | bosom | viewest, ‖
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest; ‖
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our | lips re- | peat them, ‖
Our | hearts for- | get them.

4 We see thy hand; it leads us, | it sup- | ports us: ‖
We hear thy voice; it counsels | and it | courts us; ‖
And then we turn away; and | still thy | kindness ‖
Pardons | our— | blindness.

5 Who can resist thy gentle | call, ap- | pealing ‖
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling? ‖
That voice paternal, whispering, | watching | ever? ‖
My | bosom? | Never!

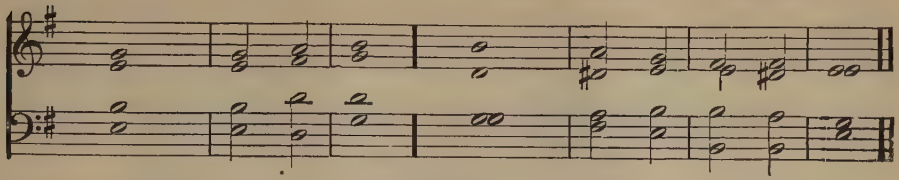
6 Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These | seeds of | holiness, ‖ and bid them | blossom
In | fragrance, ‖ and in beauty | bright and | vernal, ‖
And | spring e- | ternal.

7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where | angels | walk ‖ and seraphs | are the | wardens; ‖
Where every flower that creeps through | death's dark | portal ‖
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

Sir John Bowring.

DOMINE REFUGIUM. (1.)

JOHN BLOW.



[The lines printed in Roman may be read by the minister, and those printed in Italics sung by the choir.]

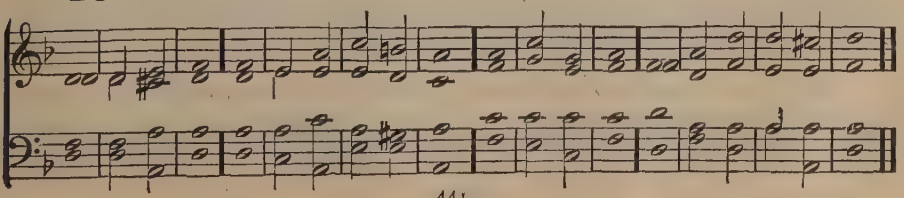
Psalm xc.

1 LORD, thou hast | been our | dwelling-place ‖ in | all— | gener- | ations.
2 *Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world, ‖ even from everlasting to everlasting, | thou— | art— | God.*
3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction; ‖ and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children--of | men.
4 *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when | it is | past, ‖ and | as a | watch--in the | night.*
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are | as a | sleep: ‖ in the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.
6 *In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; ‖ in the evening it is cut | down and | wither- | eth.*
7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, ‖ and by thy | wrath— | are we | troubled.
8 *Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore— | thee, ‖ our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.*
9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath; ‖ we spend our years | as a | tale--that is | told.
10 *The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; ‖ and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.*
11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger? ‖ even according to thy fear, | so— | is thy | wrath.
12 *So teach us to | number--our | days, ‖ that we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.*
13 Return, O | Lord, how | long? ‖ and let it repent | thee con- | cerning--thy | servants.
14 *O satisfy us early | with thy | mercy; ‖ that we may rejoice and be | glad— | all our | days.*
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein | thou--hast af- | flicted us, ‖ and the years wherein | we have | seen— | evil.
16 *Let thy work appear un- | to thy | servants, ‖ and thy | glory un- | to their | children;*
*17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God | be up- | on us: ‖ and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our | hands, es- | tablish thou | it.

* If double chant be used, begin at middle of chant.

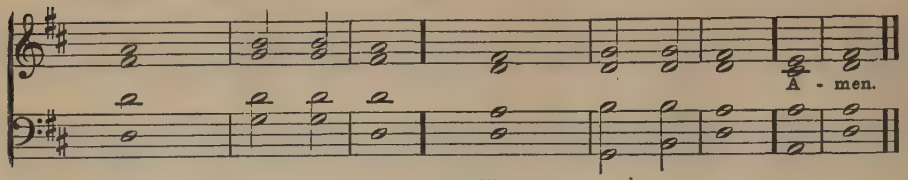
DOMINE REFUGIUM. (2.)

THOMAS MORLEY.



DOMINUS REGIT ME.

LOWELL MASON.



Psalm xxiii.

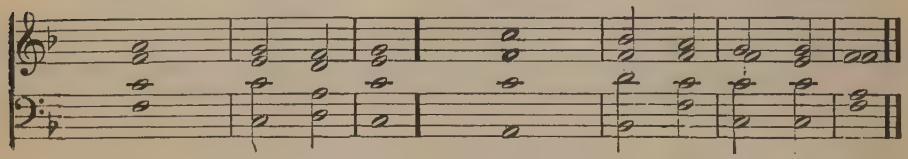
THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they— | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup--runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. ‖ A- | men.

VENITE AD ME.

UNKNOWN.



Matt. xi, 28–30. Rev. xxii, 17.

1 COME unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, ‖ and | I will | give you | rest.

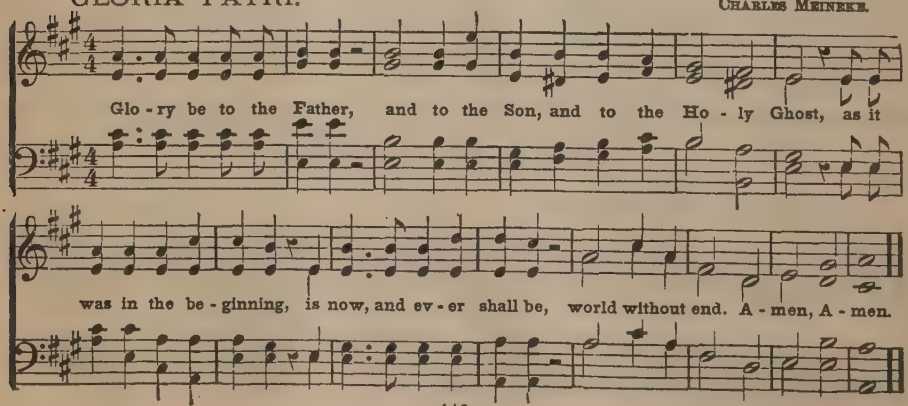
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly--in | heart: ‖ and ye shall find | rest--unto | your— | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden--is | light, ‖ for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden--is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth,--say, | Come. ‖ And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water--of | life— | freely. A- | men.

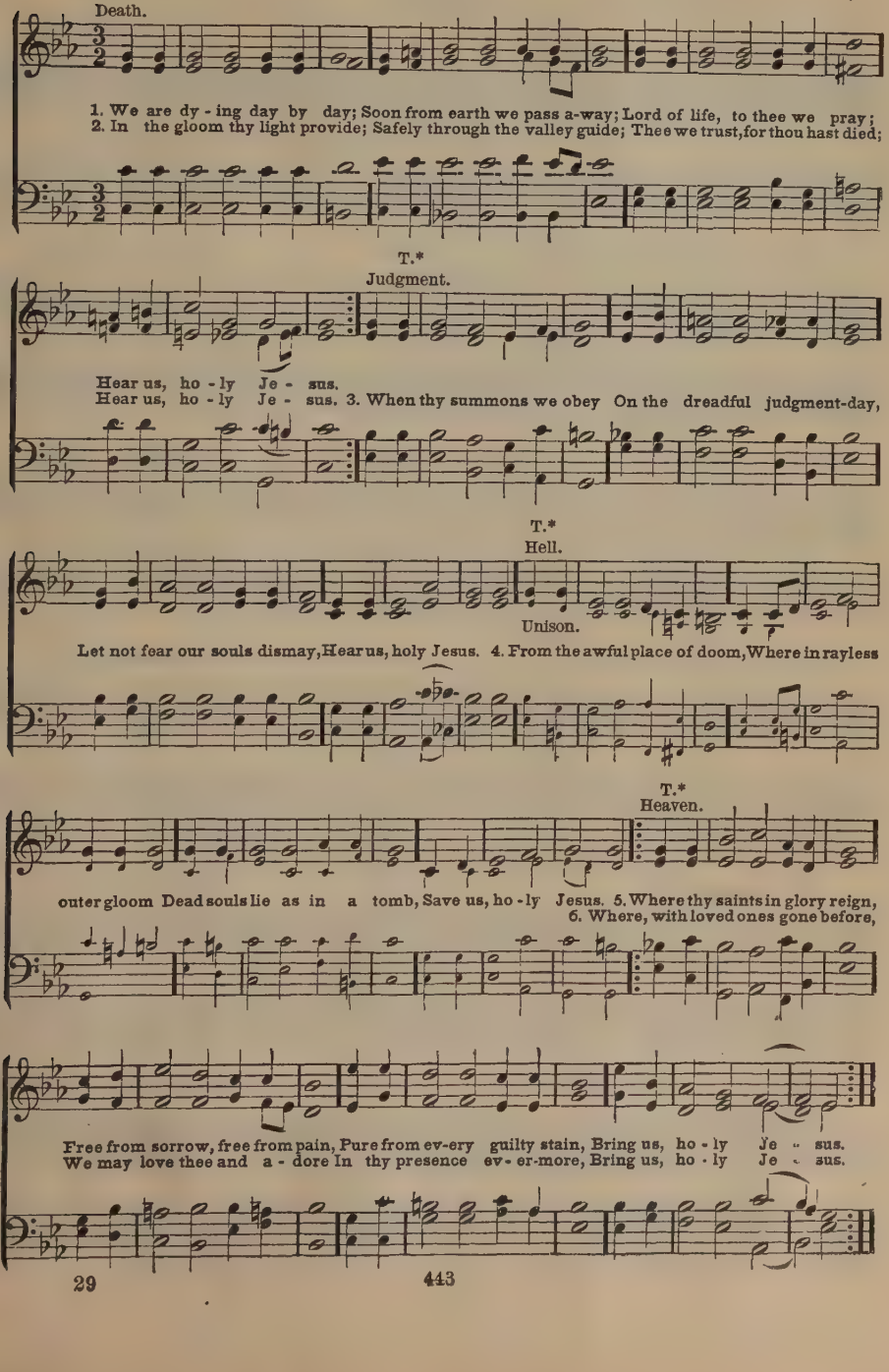
GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it
was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

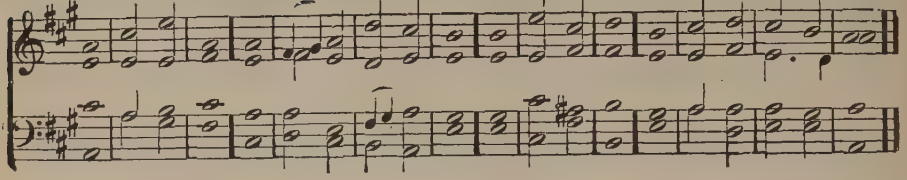
THE FOUR LAST THINGS.

BEETHOVEN AND T——*.

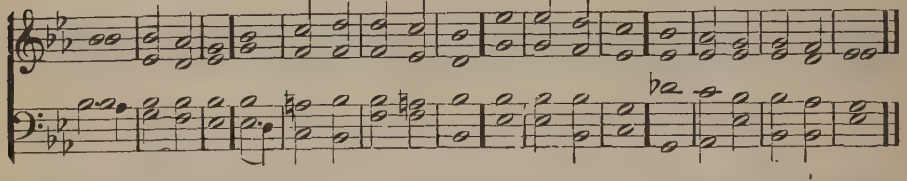

Death.
1. We are dy - ing day by day; Soon from earth we pass a-way; Lord of life, to thee we pray;
2. In the gloom thy light provide; Safely through the valley guide; Thee we trust, for thou hast died;
T.*
Judgment.
Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus. 3. When thy summons we obey On the dreadful judgment-day,
T.*
Hell.
Unison.
Let not fear our souls dismay, Hear us, holy Jesus. 4. From the awful place of doom, Where in rayless
T.*
Heaven.
outer gloom Dead souls lie as in a tomb, Save us, ho - ly Jesus. 5. Where thy saints in glory reign,
6. Where, with loved ones gone before,
Free from sorrow, free from pain, Pure from ev-ery guilty stain, Bring us, ho - ly Je - sus.
We may love thee and a - dore In thy presence ev - er-more, Bring us, ho - ly Je - sus.

CHANTS.

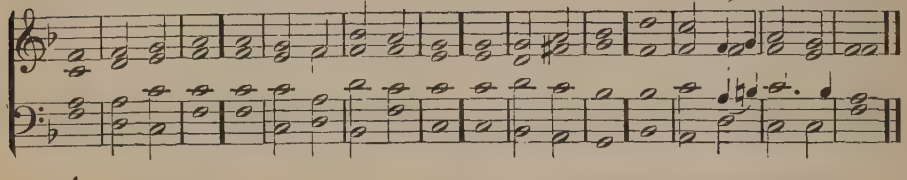
1 (DOUBLE.) JOHN NORRIS.



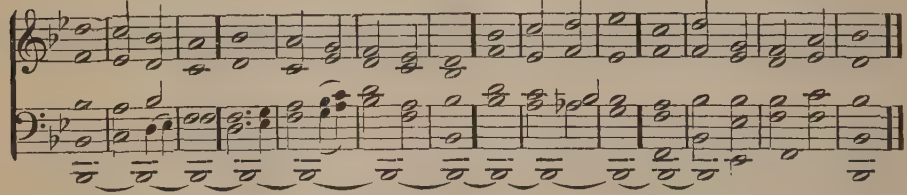
2 (DOUBLE.) EARL OF MORNINGTON.



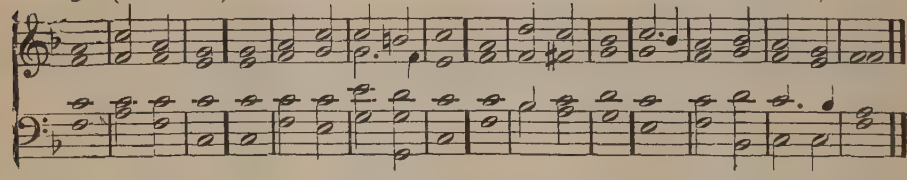
3 (DOUBLE.) RICHARD LANGDON.



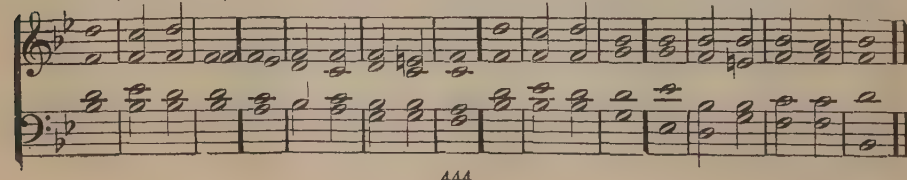
4 (DOUBLE.) WILLIAM JACKSON.



5 (DOUBLE.) REV. HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.

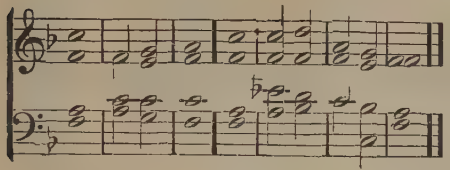


6 (DOUBLE.) REV. WM. A. JACOBS.

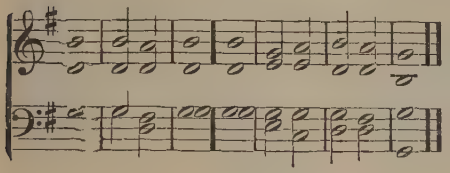


CHANTS.

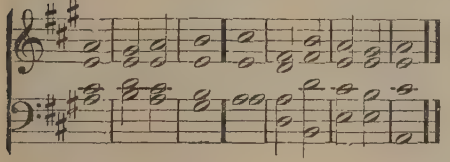
7 (SINGLE.) Rev. Wm. Felton.



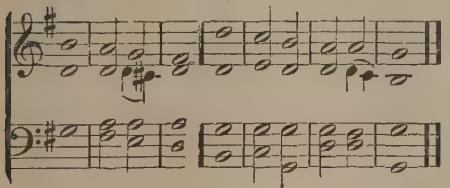
8 (SINGLE.) Gregorian.



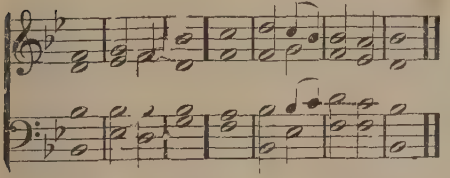
9 (SINGLE.) Unknown.



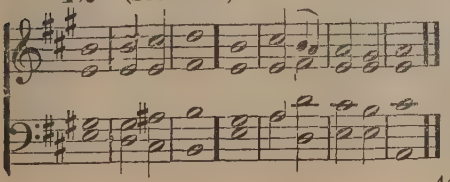
10 (SINGLE.) Unknown.



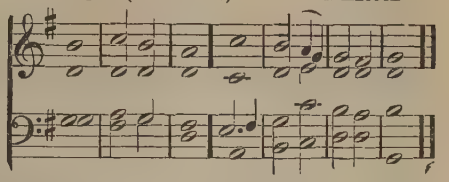
11 (SINGLE.) Geo. A. Macfarren.



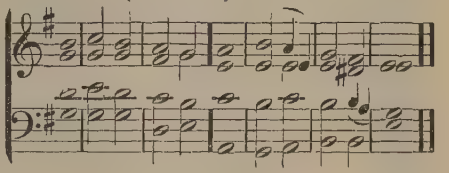
12 (SINGLE.) Unknown.



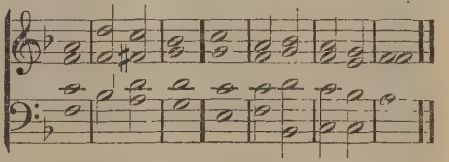
13 (SINGLE.) John Alcock



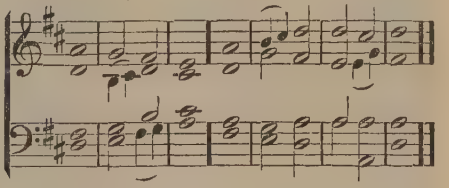
14 (SINGLE.) Unknown.



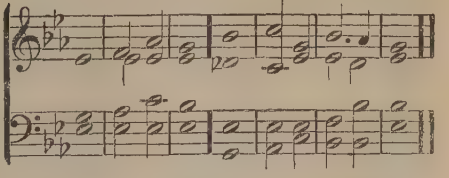
15 (SINGLE.) Unknown.



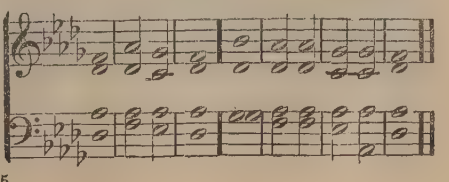
16 (SINGLE.) Wm. Crotch.



17 (SINGLE.) James Turle.



18 (SINGLE.) T——*.



ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

Most of the Music included in this Collection is introduced "by permission," either purchased or given. It must therefore, not be used in any other, without the consent of the authors or of those who hold the copyright of the Tunes.

	PAGE		
ADMAH	238	L. M. 6 l.	*Lowell Mason.*
Albyn	126	8, 7, 4.	*Rev. John Black.*
Aletta	77, 172	7.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Alford	398	7, 6, 8, 6.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
All Saints	46	L. M.	*William Knapp.*
Amantus	288	S. M.	*Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg.*
America	412	6, 4.	*H. Carey.*
Ames	75	L. M.	*Sig. Neukomm.*
Amsterdam	401	7, 6, 7.	*James Nares.*
Andrews	14	C. M.	*Rev. John Black.*
Angels' Song	402	11, 10.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Antioch	68	C. M.	*Handel.*
Appleton	289, 343	L. M.	*William Boyce.*
Ariel	11, 275	C. P. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Arlington	15, 218	C. M.	*Thomas A. Arne.*
Armenia	295	C. M.	*S. B. Pond.*
Arnheim	341	L. M.	*Samuel Holyoke.*
Ashwell	144, 364	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Auburndale	140	C. P. M.	*O. L. Carter.*
Aurelia	234	7, 6.	*S. S. Wesley.*
Austria	290	8, 7. D.	*Haydn.*
Autumn	94, 318	8, 7. D.	*Fr. Marechio.*
Avon	196	C. M.	*Hugh Wilson.*
Aylesbury	428	S. M.	*James Green.*
Azmon	5, 115, 192	C. M.	*Carl Gotthelf Glaser.*
BADEA	161	S. M.	*German Melody.*
Balerma	136	C. M.	*R. Simpson*, ad.
Baptiste	88	11.	*J. Baptiste Calkin.*
Barby	173	C. M.	*W. Tansur.*
Bartholdy	305	L. M.	*Mendelssohn.*
Belmont	24, 57	C. M.	*Samuel Webbe.*
Bemerton	45, 151	C. M.	*Henry W. Greatorex.*
Benevento	354	7. D.	*Samuel Webbe.*
Benjamin	216	S. M.	*Haydn.*
Bernard	396	7, 6.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Bethany	267	6, 4, 6.	*Lowell Mason.*
Beulah	400	7. D.	arr. by *Elam Ives, Jr.*
Bishop	220	L. M.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Blumenthal	266	7. D.	*J. Blumenthal.*
Bolton	418	7, 6.	*John Walsh.*
Boylston	148, 212, 332	S. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Brest	383	8, 7, 4.	*Lowell Mason.*
Bridgewater	425	L. M.	*Lewis Edson.*
Bridgman	191	C. M.	*Beethoven.*
Bristol	362	L. M.	*E. L. White.*
Bromley	276	7, 6, 7.	*London Tune Book.*
Browne	284	6, 8, 4.	*Miss Browne.*
Burlington	110, 158, 385	C. M.	*J. F. Burrowes.*
CADDO	226	C. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Caledonia	208	7, 7, 7, 6.	*Scotch.*
Calvary	84	8, 7, 4.	*Samuel Stanley.*
Cambridge	119	C. M.	*John Randall.*
Capello	133, 367	S. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Carlisle	96	S. M.	*Charles Lockhart.*
Carol	72	C. M. D.	*R. S. Willis.*
Cary	392	6.	[Irregular.] *E. Tourjée.*
Charles	382	9, 7.	*J. Parker.*
Chesterfield	102	C. M.	*Rev. Thomas Haweis.*
China	360	C. M.	*Timothy Swan.*
Christ Church	93	H. M.	*Charles Steggall.*
Christmas	72	C. M.	*Handel.*

	PAGE		
(Christus Victor)	206	6, 5.	*Sir A. S. Sullivan*
Church	201	C. M.	*J. P. Holbrook*
Clapton	215	S. M.	*Rev. Wm. Jones.*
Clare	303	7, 6.	*Hubert P. Main.*
Cleansing Fountain	117	C. M.	*Western Melody.*
Clinton	244	C. M.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Colman	88, 328	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Come, ye Disconsolate	253	11, 10.	*Samuel Webbe.*
Come, ye Sinners	429	8, 7. D.	*Jeremiah Ingalls.*
Communion	80	C. M.	*Stephen Jenks.*
Concord	431	S. M.	*Oliver Holden.*
Contrast	277	8.	*Lewis Edson.*
Cooling	247	C. M.	*A. J. Abbey.*
Cornell	293	C. M.	*John Henry Cornell.*
Coronation	95, 308	C. M.	*Oliver Holden.*
Cowper	117	C. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Creation	50	L. M. D.	*Haydn.*
DARLEY	167	L. M.	*W. H. W. Darley.*
Darwall	10	H. M.	*Rev John Darwall.*
David	52	8.	*Handel.*
Dedham	200	C. M.	*William Gardiner.*
Dennis	65, 298	S. M.	*Hans George Naegeli.*
Desire	399	8.	*J. B.*
Devizes	384	C. M.	*Isaac Tucker.*
Diademata	98	S. M. D.	*Sir Geo. J. Elvey.*
Dijon	34	7.	*German Evening Hymn.*
Ditson	361	C. M.	*From a MS.*
Dix	53, 67	7, 6 l.	arr. by *W. H. Monk.*
Dort	87	6, 4.	*Lowell Mason.*
Dover	108	S. M.	*Aaron Williams.*
Downs	158	C. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Duane Street	430	L. M. D.	*Rev. George Coles.*
Duke Street	26, 320, 417	L. M.	*J. Hatton.*
Dulcetta	270	8, 7.	*Fr. Beethoven.*
Dundee	58, 312, 324	C. M.	*Guillaume Franc.*
Durbin	174	7, 6 l.	*Rev. W. D. Maclagan.*
Dwight	230	L. M.	arr. by *J. P. Holbrook.*
Dyer	77	C. M.	*H. C. Camp.*
EATON	239	L. M. 6 l.	*Zerubbabel Wyvill.*
Edinburgh	211	7, 6, 5, 4.	*Rev. R. Lowry.*
Elah	207	6, 5.	*Haydn.*
Elizabethtown	105, 295	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Ellacombe	21	7, 6.	*St. Gall's Coll.*
Ellesdie	236	8, 7. D.	*Fr. Mozart.*
Eltham	347	7, 6 l.	*Lowell Mason.*
Emmons	258	C. M.	*Fr. Burgmüller.*
Endsleigh	235	7, 6.	*S. Salvatori.*
Ernan	336	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Essex	99	7.	*Thomas Clark.*
Eucharist	79	L. M.	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Evan	156, 190	C. M.	*Rev. Wm. H. Havergal.*
Evanston	155	L. M. 6 l.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Evening Hymn	39	L. M.	*Thomas Tallis.*
Even Me	143	8, 7, 3.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Eventide	35	10.	*W. H. Monk.*
Ewing	397	7, 6.	*Alex. Ewing.*
Exhortation	431	C. M.	*S. Hibbard.*
Expostulation	124	11.	*Rev. Josiah Hopkins.*
FABEN	349	8, 7. D.	*John H. Wilcox.*
Fade, fade, each	274	6, 4, 6.	*Theo. E. Perkins.*

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		
Faithful	137	C. M.	*S. P. Tuckerman.*
Falkirk	381	7, 6, 8.	*Fr. Thos. A. Arne.*
Federal Street	222	L. M.	*H. K. Oliver.*
Fillmore	229	L. M. D.	*Jeremiah Ingalls.*
Fisk	172	7.	✠
Fortress	61	8, 7, 6.	*Martin Luther.*
Frederick	369	11, or 13, 11, 12.	*G. Kingsley.*
Frome	351	C. M.	*Hugh Bond.*
Fulton	100	7.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
GALILEE	205	L. M.	*Richard Langdon.*
Ganges	243	C. P. M.	*S. Chandler.*
Gauntlett	395	7, 6.	*Henry John Gauntlett.*
Gaylord	331	8, 7. D. arr. by	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Geneva	426	C. M.	*John Cole.*
Germany	78	L. M.	*Beethoven.*
Gethsemane	84, 407	7, 6 l.	*Richard Redhead.*
Gilead	27	L. M.	*E. H. Mehul.*
Going Home	404	L. M.	arr. by *W. M'Donald.*
Gould	227	C. M.	*J. E. Gould.*
Grace Church	89, 378	L. M.	*Ignace Pleyel.*
Grasmere	252	7, 8, 7.	*Edwin Moss.*
Gratitude	420	L. M.	*Rev. Ami Bost.*
Greek Hymn	390	6, 5.	°J— P— H—.
Greenville	22, 126	8, 7, 4.	*Rousseau.*
Greenwood	185	S. M.	*Joseph E. Sweetser.*
Grey	144	7, 5.	*Rev. F. R. Grey.*
Grigg	152	C. M.	*J. Grigg.*
Griswold	307	L. M.	*Unknown.*
HABAKKUK	198	C. P. M.	*Edward Hodges.*
Hall	202	7.	*Wurtemburg Melody.*
Hamburg	47, 60, 134	L. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Hamden	348	8, 7, 4.	*Lowell Mason.*
Hanover	69, 291	11, 10, and 11.	*Mozart.*
Harris	386	C. M.	*Devereux.*
Haven	112	C. M.	*Thomas Hastings.*
Haverhill	389	S. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Haydn	64	S. M.	*Haydn.*
Heber	97, 245	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Hebron	20, 40, 335	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
He Leadeth Me	228	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Helmsley	70	8, 7, 4.	*Rev. Thomas Olivers.*
Hendon	264	7.	*Rev. C. H. A. Malan.*
Henley	240	11, 10	*Lowell Mason.*
Herald Angels	71	7. D.	*Mendelssohn.*
Hermon	81, 292	C. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Hollingside	129	7. D.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Holy Cross	259	C. M.	*Unknown.*
Hope	187	S. M. D.	*H. S. Cutler.*
Horton	128, 180	7.	*X. S. von Wartensee.*
Houghton	168	10, 11.	*William Gardiner.*
Hour of Prayer (The)	279	8, 8, 8, 4.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Hummel	118, 294, 337	C. M.	*H. C. Zeuner.*
Hursley	38, 321	L. M.	*Peter Ritter.*
IBSTONE	338	6.	*Maria Tiddeman.*
Illinois	221	L. M.	*Jonathan Spilman.*
I Love to Tell the	281	7, 6.	*Wm. G. Fischer.*
I Need Thee every	283	6, 4, 7.	*Rev. R. Lowry.*
Ingham	131	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Innocents	316	7.	arr. by *W. H. Monk.*
In the Silent Mid	139	8, 5.	*Hubert P. Main.*
Invitation	333	C. M.	*Thomas Hastings.*
Italian Hymn	7	6, 4	*Felice Giardini.*
JANES	194	L. M.	*Mozart.*
Jefferson	413	7.	*Hans Georg Naegeli.*
Jeshurun	250	7, 6, 7.	*H. J. Gauntlett.*
Jewett	241	6.	*Weber.*
Judgment Hymn	382	8, 7. [Peculiar.]	*Klug.*
KELBROOK	282	11, 12.	*J. Riley.*
Kentucky	41	S. M.	*Jeremiah Ingalls.*
LABAN	214	S. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Langton	96	S. M.	*C. Streetfield*, ad.
Leavitt	370	7. D.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Leighton	213	S. M.	*H. W. Greatorex.*
Lenox	122, 162	H. M.	*Lewis Edson.*
Leoni	406	6, 8, 4.	*Rabbi Leoni*, ad.
Linwood	297	L. M.	*G. Rossini.*
Lisbon	32	S. M.	*Daniel Read.*
Llandaff	197	C. M.	*Edwin Moss.*
Long Home (The)	373	7, 8, 7.	*Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
Louvan	113	L. M.	*Virgil Corydon Taylor.*
Love Divine	182	8, 7. D.	*John Zundel.*
Lowry	89	L. M.	*Geo. F. Root.*
Lucas	354	10, 5, 11.	*J. Lucas.*
Luton	48	L. M.	*Rev. George Burder.*
Lux Benigna	253	10, 4, 10.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Lyons	21, 51, 168	10, 11.	*Haydn.*
MAGATA	63	S. M.	*Rev. John Black.*
Mainzer	16	L. M.	*Joseph Mainzer.*
Maitland	246	C. M.	*George N. Allen.*
Majesty	426	C. M.	*William Billings.*
Malvern	19	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Manoah	59, 188	C. M.	*Mehul and Hadyn.*
Marlow	25	C. M.	*Rev. John Chetham.*
Marshall	175	S. M.	*Rev. Geo. Jarvis Geer.*
Marth	106	7, 5.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Martyn	242	7. D.	*S. B. Marsh.*
Mear	135, 357	C. M.	*Aaron Williams.*
Meditation	283	11, 8.	*Freeman Lewis.*
Melcombe	103	L. M.	*S. Webbe.*
Melody	111	C. M.	*J. P. Cole.*
Mendebas	28, 87	7, 6.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Mendelssohn	210	C. P. M.	*O. Nicolai.*
Mendon	322, 416	L. M.	*German.*
Mercy	42	7.	*L. M. Gottschalk.*
Meribah	358	C. P. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Merton	29	C. M.	*H. K. Oliver.*
Migdol	304, 340	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Millennium	52	H. M.	*English.*
Miller	17	L. M.	*C. P. E. Bach.*
Miriam	329	7, 6.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Missionary Chant	69, 220	L. M.	*H. C. Zeuner.*
Missionary Hymn	344	7, 6.	*Lowell Mason.*
Monkland	13	7.	*Rev. J. B. Wilkes.*
More Love to Thee	267	6, 4, 6.	*W. H. Doane.*
Mornington	179	S. M.	*Earl of Mornington.*
Morris	160	S. M. D.	*Rev. John Black.*
Mount Auburn	365	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Munich	83	7, 6.	*Mendelssohn.*
Murray	322	H. M.	*German.*
NAOMI	224	C. M.	*Hans George Naegeli*
Nashville	43, 178	L. P. M.	*Lowell Mason*, ad.
Nassau	315	7, 6 l.	*Johann Rosenmüller.*
Nauford	317	8, 8, 8, 4.	*Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
Neander	127	8, 7, 7, or 8, 7, 4.	*J. Neander.*
Nettleton	268	8, 7. D.	*Unknown.*
Neumarck	422	L. M.	*George Neumarck.*
Newbold	339, 389	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
New Brunswick	327	7, 5, or 7. D.	*Rev. J. Black.*
New Haven	106, 285	6, 4.	*Thomas Hastings.*
New Year's Hymn	405	10, 5, 11.	*Samuel Webbe.*
Nicæa	49	11, 12, 10.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Noel	74	C. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Northfield	425	C. M.	*Jeremiah Ingalls.*
Novello	376	8, 7, 4.	*Vincent Novello.*
Nuremberg	300	7.	*Johann R. Ahle.*
OLD HUNDRED	8	L. M.	*Guillaume Franc*
Olives' Brow	81	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Olivet	284	6, 4.	*Lowell Mason.*
Olmutz	232, 306	S. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason*
Olney	132	S. M.	*Lowell Mason*
Onido	181, 301	7. D.	*Ignace Pleyel.*
Ontario	107	S. M.	*London Tune Book.*
Onward	206	6, 5.	*Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
Ortonville	92	C. M.	*Thomas Hastings.*
Our Father	372	6, 4.	*Edward L. White.*
Overberg	30	L. M.	*J. C. H. Rink.*
Owen	149, 366	S. M.	*Joseph E. Sweetser.*
Oxford	44	C. M.	*William Coombs.*
Ozrem	208	S. M.	*I. B. Woodbury.*
PACKINGTON	7	S. M.	*Rev. John Black.*
Palestrina	415	C. M.	*G. P. A. Palestrina.*
Paradise	403	8, 6, 6.	*Joseph Barnby*

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		
Park Street	388	L. M.	*Fred. M. A. Venua.*
Parsons	150	C. M.	*Fr. S. Hubbard.*
Passion Chorale	83	7, 6	*Hans Leo Hassler.*
Penitence	204	7, 6, 8	*W. H. Oakley.*
Percy	170	L. M.	*H. Percy Smith.*
Perrina	142	7, 6, 8	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Peterboro'	36	C. M.	*Rev. Ralph Harrison.*
Peyton	183	H. M.	*W. B. Gilbert.*
Pilgrimage	377	8, 7, 4	*Ancient Melody*
Pleyel's Hymn	12, 141	7	*Ignace Pleyel.*
Portuguese Hy.	66, 251, 323	11	*Unknown.*
Prayer	314	S. M.	*L. Marshall.*
Precious Name	240	8, 7	*W. Howard Doane.*
Promise	342	L. M.	*F. H. Barthelemon.*
RAKEM	66, 123	L. M. 6 *l.*	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Rapture	164	12, 9	*R. D. Humphreys.*
Rathbun	23, 76	8, 7	*Ithamar Conkey.*
Refuge	242	7, 8 *l.*	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Regent Square	271, 319	8, 7, 4, and 8, 7, 6 *l.*	*H. Smart.*
Repose	163	7, 6 *l.* arr. by	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Requiem	374	6, 8, 8	*Thomas Hastings.*
Rest	363	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Resurrection	86	10, 11, 12	*John E. Gould.*
Retreat	254	L. M.	*Thomas Hastings.*
Return	334	C. M.	*Theo. F. Seward.*
Reynoldstone	380	7, 6 *l.*	*Rev. T. R. Matthews.*
Rialto	90	S. M	*George F. Root.*
Righini	411	6, 4	*Vincenzo Righini.*
Rimbault	394	7, 6	*Charles D'Urban.*
Rockingham	31, 120, 166	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Rockport	169	7, 6, 8	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Rolland	257	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Roscoe	230	C. M.	*Edward L. White.*
Rosefield	125, 291	7, 6 *l.*	*Rev. C. H. A. Malan.*
Rose Hill	147	L. M.	*Joseph E. Sweetser.*
Russia	429	L. M.	*Daniel Read.*
Russian Hymn	413	11, 10, 9	*A. T. Lvoff.*
SABBATH MORN	33	7, 6 *l.*	*Lowell Mason.*
Saint's Home (The)	392	11	*Sir H. R. Bishop.*
Salome	261	C. M.	*Beethoven.*
Samson	165	L. M.	*Handel.*
Saviour, like a Shep.	325	8, 7, 4	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Saxby	174	L. M.	*Rev. T. R. Matthews.*
Schumann	248	S. M.	*R. Schumann.*
Scotland	121	12	*John Clark.*
Scudamore	94	8, 7	*Rev. R. R. Chope.*
Seasons	356	L. M.	*Ignace Pleyel.*
Selena	82	L. M. 6 *l.*	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Selvin	238	S. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Serenity	310	C. M.	*W. V. Wallace.*
Sessions	171	L. M.	*L. O. Emerson.*
Seymour	264	7	*Fr. Weber.*
Shawmut	114, 355	S. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Sherburne	427	C. M.	*Daniel Read.*
Shirland	161	S. M.	*Samuel Stanley.*
Siloam	326	C. M.	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Silver Street	6, 118	S. M.	*Isaac Smith.*
Simpson	193, 313	C. M.	*Fr. Louis Spohr.*
Southwell	408	C. M.	*Herbert S. Irons.*
Spanish Hymn	266	7, 8 *l.*	*Spanish Melody.*
Spohr	189	C. M. D.	*Fr. Louis Spohr.*
St. Agnes	219	C. M.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
St. Alban	317	L. M.	*St. Alban's T. B.*
St. Ann's	286	C. M.	*William Croft.*
St. Augustine	225	C. M.	*Rev. John Black.*
St. Bernard	116	C. M.	*London Tune Book.*
St. Catherine	223, 272	L. M. 6 *l.*	*J. G. Walton, ad.*
St. Ebbe	299	H. M.	*Richard Redhead.*
St. Faith	321	L. M.	*Bambery Hymn Book.*
St. George	409	7. D.	*Sir George J. Elvey.*
St. Hilda	280	7, 6	*Rev. H. Husband.*
St. James	67, 410	7, 6	*Fr. Lindeman's K. B.*
St. Joseph	76	8, 7, 7	*H. H. Statham.*
St. Martins	104, 350	C. M.	*William Tansur.*
St. Matthias	177	L. M. 6 *l.*	*Wm. Henry Monk.*
St. Peter	62	L. M.	*German Chorale.*
St. Petersburg	419	L. M. 6 *l.*	*D. S. Bortnianski.*
St. Thomas	186	S. M.	*Handel.*
Stafford	430	S. M.	*Daniel Read.*
State Street	107, 115	S. M.	*Jonathan C. Woodman.*
Stella	352	L. M. 6 *l.*	*Fr. Crown of Jesus.*
Stephens	54	C. M.	*Rev. William Jones.*
Stockwell	42	8, 7	*Rev. D. E. Jones.*
Sullivan	421	12	*Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
Summerside	85	8, 7. D	*Rev. John Black.*
Supplication	279	S. M.	*Joseph Barnby.*
Sweet Hour of Pray.	255	L. M. D.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Sweet Story	328	11, 8, 12, 9	*English.*
TALMAR	371	8, 7	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Tamar	86	C. M.	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Tappan	56	C. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Thatcher	33	S. M.	*Handel.*
Theodora	421	7	*Handel.*
Tichorah	296	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Tioga	368	S. M.	*Thomas Hastings.*
Tivoli	330	6. 4	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Too Late	138	10	arr. by *J. P. Holbrook.*
Toplady	153	7, 6 *l.*	*Thomas Hastings.*
Trinity	43	8, 7, 7.	*Hiller's Choralbuch.*
Truman	157	C. M.	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Truro	9	L. M.	*Charles Burney.*
Turner	428	C. M.	*Abraham Maxim.*
UNITY	302	6, 5	*Lowell Mason.*
Uxbridge	49, 109	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
VALE	422	L. M. 6 *l.*	*J. D. Buckingham.*
Valete	309	L. M. 6 *l.*	*Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
Varina	387	C. M.	*Geo. F. Root.*
Venetia	358	C. P. M.	*London Tune Book.*
Vernon	375	8	*German.*
Vienna	265	7	*Rev. W. H. Havergal.*
Vigil	391	S. M.	*St. Alban's T. B.*
Viola	163	7, 6 *l.*	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
WARD	16, 311	L. M.	arr. by *Lowell Mason.*
Ware	91	L. M.	*George Kingsley.*
Waring	249	8, 6	*Fr. Louis Spohr.*
Warren	205	L. M	*Virgil C. Taylor.*
Warsaw	28, 175	H. M.	*Thomas Clark.*
Warwick	37	C. M.	*Samuel Stanley.*
Watchman	346	7. D	*Lowell Mason.*
Waugh	18	S. M.	*Rev. Ralph Harrison.*
Wavertree	20	L. M. 6 *l.*	*W. Shove.*
Webb	209, 345, 395	7, 6	*George James Webb.*
Wellesley	55	8, 7	*L. S. Tourjée.*
Wells	130	L. M.	*Fr. Israel Holdroyd*
Welton	256	L. M.	*Rev. C. H. A. Malan.*
What a Friend we	269	8, 7. D.	*Charles C. Converse.*
Whitefield	278	S. M.	*Edward Miller.*
Wilmot	70	8, 7	*Weber.*
Wilson	123	8, 7	*Fr. Mendelssohn.*
Wimborne	154	L. M.	*John Whitaker.*
Winchester Old	217	C. M.	*Este's Psalter.*
Windham	145	L. M.	*Daniel Read.*
Windsor	379	C. M.	*George Kirbye.*
Wood End	139	8, 5	*Rev. G. P. Merrick.*
Woodland	159	C. M.	*N. D. Gould.*
Woodstock	262	C. M.	*D. Dutton, Jr.*
Woodworth	146, 184	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Work Song	208	7, 6, 5	*Lowell Mason.*
YOAKLEY	176	L. M. 6 *l.*	*Rev. W. Yoakley.*
ZEBULON	105, 353	H. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Zelzah	414	C. M.	*German.*
Zephyr	61, 231	L. M.	*Wm. B. Bradbury.*
Zion	63, 287	8, 7, 4	*Thomas Hastings.*

METRICAL INDEX.

PAGE

C. M.

Andrews 14
Antioch 68
Arlington 15, 218
Armenia 295
Avon 196
Azmon 5, 115, 192
Balerma 136
Barby 173
Belmont 24, 57
Bemerton 45, 151
Bridgman 191
Burlington 110, 158, 385
Caddo 226
Cambridge 119
Chesterfield 102
China 360
Christmas 72
Church 201
Cleansing Fountain 117
Clinton 244
Colman 88, 328
Communion 80
Cooling 247
Cornell 293
Coronation 95, 308
Cowper 117
Dedham 200
Devizes 384
Ditson 361
Downs 158
Dundee 58, 312, 324
Dyer 77
Elizabethtown 105, 295
Emmons 258
Evan 156, 190
Exhortation 431
Faithful 137
Frome 351
Geneva 426
Gould 227
Grigg 152
Harris 386
Haven 112
Heber 97, 245
Hermon 81, 292
Holy Cross 259
Hummel 118, 294, 337
Invitation 333
Llandaff 197
Maitland 246
Manoah 59, 188
Marlow 25
Mear 135, 357
Melody 111
Merton 29
Mount Auburn 365
Naomi 224
Newbold 339, 389
Noel 74
Northfield 425
Ortonville 92

PAGE

Oxford 44
Palestrina 415
Parsons 150
Peterboro' 36
Return 334
Roscoe 260
Salome 261
Serenity 310
Sherburne 427
Siloam 326
Simpson 193, 313
Southwell 408
St. Agnes 219
St. Ann's 286
St. Augustine 225
St. Bernard 116
St. Martin's 104, 350
Stephens 54
Tamar 86
Tappan 56
Turner 428
Varina 387
Warwick 37
Winchester Old 217
Windsor 379
Woodland 159
Woodstock 262
Zelzah 414

C. M. Double.

Carol 72
Majesty 426
Spohr 189
Truman 157

L. M.

All Saints 46
Ames 75
Appleton 289, 343
Arnheim 341
Ashwell 144, 364
Bartholdy 305
Bishop 220
Bridgewater 425
Bristol 362
Darley 167
Duke Street 26, 320, 417
Dwight 230
Ernan 336
Eucharist 79
Evening Hymn 39
Federal Street 222
Galilee 205
Germany 78
Gilead 27
Grace Church 89, 378
Gratitude 420
Griswold 307
Hamburg 47, 60, 134
Hebron 20, 40, 335
Hursley 38, 321

PAGE

Illinois 221
Ingham 131
Janes 194
Linwood 297
Louvan 113
Lowry 89
Luton 48
Mainzer 16
Malvern 19
Melcombe 108
Mendon 322, 416
Migdol 304, 340
Miller 17
Missionary Chant 69, 220
Neumarck 422
Old Hundred 8
Olives' Brow 81
Overberg 30
Park Street 388
Percy 170
Promise 342
Rest 363
Retreat 254
Rockingham 31, 120, 166
Rolland 257
Rose Hill 147
Russia 429
Samson 165
Saxby 174
Seasons 356
Sessions 171
St. Alban 317
St. Faith 321
St. Peter 62
Tichorah 296
Truro 9
Uxbridge 49, 109
Ward 16, 311
Ware 91
Warren 205
Wells 130
Welton 256
Wimborne 154
Windham 145
Woodworth 146, 184
Zephyr 61, 231

L. M. 6 lines.

Admah 238
Eaton 239
Evanston 155
Going Home 404
Rakem 66, 123
Selena 82
St. Catherine 223, 272
St. Matthias 177
St. Petersburg 419
Stella 352
Vale 422
Valete 309
Wavertree 20
Yoakley 176

PAGE

L. M. Double.

Creation ... 50
Duane Street ... 430
Fillmore ... 229
Going Home ... 404
He Leadeth Me ... 228
Sweet Hour of Prayer ... 255

S. M.

Amantus ... 288
Aylesbury ... 428
Badea ... 161
Benjamin ... 216
Boylston ... 148, 212, 332
Capello ... 133, 367
Carlisle ... 96
Clapton ... 215
Concord ... 431
Dennis ... 65, 298
Dover ... 108
Greenwood ... 185
Haverhill ... 393
Haydn ... 64
Kentucky ... 41
Laban ... 214
Langton ... 96
Leighton ... 213
Lisbon ... 32
Magata ... 63
Marshall ... 175
Mornington ... 179
Olmutz ... 232, 306
Olney ... 132
Ontario ... 107
Owen ... 149, 366
Ozrem ... 203
Packington ... 7
Prayer ... 314
Rialto ... 90
Schumann ... 248
Selvin ... 233
Shawmut ... 114, 355
Shirland ... 161
Silver Street ... 6, 118
St. Thomas ... 186
Stafford ... 430
State Street ... 107, 115
Supplication ... 279
Thatcher ... 33
Tioga ... 368
Vigil ... 391
Waugh ... 18
Whitefield ... 278

S. M. Double.

Diademata ... 98
Hope ... 187
Morris ... 160

C. P. M.

Ariel ... 11, 275
Auburndale ... 140
Ganges ... 243
Habakkuk ... 198
Mendelssohn ... 210
Meribah ... 358
Venetia ... 358

L. P. M.

Nashville ... 43, 178

H. M.

Christ Church ... 93
Darwall ... 10
Lenox ... 122, 162
Millenium ... 52
Murray ... 322
Peyton ... 183
St. Ebbe ... 299
Warsaw ... 28, 175
Zebulon ... 105, 353

PAGE

6.

Ibstone ... 338
Jewett ... 241

6. [Irregular.]

Cary ... 392

6, 4.

America ... 412
Dort ... 87
Italian Hymn ... 7
New Haven ... 106, 285
Olivet ... 284
Our Father ... 372
Righini ... 411
Tivoli ... 330

6, 4, 6.

Bethany ... 267
Fade, Fade, each Earthly Joy ... 274
More Love to Thee, O Christ ... 267

6, 4, 7.

I Need Thee every hour ... 283

6, 5.

(Christus Victor) ... 206
Elah ... 207
Greek Hymn ... 390
Onward ... 206
Unity ... 302

6, 8, 4.

Browne ... 284
Leoni ... 406

6, 8, 8.

Requiem ... 374

7.

Aletta ... 77, 172
Dijon ... 34
Essex ... 99
Fisk ... 172
Fulton ... 100
Hall ... 202
Hendon ... 264
Horton ... 128, 180
Innocents ... 316
Jefferson ... 413
Mercy ... 42
Monkland ... 13
Nuremburg ... 300
Pleyel's Hymn ... 12, 141
Seymour ... 264
Theodora ... 421
Vienna ... 265

7. 6 lines.

Dix ... 53, 67
Durbin ... 174
Eltham ... 347
Gethsemane ... 84, 407
Nassau ... 315
Repose ... 163
Reynoldstone ... 380
Rosefield ... 125, 291
Sabbath Morn ... 33
Toplady ... 153
Viola ... 163

7. Double.

Benevento ... 354
Beulah ... 400
Blumenthal ... 266
Herald Angels ... 71
Hollingside ... 129
Leavitt ... 370
Martyn ... 242
New Brunswick ... 327

PAGE

Onido ... 181, 301
Refuge ... 242
Spanish Hymn ... 266
St. George ... 409
Watchman ... 346

7, 5.

Grey ... 144
Marth ... 106
New Brunswick ... 327

7, 6.

Aurelia ... 234
Bernard ... 396
Bolton ... 418
Clare ... 303
Ellacombe ... 21
Endsleigh ... 235
Ewing ... 397
Gauntlett, 4 lines ... 395
I Love to Tell the Story ... 281
Mendebas ... 28, 87
Miriam ... 329
Missionary Hymn ... 344
Munich ... 83
Passion Chorale ... 83
Rimbault ... 394
St. Hilda ... 280
St. James ... 67, 410
Webb ... 209, 345, 395

7, 6, 5.

Work Song ... 208

7, 6, 5, 4.

Edinburgh ... 211

7, 6, 7.

Amsterdam ... 401
Bromley ... 276
Jeshurun ... 250

7, 6, 8.

Falkirk ... 381
Penitence ... 204
Perrina ... 142
Rockport ... 169

7, 6, 8, 6.

Alford ... 398

7, 7, 7, 6.

Caledonia ... 208

7, 8, 7.

Grasmere ... 252
Long Home (The) ... 373

8.

Contrast ... 277
David ... 52
Desire ... 399
Vernon ... 375

8, 5.

In the Silent Midnight Watches ... 139
Wood End ... 139

8, 6.

Waring ... 249

8, 6, 6.

Paradise ... 403

8, 7.

Charles ... 382
Dulcetta ... 270
Precious Name ... 240
Rathbun ... 23, 76
Scudamore ... 94

PAGE

Stockwell 42
Talmar 371
Wellesley 55
Wilmot 70
Wilson 123

8, 7. 6 lines.

Albyn 126
Brest 383
Calvary 84
Greenville 22, 126
Helmsley 70
Novello 376
Regent Square 271, 319
Saviour, Like a Shepherd 325

8, 7. Double.

Austria 290
Autumn 94, 318
Come, ye Sinners 429
Ellesdie 236
Faben 349
Gaylord 331
Love Divine 182
Nettleton 268
Summerside 85
What a Friend, etc 269

8, 7. [Peculiar.]

Judgment Hymn 382

8, 7, 3.

Even Me 143

8, 7, 4.

Albyn 126
Brest 383
Calvary 84
Greenville 22, 126

PAGE

Hamden 348
Helmsley 70
Neander 127
Novello 376
Pilgrimage 377
Regent Square 271, 319
Saviour, Like a Shepherd 325
Zion 63, 287

8, 7, 6.

Fortress 61

8, 7, 7.

Neander 127
St. Joseph 76
Trinity 43

8, 8, 8, 4.

Hour of Prayer (The) 279
Nauford 317

10.

Eventide 35
Too Late 138

10, 4, 10.

Lux Benigna 253

10, 5, 11.

Lucas 354
New Year's Hymn 405

10, 11.

Houghton 168
Kelbrook 282
Lyons 21, 51, 168

10, 11, 12.

Resurrection 86

PAGE

11.

Baptiste 88
Expostulation 124
Frederick 369
Hanover 291
Portuguese Hymn 66, 251, 323
Saint's Home (The) 392

11, 8.

Meditation 282

11, 8, 12, 9.

Sweet Story 328

11, 10.

Angels' Song 402
Come, ye Disconsolate 253
Hanover 69
Henley 240

11, 10, 9.

Russian Hymn 413

11, 12.

Kelbrook 282

11, 12, 10.

Nicæa 49

12.

Scotland 121
Sullivan 421

12, 9.

Rapture 164

12, 11, 12.

Frederick 369

INDEX

OF

OCCASIONAL PIECES AND CHANTS.

		Page
A Lowly Spirit	*John Bowring.*	440
Aylesbury. S. M.		428
Benedictus, (Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,)	Luke i: 68–71.	435
Bridgewater. L. M.		425
Chants, (Double) Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6		444
Chants, (Single) Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18		445
Come, ye Sinners. 8, 7. D		429
Concord. S. M.		431
Deus Misereatur, (God be merciful unto us, and bless us;)	Psalm lxvii.	435
Domine Refugium, (Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place,)	Psalm xc.	441
Dominus Regit Me, (The Lord is my Shepherd;)	Psalm xxiii.	442
Duane Street. L. M. D.		430
Exhortation. C. M.		431
Four Last Things		443
Geneva. C. M.		426
Gloria in Excelsis, (Glory be to God on high,)		433
Gloria Patri		442
Jubilate Deo, (O be joyful in the Lord,)	Psalm c.	432
Lætatus Sum, (I was glad when they said unto me,)	Psalm cxxii.	436
Levavi Oculos, (I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,)	Psalm cxxi.	438
Lord's Prayer, The	Matthew vi: 9–13.	433
Majesty. C. M. D		426
My God, my Father	*Charlotte Elliott.*	437
Northfield. C. M.		425
Qui Habitat, (He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,)	Psalm xci.	438
Russia. L. M.		429
Sherburne. C. M.		427
Stafford. S. M.		430
Te Deum Laudamus, (We praise thee, O God;)		434
Tersanctus, (Therefore with angels and archangels,)		439
The Good Die Not	*John G. Whittier.*	437
Thy Will be Done	*John Bowring.*	440
Trisagion, (Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth;)		439
Turner. C. M.		428
Venite ad Me, (Come unto me, all ye that labor,)	Matthew xi: 28–30; Revelation xxii: 17.	442
Venite Exultemus Domino, (O come, let us sing unto the Lord,)	Psalm xcv.	432
Virum Dolorum, (He is despised and rejected of men;)	Isaiah liii.	436

INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

PAGE

ABBEY, ALONZO JUDSON, (1825——)..... 247
AHLE, JOHANN RUDOLF, (1625–1673)..... 300
ALCOCK, JOHN, Mus. Doc., Oxon., (1715–1806)..... 445
ALDRICH, VERY REV. HENRY, D. D., (1647–1710)... 444
ALLEN, GEORGE N., (1812–1877)..... 246
ANON.....172, 390, 434, 438, 445
ARNE, THOMAS AUGUSTINE, Mus. Doc., (1710–1778). 15, 218, 381.

BACH, CARL PHILIP EMANUEL, (1714–1788)..... 17
BARNBY, JOSEPH, (1838——).....279, 403
BARTHELEMON, FRANÇOIS HIPPOLITE (1741–1808).... 342
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VON, (1770–1827)...78, 191, 261, 270, 443.
BILLINGS, WILLIAM, (1746–1800)..... 426
BISHOP, SIR HENRY ROWLEY, Mus. Doc., (1786–1855) 392
BLACK, REV. JOHN, (1817–1871)....7, 14, 63, 85, 126, 160, 225, 327.
BLOW, JOHN, Mus. Doc., (1648–1708)..... 441
BLUMENTHAL, JACOB, (1829——)..... 266
BOND, HUGH, (——1792)..... 351
BORTNIANSKI, DEMITRIO S., (1751–1825)..... 419
BOST, REV. AMI, 1834..... 420
BOYCE, WILLIAM, Mus. Doc., (1710–1779)...289, 343, 432
BRADBURY, WILLIAM BATCHELDER, (1816–1868)..61, 77, 81, 100, 143, 146, 163, 172, 184, 226, 228, 231, 255, 257, 325, 363.
BROWNE, MARY ANNE, (1822–1844)..... 284
BUCKINGHAM, JOHN DUNCAN, (1855——)..... 422, 438
BURDER, REV. GEORGE, (1752–1832)..... 48
BURGMÜLLER, FREDERICK, (1804–1824)..... 258
BURNEY, CHARLES, Mus. Doc., (1726–1814)..... 9
BURROWES, JOHN FRECKLETON, (1787–1852)..110, 158, 385
B——, J——., 1849..... 399

CALKIN, JOHN BAPTISTE, (1827——)..... 88
CAMP, HARVEY CLARK, (1849——)..... 77
CAREY, HENRY, (1685–1743)..... 412
CARTER, OLEN LESTER, (1853——)..... 140
CHANDLER, S., 1790..... 243
CHETHAM, REV. JOHN, 1740..... 25
CHOPE, REV. RICHARD ROBERT, (1830——)..... 94
CLARK, THOMAS, (1775–1859).....28, 99, 175
CLARKE, JOHN, Mus. Doc., (1770–1836)..... 121
COLE, I. P..... 111
COLE, JOHN, (1774–1855)..... 426
COLES, REV. GEORGE, (1792–1858)..... 430
CONKEY, ITHAMAR, (1815–1867)..... 23, 76
CONVERSE, CHARLES CROZAT, (1834——)..... 269
COOMBS, WILLIAM, 1770..... 44
CORNELL, JOHN HENRY, (1828——)..... 293
CROFT, WILLIAM, Mus. Doc., (1677–1727)..... 286
CROTCH, WM., Mus. Doc., (1775–1847)..... 445
CUTLER, HENRY STEPHEN, Mus. Doc., (1824——).... 187

DARLEY, W. H. W., (1801–1872)..... 167
DARWALL, REV. JOHN, B. A., (1731–1789)..... 10
DEVEREUX, L..... 386
DOANE, WILLIAM HOWARD, Mus. Doc., (1832——).. 240, 267.
DOWNES, LEWIS T., (1824——)..... 433
D'URHAN, CHARLES, 1845..... 394
DUTTON, DEODATUS, JUN., 1829..... 262

PAGE

DYKES, REV. JOHN BACCHUS, M. A., Mus. Doc. (1823–1876)..49, 129, 219, 253, 279, 398, 402.
EDSON, LEWIS, (1748— ?).....122, 162, 277, 425
ELVEY, SIR GEORGE J., Mus. Doc., (1816——)....98, 409
EMERSON, LUTHER ORLANDO, (1820——)..... 171
ESTE'S (THOMAS) PSALTER, 1592..... 217
EWING, ALEXANDER. (1830——)..... 397

FARRANT, RICHARD, (1530–1580)..... 435
FELTON, REV. WM., Mus. Doc., (——1769).....436, 445
FISCHER, WILLIAM GUSTAVUS, (1835——)..... 281
FRANC, GUILLAUME, (1520–1570).....8, 58, 312, 324

GARDINER, WILLIAM, (1766–1853).....168, 200
GAUNTLETT, HENRY JOHN, Mus. Doc., (1806–1876).. 250, 395.
GEER, REV. GEORGE JARVIS, D. D., (1821——)..... 175
GIARDINI, FELICE, (1716–1796)..... 7
GILBERT, WALTER BOND, Mus. Doc. (1829——)..... 183
GLASER, CARL GOTTHELF, (1784–1829).....5, 115, 192
GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU, (1829–1869)..... 42
GOULD, JOHN EDGAR, (1822–1875).....86, 227
GOULD, NATHANIEL DATER, (1781–1864)..... 159
GREATOREX, HENRY WELLINGTON, 1816–1857)....45, 151, 213.
GREEN, JAMES, 1715..... 428
GREGORIAN.....432, 445
GREY, REV. F. R..... 144
GRIGG, JOSEPH, (1815–1852)..... 152

HANDEL, GEORGE FREDERICK, (1685–1759)....33, 52, 68, 72, 165, 186, 421.
HARRISON, REV. RALPH, (1748–1810).....18, 36
HASSLER, HANS LEO, (1564–1612)..... 83
HASTINGS, THOMAS, Mus. Doc., (1784–1872).....63, 92, 106, 112, 153, 254, 285, 287, 333, 368, 374. ARR. 221, 420.
HATTON, JOHN, (——1793).....26, 320, 417
HAVERGAL, REV. WILLIAM HENRY, M.A., (1793–1870) 156, 190, 265.
HAWEIS, REV. THOMAS, (1732–1820)..... 102
HAYDN, FRANCIS JOSEPH, Mus. Doc., (1732–1809)... 21, 50, 51, 59, 64, 168, 188, 207, 216, 290.
HIBBARD, S., 1803..... 431
HODGES, EDWARD, Mus. Doc., (1796–1867)..... 198
HOLBROOK, JOSEPH P., (1822——).....106, 142, 155, 157, 201, 220, 242, 244, 329, 370, 396. ARR. 138, 163, 230, 241, 331, 413.
HOLDEN, OLIVER, (1765–1844)..... .....95, 308, 431
HOLDROYD, ISRAEL, 1740..... 130
HOLYOKE, SAMUEL, (1771–1816)..... 341
HOPKINS, EDWARD JOHN, (1818——)..... 330
HOPKINS, REV. JOSIAH. D.D., (1786–1862). 124
HUBBARD, S..... 150
HUMPHREYS, R. D., 1826..... 164
HUSBAND, REV. H 280

INGALLS, JEREMIAH, (1764–1828)..... 41, 229, 425, 429
IRONS, HERBERT S., 1860..... 408
IVES, ELAM, JR., (1800–1864). .....ARR. 400

JACKSON, WM., (1730–1803)..... 444
JACOBS, REV. WM. A., (——1872)..... 444

INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

PAGE

JENKS, STEPHEN, (1772–1856)..... 80
JONES, DARIUS ELIOT, (1815——)..... 42
JONES, REV. WILLIAM, (1726–1800).....54, 215

KINGSLEY, GEORGE, (1811——).....56, 88, 91, 97, 105, 245, 295, 328, 339, 365, 369, 389. ART. 191.
KIRBYE, GEORGE, (ESTE'S PSALTER,) 1592..... 379
KLUG'S (JOSEPH) GESANGBUCH, 1535..... 382
KNAPP, WILLIAM, (1698–1768)..... 46

LANGDON, RICHARD, MUS. BAC., (1741–1803).....205, 444
LEONI, RABBI, 1770.....Ad. 406
LEWIS, FREEMAN, 1813..... 283
LINDSAY, MISS M..... 138
LOCKHART, CHARLES, (1745–1815)..... 96
LOWRY, REV. ROBERT, D. D., (1826——).....211, 283
LUCAS, JAMES, 1820..... 354
LUTHER, MARTIN, (1483–1546)..... 61
LWOFF, ALEXIS THEODORE, (1799——)..... 413

MCDONALD, REV. WILLIAM, (1820——) .....ART. 404
MACFARREN, GEO. A..... 445
MACLAGAN, REV. W. D..... 174
MAIN, HUBERT PLATT, (1839——).....139, 303. ART. 283
MAINZER, JOSEPH, MUS. DOC., (1801–1851)..... 16
MALAN, REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR, (1787–1864). 125, 256, 264, 291.
MARECHIO, ——.....94, 318
MARSH, SIMEON BUTLER, (1798–1875)..... 242
MARSHALL, LEONARD, (1809——)..... 314
MASON, LOWELL, MUS. DOC., (1792–1872)...19, 20, 31, 33, 40, 49, 74, 81, 87, 105, 109, 117, 120, 131, 132, 133, 144, 148, 158, 166, 208, 212, 214, 238, 240, 267, 284, 292, 296, 302, 304, 332, 335, 336, 340, 344, 346, 347, 348, 353, 358, 364, 367, 383, 393, 442. ART. 5, 11, 16, 28, 47, 60, 75, 87, 114, 115, 134, 192, 224, 232, 233, 275, 306, 311, 355. AD. 43, 178, 179.
MATTHEWS, REV. T. R.....174, 380
MAXIM, ABRAHAM, (1773–1829)..... 428
MEHUL, ETIENNE HENRI, (1763–1817).....27, 59, 188
MEINEKE, CHARLES, (1782— ?)..... 442
MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, FELIX JACOB LUDWIG, PH. D., (1809–1847)..71, 83, 123, 305.
MERRICK, REV. G. P..... 139
MILLER, EDWARD, MUS. DOC., (1731–1807)..278. ART. 17
MONK, WILLIAM HENRY, 1861.....35, 177. ART. 38, 53, 67, 316, 321.
MORLEY, THOS., MUS. DOC., (1563–1604)..... 441
MORNINGTON, EARL OF, LORD GARRET WELLESLEY, (1720–1781).....179, 444
MOSS, EDWIN..... 197, 252
MOZART, JOHANN C. W. AMADEUS, (1756–1791)...69, 194, 236, 291.
MUHLENBERG, REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, D.D., (1796–1877)..... 288

NÄEGELI, HANS GEORGE, (1768–1836)....65, 224, 298, 413
NARES, JAMES, MUS. DOC., (1715–1783)..... 401
NEANDER, REV. JOACHIM, (1640–1680)..... 127
NEUKOMM, SIGISMUND, (1778–1858)..... 75
NEUMARCK, GEORGE, (1621–1681)..... 422
NICOLAI, OTTO, (——1849)..... 210
NORRIS, JOHN..... 444
NOVELLO, VINCENT, (1781–1861)..... 376

OAKLEY, WILLIAM HENRY, (1809——)..... 204
OLIVER, HENRY KEMBLE, (1800——)..... 29, 222
OLIVERS, REV. THOMAS, (1725–1799)..... 70

PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PETRI ALOYSIUS, (1524–1594). 415
PARKER, REV. EDWIN POND.....ART. 42
PARKER, J..... 382
PERKINS, THEODORE EDSON, (1831——)..... 274
PLEYEL, IGNACE, (1757–1831).12, 89, 141, 181, 301, 356, 378
POND, SYLVANUS BILLINGS, (1792–1871)..... 295

RANDALL, JOHN, MUS. DOC., (1715–1799)..... 119
READ, DANIEL, (1757–1836).....32, 145, 427, 429, 430
REDHEAD, RICHARD, 1853.....84, 299, 407

PAGE

REYNOLDS, W. L..... 437
RIGHINI, VINCENZO, (1756–1812)..... 411
RILEY, J..... 282
RIMBAULT, EDWARD FRANCIS, LL.D., (1816–1876). ART. 394.
RINK, JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH, (1770–1846) 30.
RITTER, PETER, (1760–1846)..... 38, 321
ROBINSON, JOHN, (1682–1762)..... 436
ROSENMÜLLER, JOHANN, (1615–1686)..... 315
ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK, (1820——).....89, 90, 887
ROSSINI, GIACHIMO, (1792–1868)..... 297
ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES, (1712–1778).....22, 126

SALVATORI, S..... 235
SCHUMANN, ROBERT, (1810–1856)..... 248
SEWARD, THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, (1835——).. 334
SHORE, W..... 20
SIMPSON, R.....Ad. 136
SMART, HENRY, (1812——).....271, 319
SMITH, H. PERCY..... 170
SMITH, ISAAC, (——1800)..... 6, 118
SNOW, LEVI FRANKLIN, (1839–1876).....Ad. 392
SPILMAN, REV. JONATHAN, 1835..... 221
SPOHR, LOUIS, MUS. DOC., (1784–1859)...189, 193, 249, 313
STANLEY, SAMUEL, (1767–1822)..... .....37, 84, 161
STATHAM, H. H..... 76
STEGGALL, CHARLES, MUS. DOC., (1826——)..... 93
STREETFIELD, C.....Ad. 96
SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR, (1842——)...206, 309, 317, 373, 421.
SWAN, TIMOTHY, (1758–1842)..... 360
SWEETSER, JOSEPH E., (1825–1873).....147, 149, 185, 366

TALLIS, THOMAS, (1520–1585)..... 39
TANSUR, WILLIAM, (1700–1783).....104, 173, 350
TAYLOR, VIRGIL CORYDON, (1817——).....113, 205
TIDDEMAN, MARIA..... 338
TOURJÉE, EBEN, MUS. DOC., (1834——).....392, 443, 445
TOURJÉE, LIZZIE S., (1858.——)..... 55
TROYTE, ARTHUR HENRY DYKE, (1811–1857)..... 437
TUCKER, ISAAC, (1761–1825)..... 384
TUCKERMAN, SAMUEL PARKMAN, MUSICAL DOCTOR, (1819——)..... 137
TURLE, JAS., (1802——)..... 445
TURNER, WM., MUS. DOC., (1652–1740)..... 432

UNKNOWN....16, 21, 28, 34, 43, 52, 53, 62, 66, 67, 87, 107, 116, 117, 161, 202, 208, 233, 251, 259, 266, 268, 276, 307, 311, 317, 321, 322, 323, 328, 352, 358, 361, 375, 377, 391, 399, 410, 414, 416, 433, 438, 439, 442, 445.

VENUA, FREDERICK MARC ANTOINE, (1788— ?)..... 388

WALLACE, WILLIAM VINCENT, (1815–1865)..... 310
WALSH, JOHN, (——1766)..... 418
WALTON, J. G.....Ad. 223, 272
WARREN, SAMUEL P., (1841——)..... 440
WARTENSEE, XAVIER SCHNYDER VON, (1786— ?) ... 128, 180.
WEBB, GEORGE JAMES, (1803——).....209, 345, 395
WEBBE, SAMUEL, (1740–1816).....24, 57, 103, 253, 354, 405
WEBER, CARL MARIA VON, (1786–1826).....70, 241, 264
WESLEY, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN, MUS. DOC., (1810–1876) 234
WHITAKER, JOHN, 1839..... 154
WHITE, EDWARD LITTLE, (1809–1851).....260, 362, 372
WILCOX, JOHN HENRY, MUS. DOC., (1827–1874)..... 349
WILKES, REV. JOHN B., MUS. DOC..... 13
WILLIAMS, AARON, (1731–1776) 108, 135, 357
WILLIS, RICHARD STORRS, (1819——)..... 72
WILSON, HUGH, 1768..... 196
WOODBURY, ISAAC BAKER, (1819–1858).....66, 79, 82, 86, 123, 169, 203, 326, 371, 440.
WOODMAN, JONATHAN CALL, (1813——).....107, 115
WYVILL, ZERUBBABEL, (1762–1837)..... 239

YOAKLEY, REV. WILLIAM, 1820..... 176

ZEUNER, HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER, (1795–1857)...69, 118, 220, 294, 337.
ZUNDEL, JOHN, (1815——)..... 182

INDEX OF AUTHORS OF HYMNS.

ADAMS, Mrs. Sarah Flower, *b.* 1805, *d.* 1849. *Hymn* 724.
ADDISON, Joseph, *b.* 1672, *d.* 1719. *Hymns* 138, 160, 180, 412, 1113.
ALEXANDER, Mrs. Cecil Frances, *b.* 1823. *Hymns* 320, 941, 1022.
ALEXANDER, Rev. James Waddell, D.D., *b.* 1804, *d.* 1859. *Hymn* 222.
ALFORD, Rev. Henry, D.D., *b.* 1810, *d.* 1871. *Hymns* 564, 1036, 1062, 1083.
ALLEN, James, *b.* 1734, *d.* 1804. *Hymn* 730.
ALLEN, Jonathan. *Hymn* 342.
AMBROSE OF MILAN, *b.* 340, *d.* 397. *Hymns* 107, 233.
ANDERSON, Mrs. Maria Frances, *b.* 1819. *Hymn* 933.
ANDREW OF CRETE, *b.* 660, *d.* 732. *Hymn* 1047.
ARNOLD, Rev. Gottfried, *b.* 1666, *d.* 1714. *Hymn* 492.
AUBER, Miss Harriet, *b.* 1773, *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 33, 74, 76, 132, 280, 300, 764, 779, 902, 937.

BACON, Rev. Leonard, D.D., *b.* 1802. *Hymn* 925.
BAKER, Rev. Sir Henry Williams, *b.* 1821, *d.* 1877. *Hymns* 91, 638, 734, 891, 1102, 1107.
BAKEWELL, Rev. John, *b.* 1721, *d.* 1819. *Hymn* 246.
BARBAULD, Mrs. Anna Letitia, *b.* 1743, *d.* 1825. *Hymns* 77, 344, 982, 1084.
BARBER, Mary A. S., (about 1840.) *Hymn* 463.
BARING-GOULD, Rev. Sabine, *b.* 1834. *Hymn* 563.
BARTON, Bernard, *b.* 1784, *d.* 1849. *Hymns* 507, 620.
BATHURST, Rev. William Hiley, *b.* 1796. *Hymns* 61, 274, 667, 928, 971, 980.
BAXTER, Mrs. Lydia, *b.* 1809, *d.* 1874. *Hymn* 653.
BAXTER, Rev. Richard, *b.* 1615, *d.* 1691. *Hymn* 669.
BEDDOME, Rev. Benjamin, *b.* 1717, *d.* 1795. *Hymns* 285, 314, 315, 405, 466, 706, 819, 950.
BEHEMB, Rev. M., *b.* 1537, *d.* 1622. *Hymn* 604.
BERNARD OF CLAIR VAUX, *b.* 1091, *d.* 1153. *Hymns* 222, 327, 408, 691, 700, 701, 702.
BERNARD OF CLUNY, (about 1122.) *Hymns* 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061.
BETHUNE, Rev. George W., D.D., *b.* 1805, *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 333, 993.
BICKERSTETH, Rev. Edward H., *b.* 1825. *Hymn* 845.
BLACKLOCK, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *b.* 1721, *d.* 1791. *Hymn* 133.
BOEHM, Anthony Wilhelm, *b.* 1673, *d.* 1722. *Hymn* 327.
BONAR, Rev. Horatius, D.D., *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 426, 434, 576, 603, 655, 728, 754, 796, 855, 957, 994.
BONAR Mrs. Horatius. *Hymn* 741.
BORTHWICK, Miss Jane, *b.* 1825. *Hymns* 352, 654.
BOWLY, Mary Peters, *d.* 1856. *Hymn* 829.
BOURIGNON, Mad. Antoinette, *b.* 1616, *d.* 1680. *Hymn* 457.
BOWRING, Sir John, LL.D., *b.* 1792, *d.* 1872. *Hymns* 150, 204, 290, 328, 935, 978.
BRACKENBURY, Rev. Robert Carr, *b.* 1752, *d.* 1818. *Hymn* 360.
BRADY, Rev. Nicholas, D.D., *b.* 1659, *d.* 1726. *See* Tate and Brady.
BRIDGES, Matthew, *b.* 1800, *d.* 1852. *Hymns* 229, 257, 468.
BROWN, Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale, *b.* 1783, *d.* 1861. *Hymns* 709, 771.
BRYANT, William Cullen, *b.* 1794, *d.* 1878. *Hymns* 201, 627, 869, 881, 900, 905, 907, 929.
BULFINCH, Rev. Stephen Greenleaf, *b.* 1809, *d.* 1870. *Hymn* 87.
BULLOCK, Rev. William, D.D., *b.* 1798. *Hymn* 1095.
BUNTING, Rev. William Maclardie, *b.* 1805, *d.* 1866. *Hymn* 830.
BURDSALL, Richard, *b.* 1735, *d.* 1824. *Hymn* 330.
BURGESS, Bp. George, D.D., *b.* 1809, *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 579 1111.
BURLEIGH, William H., *b.* 1812, *d.* 1871. *Hymn* 671.
BURTON, John, *b.* 1803. *Hymn* 282.
BUTTRESS, John, (1778.) *Hymn* 298.

CAMERON, William, *b.* 1751, *d.* 1811. *Hymn* 989.
CAMPBELL, Robert, *d.* 1868. *Hymns* 167, 847.
CARLYLE, Rev. Joseph Dacre, *b.* 1759, *d.* 1804. *Hymn* 60.
CARY, Miss Phœbe, *b.* 1825, *d.* 1871. *Hymn* 1053.
CASWALL, Rev. Edward, *b.* 1814, *d.* 1878. *Hymns* 107, 700, 701, 702.
CAWOOD, Rev. John, *b.* 1775, *d.* 1852. *Hymns* 188, 301.
CENNICK, Rev. John, *b.* 1717, *d.* 1755. *Hymns* 450, 697, 720.
CHANDLER, Rev. John, *b.* 1806, *d.* 1876. *Hymns* 129, 219.
CHARLES, Mrs. Elizabeth, (1865.) *Hymns* 205, 233, 1026.
CHORLEY, Henry Fothergill, *b.* 1808, *d.* 1872. *Hymn* 1092.
CLARKE, Rev. James Freeman, D.D., *b.* 1810. *Hymn* 906.
CLAUDIUS, Matthias, *b.* 1740, *d.* 1815. *Hymn* 1086.
CLAUSNITZER, Rev. Tobiah, *b.* 1619, *d.* 1684. *Hymn* 118.
CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, *d.* 220. *Hymn* 885.
CODNER, Elizabeth, (1860.) *Hymn* 384.
COKE, Rev. Thomas, LL.D., *b.* 1747, *d.* 1814. *Hymn* 624.
COLLYER, Rev. William Bengo, D.D., *b.* 1782, *d.* 1854 *Hymns* 354, 370, 922, 997, 1023.
CONDER, Josiah, *b.* 1789, *d.* 1855. *Hymns* 10, 134, 844.
COOPER, John, (1818.) *Hymn* 35.
COSIN, Bp. John, D.D., *b.* 1594, *d.* 1672. *Hymn* 273.
COTTERILL, Mrs. M. J., *d.* 1819. *Hymn* 459.
COTTERILL, Rev. Thomas, *b.* 1779, *d.* 1823. *Hymns* 281, 783, 904.
COWPER, Miss Frances M., (about 1792.) *Hymn* 664.
COWPER, William, *b.* 1731, *d.* 1800. *Hymns* 44, 161, 296, 308, 319, 549, 552, 625, 641, 690, 696, 713, 777.
COX, Christopher C., M.D., *b.* 1816. *Hymn* 115.
COXE, Bp. Arthur Cleveland, D.D., *b.* 1818. *Hymn* 202, 376, 763, 944.
CRABBE, Rev. George, *b.* 1754, *d.* 1832. *Hymn* 346.
CROSWELL, Rev. William, D.D., *b.* 1804, *d.* 1851. *Hymn* 897.
CUNNINGHAM, Rev. John Wm., *b.* 1780, *d.* 1861. *Hymn* 209.
CUTTER, William. *Hymn* 896.

DAVIES, Rev. Samuel, *b.* 1724, *d.* 1761. *Hymn* 460.
DAVIS, William T., *b.* 1822. *Hymn* 1105.
DENHAM, Rev. David, *b.* 1791, *d.* 1848. *Hymn* 1054.
DENNY, Sir Edward, *b.* 1796. *Hymns* 196, 203, 914.
DESSLER, Wolfgang Christopher, *b.* 1660, *d.* 1722 *Hymns* 448, 613.

DEXTER, Rev. Henry Martyn, *b.* 1821. *Hymn* 885.
DIX, William Chatterton, *b.* 1837. *Hymn* 182.
DOANE, Bp. George Washington, D.D., *b.* 1799, *d.* 1859. *Hymns* 117, 318.
DOBELL, John, *b.* 1757, *d.* 1840. *Hymn* 361.
DOBER, Mrs. Anna Schindler, *b.* 1713, *d.* 1739. *Hymn* 490.
DODDRIDGE, Rev. Philip, D.D., *b.* 1702, *d.* 1751. *Hymns* 78, 96, 176, 185, 321, 429, 447, 594, 605, 692, 774, 812, 823, 827, 834, 867, 893, 894, 903, 948, 958, 1084, 1082.
DUFFIELD, Rev. George, D.D., *b.* 1818. *Hymn* 567.
DUNCAN, Mrs. Mary Lundie, *b.* 1814, *d.* 1840. *Hymn* 1040.
DWIGHT, Rev. John Sullivan, *b.* 1812. *Hymn* 1090.
DWIGHT, Rev. Timothy, D.D., *b.* 1752, *d.* 1817. *Hymns* 349, 770, 981.
DYER, Rev. Sidney, *b.* 1814. *Hymn* 565.

EASTBURN, Rev. James Wallis, *b.* 1798, *d.* 1819. *Hymn* 137.
ECKING, Samuel, *b.* 1757, *d.* 1785. *Hymn* 164.
EDMESTON, James, *b.* 1791, *d.* 1867. *Hymns* 80, 116, 879, 931, 934.
ELA, Rev. David Hough, D.D., *b.* 1831. *Hymn* 198.
ELLERTON, Rev. John, *b.* 1826. *Hymns* 86, 94, 231, 597.
ELLIOTT, Miss Charlotte, *b.* 1789, *d.* 1871. *Hymns* 363, 393, 752.
EVANS, Rev. Jonathan, *b.* 1749, *d.* 1809. *Hymns* 55, 224.
EVEREST, Charles William. *Hymn* 601.

FABER, Rev. Frederick William, D.D., *b.* 1815, *d.* 1863. *Hymns* 125, 147, 149, 509, 591, 596, 608, 1070, 1071.
FABRICIUS, Rev. Jacob, *b.* 1593, *d.* 1654. *Hymn* 569.
FAWCETT, Rev. John, D.D., *b.* 1739, *d.* 1817. *Hymns* 31, 39, 174, 297, 312, 371, 797.
FLOWERDEW, Mrs. Alice, *b.* 1759, *d.* 1830. *Hymn* 1081.
FORD, Rev. David Everard, (1828.) *Hymns* 647, 960.
FORTUNATUS VENANTIUS, *b.* 530, *d.* 609. *Hymns* 219, 231.
FOX, William Johnson, *b.* 1786, *d.* 1864. *Hymn* 911.
FRANCIS, Rev. Benjamin, *b.* 1734, *d.* 1799. *Hymns* 604, 865.

GAMBOLD, Bp. John, *b.* 1710, *d.* 1771. *Hymn* 758.
GANSE, Rev. Hervey Doddridge, *b.* 1822. *Hymns* 283, 634.
GERHARDT, Rev. Paul, *b.* 1606, *d.* 1676. *Hymns* 212, 222, 265, 436, 476, 672, 673.
GIBBONS, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *b.* 1720, *d.* 1785. *Hymns* 530, 910.
GILMAN, Samuel. (1823.) *Hymn* 832.
GILMORE, Rev. J. H., *b.* 1834. *Hymn* 622.
GOUGH, Benjamin, *b.* 1805. *Hymn* 488.
GOULD, Miss Hannah Flagg, *b.* 1792, *d.* 1865. *Hymns* 90, 1110.
GRANT, Sir Robert, *b.* 1785, *d.* 1838. *Hymns* 140, 293, 417, 658, 723.
GREGORY THE GREAT, *b.* 550, *d.* 604. *Hymns* 240, 269, 273.
GRIGG, Rev. Joseph, *b.* 1728, *d.* 1768. *Hymn* 604.
GURNEY, Rev. John Hampden, *b.* 1802, *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 590, 1094.
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, *b.* 1594, *d.* 1632. *Hymn* 569.
GUYON, Mad. Jeanne M. B. de la M., *b.* 1648, *d.* 1717. *Hymn* 696.

HAMMOND, Rev. William, *b.* 1719, *d.* 1783. *Hymns* 4, 21.
HANKEY, Miss Catherine, (1865.) *Hymn* 756.
HARBAUGH, Rev. Henry, *b.* 1818, *d.* 1867. *Hymn* 500.
HART, Rev. Joseph, *b.* 1712, *d.* 1768. *Hymns* 29, 143, 340, 365, 396, 689, 840, 841.
HASTINGS, T., *b.* 1784, *d.* 1872. *Hymns* 177, 336, 646, 912, 1002.
HATFIELD, Rev. Edwin F., D.D., *b.* 1807. *Hymn* 895.
HAWEIS, Rev. Thomas, M.D., *b.* 1732, *d.* 1820. *Hymns* 270, 271, 338, 619.
HAWKS, Mrs. Annie Sherwood, *b.* 1835. *Hymn* 760.
HEATH, George, *b.* 1781. *Hymn* 581.
HEBER, Bp. Reginald, D.D., *b.* 1783, *d.* 1826. *Hymns* 62, 71, 136, 186, 373, 387, 875, 930, 999, 1114.
HEDGE, Rev. Frederick H., D.D., *b.* 1805. *Hymn* 166.
HEGINBOTHAM, Rev. Ottiwell, *b.* 1744, *d.* 1768. *Hymns* 294, 705.
HEMANS, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea, *b.* 1794, *d.* 1835. *Hymns* 618, 988, 1005.
HERVEY, Rev. James, *b.* 1714, *d.* 1758. *Hymn* 615.
HERZOG, John F. *b.* 1647, *d.* 1699. *Hymn* 114.
HILLHOUSE, Augustus L., *b.* 1792, *d.* 1859. *Hymn* 444.
HOLDEN, Oliver. *Hymn* 717.
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, M.D. *b.* 1809. *Hymns* 135, 629.
HOPKINS, Josiah, *b.* 1786, *d.* 1862. *Hymn* 335.
HOW, Rev. William Walsham, *b.* 1823. *Hymns* 213, 892.
HUNTER, Rev. William, D.D., *b.* 1811, *d.* 1877. *Hymns* 986, 1072.
HUNTINGDON, Selina, Countess of, *b.* 1707, *d.* 1791. *Hymn* 1027.
HUNTINGTON, Bp. Frederick Dan, D.D., *b.* 1819. *Hymn* 1049.
HUTTON, James, *b.* 1715, *d.* 1795. *Hymn* 88.
HYDE, Mrs. Ann Beadley, *d.* 1872. *Hymn* 353.

IRONS, Rev. William Josiah, D.D., *b.* 1812. *Hymns* 225, 614.

JACOBI, John Christian, (1722.) *Hymn* 265.
JERVIS, Rev. Thomas, *b.* 1748, *d.* 1793. *Hymn* 43.
JOHN OF DAMASCUS, *d.* about 780. *Hymn* 230.
JONES, Rev. Edmund, *b.* 1722, *d.* 1765. *Hymn* 369.
JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *b.* 808, *d.* 883. *Hymn* 640.
JUDKIN, Rev. Thomas James, *b.* 1788, *d.* 1811. *Hymns* 253, 266.
JUDSON, Rev. Adoniram, D.D., *b.* 1788, *d.* 1850. *Hymn* 716.

KEBLE, Rev. John, *b.* 1792, *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 102, 103, 501, 1080.
KELLY, Rev. Thomas, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1855. *Hymns* 54, 58, 208, 226, 235, 249, 256, 561, 577, 767, 768.
KEMPTHORNE, Rev. John, *b.* 1775, *d.* 1838. *Hymn* 57.
KEN, Bp. Thomas, D.D., *b.* 1637, *d.* 1711. *Hymns* 105, 106.
KEITH, George, (1787.) *Hymn* 679.
KETHE, Rev. William, *b.* 1561. *Hymn* 11.
KING, John, *b.* 1788, *d.* 1858. *Hymn* 883.
KNOWLES, James D., *b.* 1798, *d.* 1838. *Hymn* 870.

LANGE, Rev. Ernest, *b.* 1650, *d.* 1727. *Hymns* 126, 127.
LANGE, Rev. Joachim, D.D., *b.* 1670, *d.* 1744. *Hymn* 474.
LEESON, Miss Jane E., (1853.) *Hymn* 889.
LELAND, Rev. John, *b.* 1754, *d.* 1841. *Hymn* 113.
LIVINGSTONE, Rev. John H., D.D., (1789.) *Hymn* 449.
LLOYD, William Freeman, *b.* 1791, *d.* 1853. *Hymn* 637.
LOGAN, Rev. John, *b.* 1748, *d.* 1788. *Hymn* 816.
LONGFELLOW, Rev. Samuel, *b.* 1819. *Hymns* 109, 263, 598.
LUKE, Mrs. Jemima, *b.* 1813. *Hymn* 880.
LUTHER, Martin, *b.* 1483, *d.* 1546. *Hymns* 166, 911.
LYTE, Rev. Henry Francis, *b.* 1793, *d.* 1847. *Hymns* 27, 93, 158, 635, 643, 734, 1088.

MCCHEYNE, Rev. Robert Murray, *b.* 1813, *d.* 1843. *Hymn* 1079.
MCCOMB. *Hymn* 441.
MACDUFF, Rev. John Robert, (1853.) *Hymn* 1016.
MACE, Mrs. Frances L., *b.* 1836. *Hymn* 644.
MACKAY, Mrs. Margaret, *b.* 1801. *Hymn* 979.
MALAN, Rev. Abraham Henri Cæsar, D.D., *b.* 1787, *d.* 1864. *Hymn* 993.
MANT, Bp. Richard, *b.* 1776, *d.* 1848. *Hymn* 56.
MARCH, Rev. Daniel, *b.* 1816. *Hymn* 607.
MARCY, Mrs. Elizabeth E., *b.* 1822. *Hymn* 665.
MARRIOTT, Rev. John, *b.* 1780, *d.* 1825. *Hymn* 913
MARSDEN, Rev. Joshua, *b.* 1777, *d.* 1837. *Hymn* 939.
MASON, Miss Mary Jane, *b.* 1822. *Hymn* 742.
MASON, Rev. John, *d.* 1694. *Hymn* 99.
MASSIE, Richard, *b.* 1800. *Hymn* 755.
MAUDE, Mrs. Mary Fawler, (1848.) *Hymn* 465.
MEDLEY, Rev. Samuel, *b.* 1738, *d.* 1799. *Hymns* 193, 242, 323, 743.
MERRICK, Rev. James, *b.* 1720, *d.* 1769. *Hymn* 617.
MIDLANE, Albert, *b.* 1825. *Hymn* 357.
MILLER, Mrs. Emily Huntington, *b.* 1833. *Hymns* 862, 886.
MILTON, John, *b.* 1608, *d.* 1674. *Hymns* 145, 769, 915.
MONSELL, Rev. John Samuel Bewley, LL.D., *b.* 1811, *d.* 1875. *Hymns* 232, 548, 729, 732, 808, 1015, 1085, 1106.

Montgomery, James, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1854. *Hymns* 5, 24, 25, 40, 68, 79, 89, 165, 168, 179, 181, 189, 191, 206, 223, 276, 286, 288, 341, 358, 403, 464, 575, 599, 639, 660, 663, 692, 710, 750, 781, 788, 836, 858, 861, 882, 909, 916, 938, 959, 990, 992, 1000, 1009, 1048, 1050, 1087.
Moore, Thomas, *b.* 1779, *d.* 1852. *Hymns* 611, 683.
More, Henry, *b.* 1614, *d.* 1687. *Hymn* 368.
Morris, George P., *b.* 1802, *d.* 1864. *Hymn* 1012.
Morrison, Rev. John, D.D., *b.* 1749, *d.* 1798. *Hymns* 184, 551.
Mote, Rev. Edward, *b.* 1797. *Hymn* 421.
Muhlenberg, Rev. William Augustus, D.D., *b.* 1796, *d.* 1877. *Hymns* 388, 485, 888, 998.

Neale, Rev. John Mason, D.D., *b.* 1818, *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 199, 230, 640, 856, 859, 1047, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061.
Nevin, Rev. Edwin H., D.D., *b.* 1814. *Hymn* 731.
Newman, Rev. John Henry, D.D., *b.* 1801. *Hymns* 207, 682, 708.
Newton, Rev. John, *b.* 1725, *d.* 1807. *Hymns* 23, 53, 88, 141, 316, 423, 427, 498, 516, 546, 718, 747, 776, 956, 1029.
Noel, Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley, *b.* 1799, *d.* 1873. *Hymns* 255, 633.
Noel, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas, *b.* 1782, *d.* 1851. *Hymn* 839.

Oberlin, Rev. Jean Frederic, *b.* 1740, *d.* 1826. *Hymn* 685.
Olivers, Rev. Thomas, *b.* 1725, *d.* 1799. *Hymns* 733, 1075, 1076, 1077.
Onderdonk, Bp. Henry Ustick, *b.* 1789, *d.* 1858. *Hymn* 355.
Opie, Mrs. Amelia, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1853. *Hymn* 122.

Palmer, Rev. Ray, D.D., *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 240, 284, 691, 714, 762, 849, 921, 1055.
Park, Rev. Roswell, *b.* 1807, *d.* 1869. *Hymn* 853.
Peabody, Rev. William Bourn Oliver, D.D., *b.* 1799, *d.* 1847. *Hymns* 898, 974.
Peacock, John, (1775.) *Hymn* 828.
Perronet, Rev. Edward, *d.* 1792. *Hymn* 248.
Phillips, Harriet. *Hymn* 884.
Pierpont, Rev. John, *b.* 1785, *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 36, 857.
Plumptre, Rev. Edward Hayes, D.D., *b.* 1821. *Hymn* 1099.
Pope, Alexander, *b.* 1688, *d.* 1744. *Hymn* 969.
Pott, Rev. Francis, (1861.) *Hymn* 949.
Prentiss, Mrs. Elizabeth Payson, *b.* 1819, *d.* 1869. *Hymn* 725.

Raffles, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *b.* 1788, *d.* 1863. *Hymns* 45, 380, 1067.
Rambach, J. J., *b.* 1693, *d.* 1735. *Hymn* 826.
Rawson, George, *b.* 1807. *Hymns* 499, 850.
Reed, Rev. Andrew, D.D., *b.* 1787, *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 267, 278, 343, 409.
Rice, Mrs. Caroline Laura, *b.* 1819. *Hymn* 878.
Richardson, Charlotte, (1806.) *Hymn* 632.
Richter, Rev. Christian Friedrich, D.D., *b.* 1676, *d.* 1711. *Hymns* 394, 631.
Ringwaldt, Rev. Bartholomäus, *b.* 1530, *d.* 1598. *Hymn* 1028.
Robert II., King of France, *b.* 972, *d.* 1031. *Hymn* 284.
Roberts, Thomas, (1804.) *Hymn* 761.
Robins, Gurdon. *Hymn* 1041.
Robinson, George, (1842.) *Hymns* 800, 864.
Robinson, Rev. Robert, *b.* 1735, *d.* 1790. *Hymns* 148, 726.
Roscoe, Rev. J. *Hymn* 628.
Roscoe, Rev. William, *b.* 1752, *d.* 1831. *Hymn* 1103.
Rothe, Rev. Johann Andreas, *b.* 1688, *d.* 1758. *Hymns* 420, 649.
Rous, Francis, *b.* 1579, *d.* 1658. *Hymn* 156.
Ryland, Rev. John, D.D., *b.* 1753, *d.* 1825. *Hymn* 175.
Ryle, Rev. J. C. *Hymn* 843.

Sargent, Lucius Manlius, *b.* 1786, *d.* 1867. *Hymn* 901.
Scheffler, Johann Angelus, *b.* 1624, *d.* 1677. *Hymns* 119, 478.
Schmolke, Rev. Benjamin, *b.* 1672, *d.* 1737. *Hymns* 228, 654.
Scott, Elizabeth, (about 1763.) *Hymns* 73, 112.
Scott, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1776. *Hymn* 345.
Scott, Sir Walter, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1832. *Hymns* 163, 1017.
Seagrave, Rev. Robert, *b.* 1693. *Hymn* 1068.
Sears, Rev. Edmund Hamilton, D.D., *b.* 1810, *d.* 1876. *Hymns* 194, 195.
Seymour, Aaron Crossly Hobart, *b.* 1789. *Hymn* 908.
Shepherd, Thomas, *b.* 1665, *d.* 1739. *Hymn* 666.
Shirley, Hon. and Rev. Walter, *b.* 1725, *d.* 1786. *Hymns* 52, 730.
Shrubsole, William, Jr., *b.* 1759, *d.* 1829. *Hymns* 110, 920.
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia Huntley, *b.* 1791, *d.* 1865. *Hymns* 287, 414, 578, 1008.
Smith, Sir James Edward, M.D., *b.* 1759, *d.* 1828. *Hymns* 67, 630.
Smith, Rev. Samuel Francis, D.D., *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 92, 932, 1089.
Smythe, Rev. Edwin, (1793.) *Hymn* 59.
Spangenberg, Bp. Augustus Gottlieb, *b.* 1704, *d.* 1792 *Hymn* 811.
Spitta, Rev. Carl Johann P., *b.* 1801, *d.* 1859. *Hymns* 755, 1010.
Stanley, Rev. Arthur Penrhyn, D.D., *b.* 1815. *Hymns* 200, 1023.
Steele, Miss Anne, *b.* 1717, *d.* 1778. *Hymns* 63, 64, 100, 252, 299, 306, 309, 313, 325, 553, 554, 610, 661, 674, 852, 962, 1051, 1096, 1101.
Steele, Mrs. Harriet Binney, *b.* 1826. *Hymn* 874.
Stennett, Rev. Joseph, D.D., *b.* 1663, *d.* 1713. *Hymn* 82.
Stennett, Rev. Samuel, D.D., *b.* 1727, *d.* 1795. *Hymns* 218, 241, 295, 322, 504, 987, 1038.
Sternhold, Thomas, *d.* 1549. *Hymn* 152.
Stocker, John, (1776.) *Hymn* 262.
Stowell, Rev. Hugh, *b.* 1799, *d.* 1865. *Hymn* 684.
Straphan, Joseph, *b.* 1757. *Hymn* 877.
Strong, Rev. Nathan, *b.* 1748, *d.* 1816. *Hymn* 1093.
Swain, Rev. Joseph, *b.* 1761, *d.* 1796. *Hymns* 759, 780.

Tappan, William Bingham, *b.* 1794, *d.* 1849. *Hymns* 217, 1039.
Tate, Nahum, *b.* 1652, *d.* 1715. *Hymn* 120.
Tate and Brady, (1696.) *Hymns* 13, 192, 550, 1097.
Tennyson, Alfred, *b.* 1809. *Hymn* 875.
Tersteegen, Gerhard, *b.* 1697, *d.* 1769. *Hymns* 47, 352, 477, 496, 695.
Thomas of Celano, (1250.) *Hymn* 1023.
Thompson, Rev. Alexander Ramsay, (1822.) *Hymn* 670.
Thomson, Rev. John, *b.* 1782, *d.* 1818. *Hymn* 159.
Thrupp, Miss Dorothy Ann, *b.* 1779, *d.* 1847. *Hymn* 872.
Toke, Mrs. Emma, *b.* 1812. *Hymn* 236.
Toplady, Rev. Augustus Montague, *b.* 1740. *d.* 1778. *Hymns* 415, 534, 612, 633, 636, 828, 1004.
Turney, Rev. Edward, *b.* 1817, *d.* 1872. *Hymn* 837.
Tuttiett, Rev. Laurence, *b.* 1825. *Hymn* 568.

Unknown. *Hymns* 50, 65, 101, 199, 247, 580, 584, 652, 687, 711, 727, 778, 838, 847, 860, 873, 876, 887, 890, 899, 942, 975, 1044, 1052, 1091, 1100.

Victorinus Santolius, *b.* 1630, *d.* 1697. *Hymn* 49.
Voke, Mrs. (1806.) *Hymns* 917, 918, 923.

Walford, Rev. William W., (1849.) *Hymn* 688.
Walker, Rev. John, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1833. *Hymn* 18.
Wallace, Rev. John Aikman, *b.* 1802, *d.* 1870. *Hymn* 707.
Wardlaw, Rev. Ralph, D.D., *b.* 1779, *d.* 1853. *Hymn* 721.
Ware, Rev. Henry, Jr., D.D., *b.* 1793, *d.* 1843. *Hymns* 227, 868.
Waring, Miss Anna Letitia, (1850.) *Hymns* 510, 642 675, 676.
Warner, Miss Anna B. *Hymn* 572.
Warren, Rev. William Fairfield, D.D., *b.* 1833. *Hymn* 272.
Waterbury, Jared Bell, *b.* 1799, *d.* 1876. *Hymn* 566.
Watts, Alaric Alexander, *b.* 1797, *d.* 1864. *Hymn* 807.
Watts, Rev. Isaac, D.D., *b.* 1674, *d.* 1748. *Hymns* 2, 3, 8, 9, 12, 15, 17, 38, 41, 69, 81, 84, 85, 95, 98, 104, 108, 123, 130, 142, 146, 153, 154, 162, 172, 183, 211, 214, 234, 243, 254, 277, 292, 302, 304, 305, 310, 324, 326, 391, 418, 419, 424, 547, 593, 595, 621, 659, 662, 698, 699, 703, 704, 740, 749, 751, 766, 773, 787, 799, 820, 821, 871, 919, 964, 965, 970, 972, 976, 984, 985, 995, 1029, 1035, 1037, 1042, 1045, 1104.

WEISSE, Rev. Michael, *d.* 1534. *Hymn* 259.
WEISSEL, Rev. Georg, *b.* 1590, *d.* 1635. *Hymn* 14.
WESLEY, Rev. Charles, *b.* 1708, *d.* 1788. *Hymns* 1, 6, 7, 16, 19, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 37, 42, 46, 48, 51, 97, 121, 124, 131, 155, 157, 169, 170, 173, 178, 190, 216, 216, 220, 221, 237, 239, 244, 245, 250, 251, 258, 260, 261, 264, 275, 279, 289, 291, 303, 307, 311, 317, 329, 331, 332, 334, 337, 339, 347, 348, 350, 351, 359, 364, 367, 368, 372, 374, 377, 378, 379, 381, 382, 383, 385, 386, 389, 390, 392, 395, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 404, 406, 407, 410, 413, 416, 422, 425, 428, 430, 431, 432, 433, 435, 437, 438, 439, 440, 442, 443, 445, 446, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 458, 462, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 475, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 486, 487, 489, 491, 493, 494, 495, 497, 502, 503, 505, 506, 508, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 531, 532, 533, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 562, 570, 571, 573, 574, 582, 583, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 592, 600, 606, 609, 623, 626, 645, 648, 650, 651, 656, 657, 668, 677, 678, 680, 681, 686, 712, 715, 719, 722, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 744, 745, 746, 748, 753, 757, 765, 772, 775, 782, 784, 785, 786, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 798, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 809, 815, 816, 817, 818, 822, 824, 825, 831, 833, 835, 842, 846, 848, 851, 854, 924, 926, 927, 936, 943, 945, 946, 947, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 961, 963, 966, 967, 968, 983, 991, 996, 1001, 1003, 1006, 1011, 1013, 1014, 1018, 1019, 1021, 1024, 1025, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1043, 1046, 1056, 1057, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1069, 1073, 1074, 1109, 1112, 1115, 1116, 1117.
WESLEY, Rev. John, *b.* 1708, *d.* 1791. *Hymns* 111, 119, 126, 127, 128, 139, 212, 238, 356, 362, 394, 411, 420, 448, 457, 461, 474, 476, 477, 478, 490, 496, 560, 631, 649, 672, 673, 811, 813, 814, 1078.
WESLEY, Rev. Samuel, *b.* 1662, *d.* 1735. *Hymns* 215, 467.
WESLEY, Rev. Samuel, Jr. *b.* 1690, *d.* 1739. *Hymns* 75, 977.
WEST, Robert Athow. *Hymn* 66.
WHITE, Henry Kirke, *b.* 1785, *d.* 1806. *Hymns* 22, 151, 187, 973.
WHITING, William, *b.* 1825. *Hymn* 1108.
WHITTEMORE, Jonathan, *b.* 1802, *d.* 1860. *Hymn* 889.
WHITTIER, John Greenleaf, *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 197, 602.
WILKS, M. *Hymn* 366.
WILLIAMS, Benjamin, *b.* 1725, *d.* 1795. *Hymn* 20.
WILLIAMS, Miss Helen Maria, *b.* 1762, *d.* 1827. *Hymn* 616.
WILLIAMS, Rev. William, *b.* 1717, *d.* 1791. *Hymns* 171, 940.
WILLIS, Nathaniel Parker, *b.* 1807, *d.* 1867. *Hymn* 863.
WILSON, Mrs. Daniel. *Hymn* 685.
WINCHESTER, Caleb Thomas, *b.* 1847. *Hymn* 866.
WINKLER, Rev. Johann Joseph, *b.* 1670, *d.* 1722. *Hymns* 813, 814.
WINKWORTH, Miss Catharine, *b.* 1829. *Hymns* 14, 118, 228, 259, 436, 492, 569, 694, 826, 1007, 1010.
WORDSWORTH, Bp. Christopher, D.D., *b.* 1807. *Hymns* 72, 144.
WRANGHAM, William, *d.* 1832. *Hymn* 70.
WREFORD, Rev. John Reynell, D.D., (1837.) *Hymn* 1098.
ZINZENDORF, Count Nicolaus Ludwig, *b.* 1700, *d.* 1760. *Hymns* 128, 238, 461.

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

GENESIS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	1, 2	139, 913
2	7	9
3	15	822
3	19	965, 972
8	11	266, 403
8	22	1081
18	27	38, 490
19	17	330
22	10	471
28	10–19	724
28	12	690
28	17	37, 45, 47
31	42	1075, 1076, 1077
32	26	440, 458, 715, 737, 738, 739

EXODUS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
3	6	1075
13	21	37, 171
14	15	563, 564
15	11	68
20	11	72, 78
20	24	40
25	22	44, 61, 684
32	10	735
34	6, 7	317

LEVITICUS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
19	2	131
25	9	331

NUMBERS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
10	29	781
23	10	982, 990

DEUTERONOMY

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
5	32	685, 686
18	15	243
29	17	930
32	3	26, 871, 951
32	31	421, 679
34	1	515, 542

JOSHUA.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
24	15	101, 447, 573

I. SAMUEL.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
3	18	1006
7	12	726

II. SAMUEL.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
12	23	1006

I. KINGS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
8	27	860, 861, 865
18	38	562
18	44	936
19	12	287, 711
19	18	33

II. KINGS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
7	4	369
10	15	1073

I. CHRONICLES.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
16	34	13, 25
28	9	360

II. CHRONICLES.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
6	41	824

ESTHER.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
4	16	369

JOB.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	21	1012
3	10	655
3	19	972
7	6	950
7	16	998
11	7	126, 127, 130
14	4	305
14	10	1012
16	22	956
19	25	242, 512
21	13	966
25	4	305
26	14	146
29	3	549
38	7	24, 916
38	41	164
40	4	305
42	6	394

PSALMS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	1, 2	291
2	11	54
2	12	251
3	5	112, 165
5	3	98
5	7	43
8	1	146
8	3	38
9	18	625
10	17	457
12	1	971
16	9	1000
16	11	661
17	8	105, 455
18		152, 176
18	2	556
18	9	152
18	31	623
19	1	138
19	5	824
19	6	919
19	7	482
21	4	100
22	1	215
22	3	131
23		156, 179, 180, 622, 642, 651, 748, 759, 761, 872, 961, 975
24	7	237, 261
26	8	770
27	1	639
27	5	660
27	7	723
27	8	660, 712
27	9	733
27	14	505, 506
29	2	805
29	3	151
30	5	627, 673
31	18	637
32	1	418
32	6	625
32	8	255
33	12	1082
34	1	705
34	18	410
35	18	51, 330
36	5	127
36	9	428
37	5	672
37	31	562, 745
39	4	465, 959, 962, 965
39	5	664
39	7	624
40	1, 2	131
40	17	543
41	1–3	902
42	1, 2	550
42	5	550
42	7	649, 651
43	3	298
44	1	1097
45	3	6, 243
46		773
46	1	166, 168, 178, 197, 544, 639, 773
46	3	33
46	4	168
47	5	245
47	8	16
48	1	871
48	2	764
48	14	255
50	1	68
50	14	294
51	2	391, 503
51	5	305
51	10	521
51	11	390, 549
51	17	410
55	14	802
55	17	750, 752
57		70
57	1	736
57	8	96, 106
59	16, 17	100
62	5	505
63	1	419, 461, 693
65	1	67
65	2	282
65	5	1113
65	8	95, 127
65	11	1081, 1082
66	1	8
67		50
67	1	779, 992
67	4	41
68		162
68	18	24
69	13	160
71	9	658
72	4	154, 181, 185
72	7	8
72	11	31, 919, 937
72	15	1, 919
73	24	20, 255, 295, 682, 687
73	26	478, 649, 997, 1117
77	19	174
78	5, 6	1103
78	8	396
78	14	163
78	53	108
81	1	19
84		15, 769
84	2	65
84	6	620
84	7	589
84	10	83
84	11	69, 99
85	6	508
86	1	819
86	11	819
87	3	776
87	4	867
87	7	704
89	15	323, 324, 331, 453, 515
90	1, 2	182, 964
91		168
91	4	169, 656
91	6	116
91	11	97, 155, 356
95	6	3, 43
97	1	142
100		11
100	1–4	8, 9, 63
101	2	521
102	13	918
103	1, 2	749
103	8–12	172
103	19	51
104		140
104	1, 2	17, 133, 142, 151
105	6	248
105	39	163
106	1	420
106	2	13
107	2, 3	25
107	16	185
107	32	25
108	1	516
113	3	68
113	4	5
113	7	154
116	1	621
116	7	400
116	12	458
116	13	467
118	22	766
118	24	74, 75
118	27	455
119		296, 297, 298, 299
119	54	788
119	94	460, 757
119	96	538
119	105	295, 297
119	111	299
119	130	296
119	151	628
121	1, 2	745
121	4	707
121	5	746
122	1	89
122	6	46
122	7	74
124		1099, 1103
125	2	768, 772
126	5	575, 579, 602
127	1	809
130		665
130	3	412
130	7	380
131	1	403
132	18	12, 248, 920
133	1	780, 782, 783, 797, 799
136		145
136	1	25
137	2	633
137	6	770
139	1–6	121, 123, 159
139	23	496, 784
142	4	927
144	1	586
144	12	865

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
145		756
145	3	126
145	10	122
146	7	1, 692, 740
146	8	1, 154
147	14	1098, 1101
148		57
148	1–13	16, 25, 153
150		27

Proverbs.

1	22	356
2	10	571
3	13	51, 329
4	18	824
4	23	39
4	27	511, 686, 784
6	6	547
7	2	511
8	17	872, 873, 874, 876
8	30	881
10	7	978
14	34	1100
16	1	39, 457
18	10	541
19	17	904
22	11	501, 786
23	26	401
23	32	890, 895, 900, 901
27	1	345, 366
29	25	813

Ecclesiastes.

1	2	647, 662, 911
1	5–7	1068
4	12	785
5	1	39
5	2	38
8	8	365
11	1	575, 578, 603
11	6	575
12	14	1021

Song of Solomon.

1	3	719, 747
1	7	748
2	1	875
2	3	794
2	4	853
2	17	738
3	10	1073
3	11	12
5	10	700, 701, 702
6	10	824
8	6, 7	409, 540, 544

Isaiah.

2	3	922
2	4	1101
3	10	492, 493
4	5	776
6	1–7	5, 10, 18, 38, 40, 48, 56
6	8	136, 137, 144
9	2	451
9	6	184, 191, 243, 631, 743, 804
12	1	455
12	11	935
25	8	611
26	3	178, 463, 524, 753
26	12	124, 586
28	16	766
30	17	582
30	18	317, 374
30	21	555, 686
32	2	415, 656, 678
32	20	575
33	17	1030, 1033, 1038, 1064
33	47	1041
35	10	4, 648, 720, 909, 947
37	20	120
40	1–5	926
40	8	977
40	9	19
40	11	827, 888, 889
40	12	1113, 1115
40	31	54, 668
42	3	254
42	16	1, 169
43	1, 2	646, 650, 651
44	1	248
44	3	268
44	22	370
44	23	934
45	19	21
45	23	248
49	15	370, 768
49	16	770
50	10	161
51	9	920, 1043
51	14	923
52	1, 2	775, 778, 909
52	3	927
52	7	767
52	7–10	451, 582, 821
52	11	775
52	15	944
53	4	381
53	6	367, 754
55	1	326, 362
55	3	243, 342, 347, 348
55	4	577, 648
55	6	360, 399
55	17	750, 752
56	7	858
57	15	44, 68, 410
57	20	371
58	6	311
59	16	321
60	1–3	775, 925
60	18	777
61	1–3	21, 611
62	3	248
62	6	823
62	10	582
63	3	631
63	5	327
63	10	390
63	11	274
64		413, 1088
64	2	518
65	17	24
66	1	868
66	2	60, 404, 410, 412, 521, 558

Jeremiah.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
2	2	12, 442
2	13	431
3	4	142, 360
3	22	370, 553, 554, 557
5	24	1087
6	16	358
8	22	372
9	23	452
23	6	378
23	29	311, 368
31	31	531
32	27	413
32	39	782, 790, 792
49	23	636
50	5	79, 945

Lamentations.

1	12	215, 220
3	19	248
3	23	103
3	24	462, 698

Ezekiel.

3	17	823
11	19	397, 404, 558
33	7	821
33	11	335, 347, 373, 374
47	1	227

Daniel.

7	9	6
9	26	210

Hosea.

4	6	927
6	1–4	551
11	4	439, 447
14	3	740

Joel.

2	17	875, 1096
3	18	341, 362

Micah.

4	3	937
6	6–8	389
6	9	920
7	19	281

Habakkuk.

2	1	505, 555
3	2	650
3	17	626

Haggai.

2	7	64, 189, 190

Zechariah.

1	5	958
4	7	321
9	12	479, 493
13	1	302, 319, 330
14	7	620

Malachi.

3	1	491
3	3	518
3	7	370
3	17	795
4	2	411, 704, 739

Matthew.

1	21	1
1	23	128
2	2	186, 189, 300, 884, 907
2	10	182
3	7	308
3	9	451
4	16	451, 931
4	25	744
5	4	21, 671
5	6	461
5	8	501, 521, 545
5	14	809
6	6	688, 713
6	9	716
6	10	268, 470, 517, 537, 627, 628, 654
6	11	141
6	13	127
6	21	902, 1048, 1078
6	22	475, 484
6	26	141
7	7	21, 718
7	11	282
7	24	764
8	1	744
8	2	307, 425
8	8	494
8	11	796, 807
8	20	170
8	27	1109, 1115
9	12	398
9	36	927
9	37	818
10	31	173
11	5	1, 40, 65
11	12	583
11	28	328, 340, 344, 346, 358, 359, 363, 426, 534, 732
11	30	495, 623, 785, 811
12	20	254
12	36	1021
13	3	289, 817
13	16	821
13	19	55, 62
14	14	491
14	22–33	634, 636
14	23	709
14	27	630
14	30	543
15	25	417
16	18	763, 764, 766, 776, 795
17	2	198, 199, 200
17	20	446, 667
18	10	34
18	20	7, 30, 40
19	12–14	434, 558
19	13	828
19	14	878, 879, 880
19	26	413
20	12	816
21	9	71, 77
21	15	185, 882
21	16	877, 919
21	42	76, 766
22	4	357, 364
24	12	12, 277
24	13	657
24	30	1024
25	10	375, 376
25	25	955
25	34	4
25	40	892, 893, 896, 905
25	41	1020
26	11	897
26	26	833, 835
26	39	617
26	40	952
26	41	555, 689, 715, 753
26	42	623
26	75	558
27	29	211, 246, 256
27	36	730
27	45	214, 260
27	46	215
27	51	215, 224
27	66	260
28	18	245
28	19	276, 826, 829, 830, 831
28	20	731

Mark.

1	40	307
2	28	75
4	28	575
4	39	623
5	34	557
7	37	673
8	38	595, 604
9	24	302
10	16	987
11	23	522
13	31	528
16	14	32
16	15	820

Luke.

1	17	877
1	79	943
2	8	189
2	10	183, 187, 192
2	13, 14	24, 26, 190, 193, 195, 841
4	18	1
5	12	307, 425
6	21	627
8	15	29
8	21	39
8	25	1114
9	23	590, 601, 643, 666
10	6	799
10	36	898
10	39	540
10	40	709
10	42	609

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
11	1	43, 710
11	28	29, 39
12	32	569
12	35	647
12	49	562, 936
13	8	951, 953
14	17	364
14	27	632
15	2	398
15	18	393, 414, 806
15	20–24	338, 350
17	5	377
18	1	589, 689
18	14	484
18	42	201
19	41	405
21	28	913
22	19	833, 835, 836, 837, 840
22	42	537, 618, 1002
22	44	217, 221, 234, 340, 645, 836
22	61	543
23	6	246
23	28	234
23	33	206
23	34	221, 258
23	42	319, 619
24	29	93, 102
24	32	712
24	34	235, 260
24	36	7
24	39	32

John.

1	4	489
1	9	416
1	14	216, 526
1	18	238
1	29	382, 822
3	21	475
4	20	36
4	35	598, 607
6	21	636
6	37	382
6	48	835
6	63	277
6	68	400, 402
7	37	241
9	4	565, 572
10	4	46
10	16	793
11	9	570
11	35	203
12	41	56
13	9	533
14	2	1039
14	6	313, 318, 483, 517, 877
14	13	735
14	16	264, 265, 266, 275, 280, 287, 411, 424, 480, 683
14	19	242
15	5	124, 760
16	13	266
16	33	680
17	9	465, 468, 472, 488
17	21	793
19	2	222
19	30	218, 224
19	34	415
20	22	30, 263, 267, 273
20	25	30
20	27	32
20	28	435
21	15	552
21	17	725
21	20	540

Acts.

2	1–3	37, 268, 270, 277
2	24	227
2	30	832
2	42	789
3	21	261
4	12	313, 332
7	48	44
7	56	680
9	11	710
9	18	309
12	7	422
14	9	398
14	17	139
14	22	496
14	26	939
16	25, 26	580, 608
16	31	367
17	24	12, 44
17	24–28	135
17	28	42, 124, 126, 127
20	35	904
26	18	784

Romans.

1	4	6
1	20	38
3	17	337
4	5	367
4	6	418
4	18	626
4	20	667
5	5	378, 508
5	6	304
5	8	332
5	15	321
5	17	535
5	20	1048
6	6	519
8	1	422
8	2	482
8	11	668
8	16	271, 281, 424, 438, 439
8	18	1032
8	26	239, 706
8	31	591, 596
9	28	486
10	15	821
11	4	33
11	12	924
11	27	581
12	15	891, 902
13	11	1053, 1054
13	12	1070
14	8	110, 500, 864
14	11	31
14	12	574
14	17	937
15	13	52, 59

I. Corinthians.

2	2	220, 456, 461, 722
2	10	435
3	7	301
3	9	816
3	16	499
6	20	469, 474
7	35	39
10	16	835
10	31	484, 597
11	33	833, 836
12	3	435
13	1	504
13	12	174
13	13	703
14	1	793
15	20	231, 232, 233
15	25	245, 251, 908, 919
15	42	984, 995
15	47	207, 259
15	52	970, 989
15	55	234, 260, 623, 985, 989
16	9	936
16	13	566, 567, 568

II. Corinthians.

1	22	262
3	6	277
3	15	303, 377, 381
3	18	491
4	7	1046
5	1	612, 1056
5	7	620
5	8	1055
5	11	814
5	14	811, 814
5	17	502
6	2	349, 361
7	5	798
9	6	904
11	2	511
13	11	265, 782, 793
13	14	53

Galatians.

2	9	791
3	13	18, 235, 315
4	6	429, 438, 439, 440, 477
4	15	549, 561
4	18	560
5	6	446, 786
6	2	784, 797, 801, 804, 1068
6	14	204, 205, 211, 219

Ephesians.

1	6	454
1	13	424
1	14	262
1	18	539
1	22	680
2	1	308
2	8	377, 385, 446, 765
2	12	303
2	14	210
2	20	816, 856, 857, 859
3	8	356, 822
3	15	1033
3	17	502
3	18	433, 456, 538
3	19	442, 456, 476
4	3	67
4	5	800
4	8	24, 229, 230, 231, 234, 236, 237
4	11	812
4	30	459
5	14	372, 555
5	27	795
6	10–18	584, 586, 587, 588, 589, 1047
6	11	543, 587, 588, 599
6	12	1047
6	16	588, 659

Philippians.

1	6	936
1	21	669, 696, 721, 993
1	23	396, 1065
2	5	528, 586
2	7	422
2	9	822
2	11	31, 248
2	13	124
3	7	211, 220
3	8	213, 708, 758, 1042
3	14	476, 478, 557, 680, 1068
4	4	244, 493
4	6	728
4	11	664
4	13	814

Colossians.

1	22	543
3	1	600
3	11	316, 525, 700, 701, 702, 736, 741, 751, 938
3	16	24, 61, 448

I. Thessalonians.

4	3	529
4	13	967, 971
4	14	990
4	16, 17	22, 244, 1015, 1016, 1019, 1028, 1050
5	9	353
5	17	506, 589
5	24	534

II. Thessalonians.

1	7, 8	1018, 1020, 1025

I. Timothy.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn
1	15	385, 441
1	17	126
2	6	35, 238
3	16	216, 422, 540
6	12	599

II. Timothy.

1	6	562
1	9	539
2	3	505, 587, 588, 593
2	12	256, 260, 65[illegible]
2	13	458
4	7	585, 955, 991
4	8	801

Titus.

2	13	541
2	14	407
3	2	532
3	5	314, 385

Hebrews.

1	3	148, 623
1	6	189
1	14	155, 167, 356
2	17	254
3	10	390
4	9	78, 82, 529
4	12	288, 311
4	13	139
4	14	243
4	15	254
4	16	498, 690, 717
6	6	339, 374
6	17	523
6	18	656, 674
6	19	420, 526, 663
7	3	250
7	25	258, 488
8	8	531
9	5	684
9	14	250
9	24	322
9	27	963, 968
10	4	305
10	16	531
10	20	210
10	29	390
10	35	626
11	5	549
11	13	171, 648, 1031, 1074, 1078
11	14	1053–1061, 1071
11	16	1030, 1037, 1038, 1051
11	17	471
12	1	594
12	2, 3	223, 256, 406, 445, 615, 762
12	9	447
12	22	787
12	23	648
12	24	238, 258, 425
13	5	154, 421, 679
13	8	143, 386
13	14	648
13	20	24

JAMES.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	17	124, 126
1	25	482
4	14	965

I. PETER.

1	4	659
1	8	714, 773, 914
1	19	238
1	24	977
2	3	686
2	6	766, 857
2	21–23	196, 212
2	24	212, 220, 312, 381
3	3	474
4	3	952
4	5	1024
4	12	677, 715
5	7	164, 175, 505, 686
5	10	401

II. PETER.

1	8	288

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	10	46, 802
1	19	111, 308
3	10	1024
3	11, 12	576, 1022
3	13	24

I. JOHN.

1	1	103, 437, 791
1	5	489
1	7	1, 507, 514, 803
1	9	479, 493
2	1	26, 239, 251, 258
2	1, 2	378, 412
3	2	1046
3	3	515, 542, 1030
3	14	437
4	8	150, 208, 783
4	17	238
4	18	437
5	4	583
5	7	6, 16, 35, 121, 411
5	10	337, 435
5	11	520
5	19	916

JUDE.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn.
1	12	683, 805
1	20	784, 789, 802

REVELATION.

1	5	262
1	6	356
1	7	1013
1	10	83
1	12	815
1	14	372
2	4	442, 549
2	7	815
2	10	1032
2	11	858
2	28	704
3	4	719, 764, 816, 1069
3	12	521
3	14	453
3	17	395
3	20	28, 794
4	8	34, 48, 744
4	10	315, 491
4	10, 11	247, 248, 249
5	6	26, 73, 378, 842, 930, 1073
5	8	248
5	12	2, 246
5	13	16, 631
6	9	912
6	14	1017
6	17	1017, 1018, 1023, 1029
7	9	253, 1032, 1046, 1069
7	10	42, 324
7	11	51
7	13	1049, 1066, 1069
7	14	430, 490, 1045
7	15	16
7	17	1057
9	20	930
11	15	917, 938, 1018
14	2	20
14	4	631
14	13	876, 1001, 1009
15	3	880, 840
15	4	120
19	1	10
19	4	248
19	6	134, 938
19	9	12, 430
19	12	256, 257
19	13	835
19	16	243, 256, 387
21	1	24
21	1–4	1035
21	2	648, 1044, 1063
21	5	491
21	6	341, 491
21	10	1058, 1059, 1060, 1061
22	1, 2	774
22	4	34
22	5	1038, 1049
22	17	323, 341, 1052
22	17–20	355

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS.

Abba, Father, 429, 436, 468, 440. 477, 643.
Abide with me, 93.
Accepted time, 361—See also: *Probation.*
Activity, Calls to, 563–567, 607.
Adoption:—
  Assurance of, 428, 429, 436, 438–440.
  Joy of, 426, 429, 826.
  Love of, 419, 434.
  Prayer of, 426, 440, 826.
Adoration—See *Christ, God, Holy Spirit, Trinity.*
Advent—See *Christ.*
Advocate—See *Christ.*
Afflictions:—
  Blessings of, 177, 671, 761, 768.
  Comfort in, 661, 671, 672, 755, 759, 761, 767, 777, 798, 1002, 1072.
  Courage in, 643, 761.
  Prayer during, 645, 670, 689.
  Refuge in, 665, 670, 674, 689.
  Submission in, 667.
Angels:—
  Adoring Christ, 246.
  At the advent of Christ, 24, 188, 189, 190, 192, 195.
  At the coronation of Christ, 58, 226, 237, 245, 248, 249.
  At the resurrection of Christ, 227, 234, 235, 237.
  Joy of, 125, 194, 304, 315, 332, 340, 414, 759.
Angels—(*Continued.*)
  Ministry of, 52, 97, 134, 144, 155, 158, 167, 217, 356, 444, 485, 547, 969, 980, 1001, 1004, 1070, 1083.
  Song of, 2, 10, 34, 42, 47, 48, 56, 58, 194, 195, 259, 340, 444, 563, 710, 733, 744, 759, 916, 1000, 1070.
  Worship of, 1069.
Apostles' creed, 118.
Archangels:—
  Trumpet, 1023, 1027.
  Voice, 244.
  Worship of, 18, 38, 144, 1077.
Ark of God, 388.
Ascension of Christ—See *Christ.*
Ashamed of Jesus, 604.
Assurance, 427, 435–438, 757.
Atonement:—26, 325, 327, 364.
  Completed, 210, 215, 218, 219, 223, 224, 260, 338, 340.
  Fullness of, 215, 219, 221, 223, 238, 246, 331, 341.
  Necessary, 210.
  Sufficient, 238, 250, 305.
  Universality of, 26, 32, 210, 221, 238, 331, 332.

Backsliding:—546–563.
  Fear of, 543, 555.
  Lamented, 546–550, 553, 554, 557–561.
  Return from, 380, 546–551, 553, 554, 557–561.
Baptism:—
  Adult, 826, 829–831.
  Infant, 825, 827, 828, 832.
  Of the Holy Spirit, 829, 830, 832.
  Significance of, 829, 831.
Barren fig-tree, 953.
Battle-hymn of the Reformation, 569.
Benediction, Apostolic, 53.
Bereavement, 1002, 1006, 1007.
Bible—See *Scriptures.*
Blind Bartimeus, 201.
Brevity of life—See *Life.*
Brotherly love—See *Saints, Communion of.*
Burdens, 1053.

Calvary, 206, 209, 223, 341, 378, 381, 383, 836, 860.
Canaan, The Heavenly, 1036–1038, 1062, 1076.
Charities and reforms, 890–907.
Charity:—
  Acts of, 891–894, 896–898, 902, 905.
  Institutions of, 1099.
  Rewarded, 902–905.
  Supreme, 504.
Cherubim and Seraphim, 56, 120, 144, 152, 193, 229, 234, 727, 1065.
Chief of sinners, 385.
Children and youth:—872–889.
  Advised, 360.
  Baptism of, 827, 828.
  Consecrated to Christ, 827, 828.
Children—(*Continued.*)
  Hosannas of, 874, 882, 883.
  In heaven, 987, 1007.
  Piety of, 879, 880, 886.
  Praise of, 874, 876, 884–886.
  Prayer of, 872, 873, 875, 878, 884, 885, 889.
  Prayer for, 887, 888.
  Training of, 877.
Choosing Christ, 447.
Christ:—181–261.
  Abiding with believers, 14, 93, 102, 679, 701, 702, 738, 742, 760, 820.
  Adoration of, 31, 35, 64, 66, 181, 188, 190, 245, 246, 255, 315, 332, 409, 680, 842, 852, 908, 1013.
  Advent, first, 185, 188–195.
  Advent, second, 650, 954, 955, 1013–1018, 1023, 1024, 1026.
  Advocate, 110, 239, 251, 253, 258, 378, 440, 720.
  Agony of, 217, 236, 246, 340, 417, 423, 618, 665, 723, 836, 850.
  All in all, 31, 203, 325, 337, 397, 431, 441, 468, 494, 525, 635, 736, 806.
  Ascension of, 14, 229, 236, 237, 245, 261.
  Atonement of, 32, 210, 224, 238, 243, 246, 250, 306, 331, 332, 372, 378, 383, 384, 415, 754.
  See also: *Atonement.*

Christ—(*Continued.*)
Author of faith, 406, 445, 491.
Benevolence of, 261, 306.
Blood of, 238, 305, 306, 314, 319, 320, 330, 384, 420, 421, 436, 452, 454, 461, 735, 833.
Bread of heaven, 683, 691, 732, 833, 835, 836, 849, 853.
Bridegroom, 346, 375, 540, 603, 952, 954.
Brother, 46, 193, 203, 686, 719, 720, 743, 1078.
Calls of, 607, 827, 828, 880, 1029.
Captain of salvation, 568, 569, 582, 589, 825, 1033.
Character of, 202, 743.
Childhood of, 723, 875, 886, 887.
Comforter, 21, 170, 178, 398, 679.
Communion with, 714—See also: *Saints, Union of with Christ.*
Compassion of, 21, 157, 178, 233, 370, 417, 487, 491, 678, 1022.
Condescension of, 44, 118, 148, 186, 255, 367, 398, 399, 422.
Conqueror, 24, 73, 86, 207, 218, 226, 229, 234, 237, 240, 243, 251, 256, 260, 261, 264, 401, 519, 701, 847, 908.
Consoler, 21, 203, 255, 334, 487, 611, 612, 634.
Corner-stone, 766, 856, 857, 859, 1060.
Coronation of, 248, 249, 253, 256, 257.
Counselor, 184, 483.
Creator, 66, 71, 186, 214, 231, 240, 257, 325, 387, 943.
Crucified, 134, 212, 214, 215, 219, 220, 234, 337, 456, 461, 722, 848, 1060.
Day-star, 111, 416.
Delight in, 695–697, 700, 703, 714.
Deliverer, 1, 187, 234, 422, 552, 630, 634, 650, 678, 679, 736, 775, 1032, 1099.
Desire of nations, 189, 334.
Deity of, 26, 84, 211, 237, 238, 247, 271, 381, 394, 534, 547, 762, 1013.
Died for me, 214, 232, 238, 333, 385, 386, 435, 441, 454, 456, 533, 737, 738, 742, 840.
Eternity of, 220, 250, 587, 623.
Exaltation of, 66, 76, 134, 231, 251, 253, 256, 260, 600, 723, 743, 822, 852.
Exemplar, 197, 223, 590, 592, 878, 894.
Excellency of, 31, 713.
Faith in, 305, 307, 312, 313, 415, 430, 442, 512, 513.
Following, 261, 450, 496, 566, 577, 592, 600, 601, 643, 720, 786, 802, 946, 973, 1045.
Foundation, 766, 856.
Fountain, 319, 320, 330, 336, 341, 355, 362, 431, 533, 623, 656, 691, 721, 849.
Friend, 193, 222, 255, 356, 378, 541, 604, 686, 699, 719, 728, 954.
Friend of sinners, 185, 203, 222, 234, 239, 386, 392, 613.
Fullness of, 242, 325, 431, 527, 736, 754.
Gentleness of, 487, 527.
Gift of God, 337.
Glory of, 183, 191, 240, 241, 245, 249, 416, 623, 1018.
Glorying in the cross of, 204, 211, 456, 595.
Grace of, 185, 203, 254, 255, 399, 656, 822.
Gratitude to, 453, 456, 476–478, 571, 700.
Guest, 28, 794.
Guide, 255, 344, 465, 483, 496, 577, 622, 648, 687, 718, 968, 1033.
Head, 443, 448, 600, 640, 657, 680, 782, 784, 787, 800, 816, 856, 954, 970, 985, 992.
Hiding-place, 316, 678, 736, 1027.
High Priest, 254, 322, 331, 390, 885.
Holiness of, 182, 201.
Hope of his people, 313, 401, 458, 477, 505, 595, 837.
Humanity of, 202, 207, 231, 417, 720.
Humiliation of, 170, 186, 209, 222, 246, 387, 422.
Humility of, 182, 202, 527.
Immanuel, 84, 128, 224, 319, 721, 754.
Immortal, 422, 908.
Incarnate, 6, 42, 71, 182, 188–193, 195, 206, 216, 229, 231, 322, 340, 665, 720.
Incomparable, 255, 700, 701, 743.
Indwelling, 14, 19, 264, 519, 539, 806.
Infinite, 387.
In Gethsemane, 207, 217, 223, 645.
Intercession of, 73, 98, 124, 238, 239, 246, 252, 258, 259, 261, 322, 340, 379, 425, 438, 512, 706, 735, 953, 1096.
Invitations of, 328, 335, 344, 348, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 364, 402, 426, 450, 652, 718.
Joy of believers in, 251, 256, 319, 331, 332, 442, 452, 456, 691, 704, 739, 834.
Judge, 244, 387, 576, 694, 996, 1014, 1020–1024, 1027–1029, 1058.
King, 1, 4, 23, 71, 148, 186, 195, 234, 240, 243, 247, 251, 257, 334, 453, 701, 885, 908.
King of glory, 14, 212, 237, 245, 261, 448, 567, 886.
King of kings, 387, 485, 653.
King of saints, 12, 51, 181, 237, 260, 271, 330.
King, sovereign, 63, 71, 181, 183, 188, 191, 214, 233, 249, 256, 312, 322, 417, 485, 1109.
Kingdom of, 919.
Knocking at the door, 28, 376.
Lamb of God, 2, 26, 58, 66, 210, 215, 229, 250, 257, 262, 319, 324, 378, 382, 383, 386, 393, 430, 455, 460, 461, 526, 631, 754, 836.
Leader, 255, 313, 566, 577, 622, 648, 669, 730, 761.
Life, 193, 325, 337, 354, 397, 401, 430, 458, 694, 732, 961.
Life in, 225, 231, 242, 316, 426, 440, 443, 500, 721, 732.
Light, 202, 354, 397, 411, 416, 426, 483, 489, 570, 604, 682, 687, 691, 694, 701, 732, 943, 961.
Lion of Judah, 229.
Lord, 35, 184, 220, 240, 243, 248, 255, 387, 397, 981.
Lord of lords, 249, 256, 387.
Lord our righteousness, 378, 452, 743, 1076.
Love for, 20, 66, 169, 211, 222, 242, 337, 476, 488, 552.
Love of for man, 32, 66, 169, 211, 215, 222, 242, 250, 255, 312, 327, 381, 384, 441, 476, 552, 656, 679, 737, 738.
Loveliness of, 241, 695, 697, 700, 702, 714, 747.
Majesty of, 191, 233, 241, 248, 527, 1013, 1029.
Man of sorrows, 196, 216, 249.
Mediator, 134, 340, 379, 735, 1004.
Meekness of, 202, 510, 524, 586, 618, 754.
Messiah, 189, 210, 1013.
Mind of, 524, 528, 586, 587.
Ministry of, 328, 398.
Miracles of, 223, 398, 1099, 1107, 1108.
Mission of, 181, 185, 190, 334.
Names of, 35, 46, 188, 191, 243, 257, 316, 334, 401, 426, 521, 713, 738, 739.
Nativity of—See *Advent.*
Offices of, 35, 316.
Our only plea, 310, 389, 392, 393, 412, 415, 436, 533.
Our passover, 246, 250, 259, 312, 846, 847.
Passion of, 223, 259, 312, 381, 383, 406, 529, 645, 1005, 1014.
Patience of, 196, 348, 1014.
Physician, 185, 197, 306, 398, 611, 1064.
Power of, 307, 332, 404, 406, 505, 526, 589, 622, 997, 1099.
Praise to—See *Praise.*
Prayer of, 217, 221, 254, 258, 417, 558.
Prayer to—See *Prayer.*
Preciousness of, 262, 316, 476, 653, 701, 747, 1054.
Presence of, 7, 19, 30, 40, 44, 197, 200, 255, 398, 416, 455, 457, 515, 527, 629, 631, 650, 669, 691, 731, 755, 760, 1061.
Priesthood of, 35, 188, 243, 250, 254, 316, 331, 697, 800, 847, 885, 1031.
Prince of grace, 31, 304.
Prince of life, 193, 220, 993.
Prince of peace, 24, 184, 185, 190, 191, 220, 463, 631, 804, 935, 943, 1016, 1076.
Promises of, 526, 534.
Prophet, 35, 188, 243, 316.
Protector, 170, 255, 453, 651, 718, 761.
Purity of, 527.
Ransom, 215, 238, 312, 333, 378, 423, 743, 995.
Redeemer, 1, 23, 35, 64, 66, 75, 118, 148, 157, 186, 193, 216, 222, 223, 231, 242, 257, 315, 355, 359, 367, 374, 401, 442, 512, 697, 755, 800, 1003.
Refuge, 141, 169, 302, 310, 320, 333, 363, 392, 415, 430, 541, 556, 651, 656, 678, 736, 748.
Reigning, 76, 181, 183, 234, 240, 243–245, 253, 255, 256, 519, 908.
Resurrection of, 75, 225–228, 230–235, 259, 260, 970.
Resurrection of, pledge of believers' resurrection, 225–227, 230, 232, 970.
Rock of ages, 170, 415, 421, 623, 750, 776, 1019, 1060.
Sacrifice, 250, 314, 325 417, 420, 438, 800, 836—See also: *Atonement.*
Saviour, 4, 14, 26, 28, 46, 71, 84, 181, 185, 192, 215, 240, 249, 255, 312, 314, 320, 322, 325, 332, 359, 367, 370, 374, 387, 392, 398, 486, 552.
Seeking sinners, 726.
Sepulcher of, 723, 970, 984, 999.
Shepherd, 23, 44, 46, 316, 434, 715, 748, 759, 761, 790, 827, 885, 888, 889.

Christ—(*Continued.*)
Son of God, 30, 35, 91, 118, 202, 212, 218, 220, 231, 670, 720, 935.
Son of man, 118, 181, 202, 216, 357, 670, 702, 883.
Substitute, 18, 212, 214, 215, 235, 238, 241, 258, 367, 425, 441, 754.
Sufferings of, 32, 207, 209, 211–213, 215, 216, 219, 222, 315, 339, 387, 406, 417.
Sufficient, 255, 305, 325, 331, 401, 741.
Sun of righteousness, 90, 96, 102, 110, 190, 292, 411, 416, 428, 570, 739, 940.
Surety, 322, 378, 438.
Sympathy of, 197, 203, 254, 417, 629, 728.
Teacher, 223, 328, 387, 755.
Temptations of, 209, 254, 417, 723.
Transfiguration of, 198–201.
Triumph of, 237, 249, 417, 921, 981, 1004, 1013, 1018.
Trust in—See *Trust*.
Unchangeable, 203, 250, 398, 399.
Vanquisher of death, 86, 231.
Victim, 425, 456, 847.
Vision of, 247.
Warning, 555.
Way, Truth, and Life, 318, 354, 450, 465, 483, 517, 686, 710, 877.
Weeping over sinners, 217, 405, 417, 723.
Wisdom, Our, 169, 329, 483.
Wonderful, 184, 701.
Word of God, 71, 445, 451, 885.
Works of, 66, 242, 512, 822.
Worshiped, 7, 64, 66, 73, 84, 188–191, 372.
Christian ministry — See *Ministry*.
Christians:—418–762.
At the cross, 214, 468, 503, 524, 730, 762.
Christ the life of, 242, 422, 426, 441.
Confidence of, 93—See also: *Faith* and *Trust*.
Conquerors through Christ, 437, 515, 566–569, 577, 582, 583, 585, 589, 599, 622, 879, 993, 1045, 1061.
Debt of, to Christ, 188, 214, 222, 241, 422, 426, 434, 441.
Dependence on Christ, 124, 169, 455, 456, 556, 568, 574, 586, 587, 677, 686, 739, 760, 809, 875, 992.
Duties of, 573, 574, 576, 583, 593, 784.
Encouragements of, 581–584, 587, 588, 593, 594, 596, 603.
Example of, 573, 600, 783, 793, 795, 804, 809, 832.
Christians—(*Continued.*)
Fellowship of, 507, 590, 688, 719, 780–782, 784, 785, 788, 789, 791, 793, 796, 797, 801–803, 806, 807.
Fidelity of, 541, 567, 574, 606, 608, 609, 720, 813, 955, 966.
Followers of Christ, 496, 600, 601, 643, 720, 786, 802, 946, 973, 1045.
Growth of, 59, 516, 784, 802.
Humility of, 486, 492, 497, 510.
Joy of, 41, 222, 435, 437, 442, 453, 454, 493, 572, 603, 612, 640, 641, 680, 729, 747, 765, 769, 776.
Love of, for Christ, 241, 356, 434, 452, 516, 604, 605, 703, 725, 803.
Perfection of, 746—See also: *Sanctification*.
Priests and kings, 356, 542.
Race of, 594, 648.
Safety of, 41, 115, 164, 170, 356, 441, 507, 625.
Steadfastness of, 518, 588, 616, 649, 677.
Strangers and pilgrims, 648.
Submission of, 506, 610, 618, 619, 621, 622, 628, 629, 631, 632, 637, 638, 643, 645, 655, 665.
Sufferings of, 486, 608, 610–612, 618, 619, 621, 625, 627–629, 631, 632, 643–645, 655, 657, 658, 676.
Triumph of, 452, 585, 588, 594, 626, 627, 631, 991, 1047, 1061, 1062.
Unity of, 67, 727, 780, 782, 783, 785, 792, 793, 796, 797, 800, 801, 804–806, 844.
Warfare of, 563, 569, 581–584, 587–589, 591, 593, 596, 599, 659, 677, 680, 991, 1046.
Witnesses for Jesus, 805, 814, 911.
Work, 456, 565, 572, 575, 578, 591, 592, 596–598, 602, 603, 605–607, 609, 675, 744, 808, 816, 891–898, 902–906.
Christmas hymns, 181–195.
Church:—763–944.
Afflicted, 777, 778.
Beloved by Christians, 770.
Beloved by God, 764, 766–768, 770, 772, 775, 776, 778.
Bride of Christ, 355, 794.
Extension of, 779.
Foundation of, 766, 776.
Glory of, 769, 777, 795.
God the strength of, 569, 763, 768, 772.
Immovable, 563, 763, 764, 772.
In the desert, 1036.
Joining the, 466, 781, 791.
Church—(*Continued.*)
Members of, 764.
Militant, 563, 564, 566–569.
Missions of—See *Missions*.
Praises of the, 727.
Prayer for the, 46, 921, 992.
Security of the, 763, 764, 768, 772, 773, 776, 777.
The safety of the nation, 764, 871.
Triumph of the, 563, 564, 585, 763, 765, 767, 778, 971.
Unity of, 765, 780, 783, 785, 787, 790, 800, 806.
Work, 856–944.
Churches:—
Dedication of, 860; 862–865, 867–870.
Erection of, 856, 858.
Laying corner-stone of, 857, 859, 861.
Safety of a nation, 871.
Close of worship, 22, 23, 52, 53, 59.
Comfort for mourners, 487, 627, 632, 671, 684, 967.
Communion:—
At the Lord's table—See *Lord's Supper*.
Of saints—See *Saints*.
With Christ, 833, 846, 849—See also: *Saints*.
With God, 116, 408, 409.
Conference hymn, 798.
Confession of faith, 118, 121, 212.
Of sin, 60, 115, 212, 390.
Conscience:—107, 294, 423, 424, 439, 497, 511, 826.
Prayer for a tender, 511.
Consecration:—456–475.
Entire, 470, 505.
Exhortation to, 220.
Of goods, 467, 892, 903, 904.
Of self, 104, 112, 241, 409, 419, 447, 458, 467, 470, 472–474.
Renewal of, 95, 106, 945.
To Christ, 157, 175, 182, 212, 214, 228, 394, 401, 456, 457, 461, 466–469, 476, 484, 490, 500, 609, 718, 722, 742, 782.
To God, 60, 88, 95, 103, 106, 112, 128, 394, 419, 458–460, 470, 472–475, 478, 685, 726, 946, 951.
To the Church, 770.
To the ministry, 808, 811, 814.
Consolation:—
In Christ's sympathy, 611, 624.
In grief, 611, 624, 688.
In sickness, 612.
Sought, 674.
See also: *Afflictions*.
Contentment, 675, 696, 747.
Contrition, 60, 550, 558, 794.
Conversion, Joys of, 12, 442, 444, 447, 450.
Conviction—See *Sinners*.
Courage, 583, 634, 664, 699.
Covenant:—
New, 531, 833, 837.
Renewed, 771, 945.
Cross:—
And crown, 236, 256, 487, 493, 601, 638, 640, 657, 666, 680, 786, 798, 914, 1032, 1053.
Bearing the, 505, 531, 590, 593, 601, 632, 643, 664, 666, 695, 715, 742, 1040.
Glorying in the, 204, 211, 219, 727, 814.
Lessons of the, 204, 205 207–209, 211–214, 219–221, 727.
Power of the, 208, 209, 213, 221, 240, 492, 582, 846.
Salvation through the, 204, 212–214, 219–221, 223, 338.
Soldiers of the, 582, 593.
Victory of the, 251, 276.
Crosses and blessings, 615.
Crowned with thorns, 222.
Crowns of glory, 205, 971, 1001, 1014.

Day:—
Of grace—See *Probation*.
Of life, 1026.
Of rest and gladness, 72.
Of wrath, 1023.
Day-spring, The, 195.
Day-star, 111.
De profundis, 403, 665, 681.
Death:—967–1012.
Confidence in, 141, 156, 171, 180, 228, 333, 427, 613, 619, 634, 721, 967, 973–976, 979, 982, 985.
Conquered, 228, 232, 969–971, 973, 979, 981, 985, 988, 989, 993.
Fear of, overcome, 156, 704, 967, 970, 971, 975, 976, 980, 998.
Nearness of, 113, 365, 366, 373.
Of children, 986, 987, 1006–1008.
Of friends, 967, 974, 977, 1002, 1009.
Of infants, 986, 987.
Of pastor, 991, 992.
Of saints, 969–971, 974, 975, 979, 980, 982–985, 990, 997, 999–1004, 1010–1012.
Prayer in prospect of, 110, 115, 959–962, 964–966, 968.
Preparation for, 647, 968, 972, 996.
Safety in, 222.
Second, 358, 365, 372, 373, 968, 996.
Spiritual, 347.
Universality of, 365, 366, 373, 376, 972, 996, 1009.
Victory over, 234, 498, 704, 967, 969–971, 985, 989, 997, 999.
Welcomed, 613, 975, 991, 998.
Dedication:—
Of Churches — See *Churches*.

Dedication—(*Continued.*)
Of hall of science, 866.
Delay, Danger of—See *Procrastination.*
Dependence on Christ, 430, 476, 809.
Depravity:—
Natural, 303, 305–307, 310.
Total, 239, 305.
Universal, 303, 305.
Devils, enemies of God and his saints, 69, 166, 209, 394, 417, 420, 581, 589, 790, 822, 826, 927, 1047.
Devotion, 84, 133, 711, 1092.
Dies iræ, 1017, 1023.
Discipline, 103.
Dismission, 52, 59.
Dove:—
Heavenly, 424, 547, 549, 793, 913.
Noah's, 388.

Easter hymns, 75, 77, 225–228, 230–235, 259, 260.
Ebenezer, 726.
Entire sanctification and Christian growth, 476–546.
Eternity, 958, 968, 996, 1000, 1110.
Evening:—
Hymn, 102, 105.
Meditation, 103, 103, 113.
Of life, 1116, 1117.
Of Lord's Day — See *Lord's Day.*
Prayer, 102, 105, 109, 115, 117, 709.
Expostulation, 335, 340, 342, 347, 348.

Faith:—
Aspirations of, 433, 529.
Assurance of, 93, 141, 178, 403, 432, 445, 500, 506, 517, 529, 535, 536, 541, 611, 667, 668, 738, 739, 757.
Confession of, 118, 441.
Fight of, 566, 588, 596.
Fruition of, 715.
Gift of God, 377, 523.
In Christ, 141, 250, 252, 254, 367, 389, 393, 398, 420, 436, 445, 446, 512, 526, 635, 658, 677, 682, 762.
Joy of, 456, 510, 691, 738, 739, 758.
Justification by, 367, 383, 389, 412, 418, 420, 425, 445, 1001.
Of our fathers, 608.
Power of, 432, 445, 523, 530, 539, 651, 656, 711, 738, 980.
Prayer for, 377, 471, 523, 538, 667, 809.
Prayer of, 397, 498, 523, 735, 737, 738, 952.
Rest of, 513, 539, 714.
Righteousness of, 443, 504.
Salvation by, 393, 420, 440, 448.
Shield of, 588.
Trial of, 471, 538, 667, 737.

Faith—(*Continued.*)
Triumph of, 432, 471, 738, 739, 985, 989.
Vision of, 445, 593, 680, 709, 981, 1009, 1019, 1030, 1045, 1076, 1112.
Walking by, 448, 498, 524, 633, 636, 667.
Work of, 581, 600, 609.
Fall of man—See *Depravity.*
Family:—
Happiness, 101, 1106.
Worship, 95–117.
Fear, Religious, 1021.
Friends in glory, 988—See also: *Heaven.*
Funeral hymns — See *Death.*
Future punishment — See *Judgment.*
Gethsemane, 207, 217, 223, 836.
Gloria in excelsis, 207.
Glory to the Lamb, 58.
Glorying in the cross, 204, 211, 456, 595.
God:—118–280.
Abode of, 17, 139, 1063.
Adored, 20, 27, 28, 35–38, 47, 48, 52, 57, 68, 122, 130, 131, 136, 177, 478.
All in all, 66, 124, 126, 431, 477, 655, 698, 751, 938.
All-seeing, 97, 121, 123, 606, 685, 707, 745.
All things present to, 116, 121, 132.
Attributes of, 16, 125, 126, 131, 139, 142, 449, 1106.
Avenger, 1092.
Being of, 126, 130, 131, 1075, 1077.
Calling yet, 348, 352.
Comforter, 179.
Communion with, 116, 711–713, 729, 730, 744, 748, 751.
Compassion of, 125, 172, 364, 379.
Condescension of, 68, 119, 142, 147, 216, 377, 745.
Covenant-keeping, 141, 341.
Creator, 3, 9, 24, 25, 34, 42, 57, 97, 118, 130, 138, 145, 740, 745.
Decrees of, 126, 820, 921.
Eternal, 38, 48, 70, 87, 125, 132, 147, 148, 953, 964.
Faithful, 57, 143, 317, 341, 348, 403, 427, 479, 493, 541, 544.
Father, 26, 28, 34, 35, 41, 48, 60, 87, 112, 120, 124, 125, 138, 173, 356, 370, 419, 429, 434, 436, 614, 734, 1110.
Forbearance of, 147, 317, 379.
Fortress, 166.
Friend, 140, 142, 175, 436, 614, 625, 767, 958, 1098, 1103.
Gentleness of, 176, 177, 646.
Glory of, 18, 26, 38, 40, 56, 119, 120, 127, 133, 135, 138, 140, 146, 419.

God—(*Continued.*)
Goodness of, 11, 20, 121, 154, 156, 160, 176, 317, 364, 377, 629, 740, 1081, 1085.
Grace of, 27, 33, 40, 42, 50, 119, 128, 146, 172, 321, 350, 377, 384, 749.
Greatness of, 37, 38, 68, 126, 264, 1103.
Guardian, 23, 69, 93, 96, 97, 99, 104, 140, 179, 360, 651, 746, 999, 1103.
Guide, 20, 99, 156, 163, 171, 180, 577, 614, 622, 646, 648, 655, 761, 999, 1103.
Helper, 14, 93, 166, 544, 745, 773, 964.
Holiness of, 14, 18, 38, 98, 131, 147, 389.
Immutable, 126, 130, 143, 150, 528, 641, 642, 768, 792.
In nature, 41, 136, 138, 140, 141, 151, 153, 162, 294.
Incarnate, 34, 42, 190, 206, 220.
Incomprehensible, 125, 126, 130.
Indwelling of, 52, 264, 439, 440, 499, 501, 507.
Infinite, 38, 48, 121, 130.
Invitations of, 349, 362.
Jehovah, 3, 34, 131, 142, 733, 768, 860, 861, 938, 946, 1025, 1073, 1091.
Judge, 50, 134, 787—See *Christ.*
Justice of, 14, 50, 310.
King, 3, 6, 16, 26, 34, 43, 69, 70, 97, 134, 140, 142, 152, 162, 734, 1094.
King of kings, 48, 97, 105, 155, 1093.
Kingdom of, 17, 139.
Light of the saints, 69, 109, 135, 553, 704, 768, 777.
Love of, 9, 18, 26, 35, 119, 121, 127, 149, 172, 282, 317, 362, 394, 413, 477, 544, 698, 749, 1102.
Majesty of, 10, 26, 37, 40, 68, 119, 142, 147, 151–153, 413, 509, 966, 1112.
Mercies of described, 24, 99, 145, 149, 154, 179, 317, 1093, 1103.
Mercy of, 11, 13, 50, 68, 127, 146, 149, 150, 154, 157, 159, 160, 350, 371, 616, 749, 1092.
Mysterious, 161, 439, 591, 596, 632.
Nature of, 208.
Omnipotent, 51, 127, 133, 134, 173, 413, 707, 746, 764, 1100.
Omnipresent, 121, 135, 159, 303, 685, 717.
Omniscient, 79, 97, 121, 123, 159.
Perfections of, 136, 147, 162, 173.
Pity of, 145, 172, 347, 350, 379, 391, 927.
Portion of his people, 427, 462, 698, 1059.

God—(*Continued.*)
Prayer-hearing, 68, 79, 282, 717, 722.
Presence of, 18, 37, 39, 40, 47, 51, 52, 163, 180, 651, 661, 679, 693, 751, 860–862.
Preserver, 23, 96, 115, 138, 168, 508, 745, 746.
Promises of, 141, 282, 317, 391, 427, 479, 523, 529, 709, 876.
Protector, 360, 427, 616, 764, 772.
Providence of, 33, 41, 69, 119, 127, 141, 148, 151, 154, 164, 169, 175, 551, 641, 661, 672, 675, 745, 1083.
Reconciled, 428, 438, 439.
Refuge, 158, 168, 371, 660, 674, 773, 1098.
Ruler, 48, 51, 57, 119, 130, 134, 380, 630, 673, 769, 1101.
Safety in, 156, 427, 643.
Saviour, 57, 171, 544, 550, 577, 775.
Shepherd, 11, 156, 179, 180, 642, 748, 761, 927.
Source of blessing, 67, 124, 127, 145, 154, 159, 698, 704, 726, 774, 1082, 1084.
Sovereign, 69, 128, 139, 152, 371, 380, 429, 610, 673, 1101.
Strength, 676.
Supreme, 134, 148, 173, 673.
Triune—See *Trinity.*
Trust in, 70, 616, 617, 639, 642, 672, 722.
Truth of, 9, 11, 40, 127, 142, 317, 672.
Unsearchable, 126, 130, 161, 216.
Watchful care of, 148, 159, 707, 745.
Will of, 525, 529.
Wisdom of, 121, 125–127, 130, 133, 147, 150, 161, 207, 1112.
Works of, 13, 17, 133, 138, 139, 142, 146, 740, 745, 863, 866, 870, 910, 913, 1110.
Worship, sole object of, 33.
Worshiped, 9, 37, 48, 67, 79, 95, 144, 145, 147, 1077.
Godhead, 10, 190, 231, 527.
Good tidings—See *Gospel.*
Gospel:—
Armor, 567, 587, 599.
Banner, 219, 939.
Blessings of, 65, 290, 351, 364, 578, 821, 1100.
Excellence of, 290, 292, 321, 323, 328.
Feast, 326, 357, 364, 843, 849.
Freeness of, 323, 326, 342.
Fullness of, 323, 326, 357, 364, 774.
Invitations, 322, 323, 326, 349, 350, 357, 364.
Message, 21, 29, 342, 349, 350, 821.

Gospel—(*Continued.*)
Power of, 65, 88, 292, 368, 771, 819, 940, 1100.
Praise for the, 52, 1100.
Prayer for blessing on, 21, 39, 54, 55, 62, 65, 88, 815, 817–819, 910, 956.
Reception of, 28, 39, 54, 55, 60–62, 64, 595.
Rejection of, 820.
Spread of, 79, 117, 289, 290, 292, 331, 774, 821, 825, 910, 918, 936.
Success of, 6, 32, 86, 575, 861, 912, 940.
Triumph of—See *Missions.*
Trumpet, 72, 326, 331, 610.
Grace:—879.
Assisting, 460, 466.
Covenant of, 883.
Desires for, 53, 446, 460, 525, 698.
Free, 321, 330, 331, 333, 335, 336, 341, 342, 362, 385, 386, 422, 446.
Justifying, 386, 433, 716, 1001.
Miracle of, 451, 730, 1075.
Preserving, 586, 624, 633, 679.
Quickening, 451, 453, 461, 575, 972.
Redeeming, 467, 612, 913.
Regenerating, 427, 830.
Restoring, 384, 453, 489, 749, 762, 899.
Sanctifying, 385, 446, 512, 515, 531, 590.
Saving, 321, 332, 385, 427, 446, 516, 992.
Sovereign, 400, 433, 451, 923, 983.
Throne of, 498, 717.
Gratitude:—22, 23, 33, 42, 52, 60, 100, 112, 160, 232, 449, 459, 467, 569, 692, 1087, 1100.
To Christ, 241, 461, 839.
Grave, 981, 989, 999, 1000.
Guest divine, 28, 794.
Guiding-star, 907.
Guilt—See *Sinners.*

Hallelujahs, 144, 188, 259, 330, 340, 733, 734, 858, 934, 938, 1000, 1062, 1073, 1085.
Happiness, 25, 101, 418, 447, 757.
Harvest:—
Spiritual, 579, 602, 941, 1080, 1082–1085.
Temporal, 1080–1082, 1085–1087—See also: *Thanksgiving.*
Harvest-home, 575, 1083.
Heart:—
Change of—See *Regeneration.*
Clean, 496, 503, 521.
Contrite, 521.
Hard, 396, 559.
Loving, 712.
Perfect, 528.
Purity of, 492, 501, 503, 521, 529, 532, 533, 539, 545.
Searching of, 496.
Heaven:—1030–1079.
Anticipated, 4, 15, 20, 22, 24, 37, 41, 54, 319, 427, 480, 491, 530, 564, 566, 567, 643, 659, 703, 743, 807, 1030–1032, 1038, 1068, 1069, 1073, 1079, 1088.
Bliss of, 41, 81, 147, 225, 529, 652, 661, 751, 807, 816, 1032–1046, 1050, 1055–1062, 1064–1067, 1073, 1074.
Christ there, 247, 634, 681, 720, 743, 787, 1001, 1015, 1031, 1035, 1050, 1058, 1060, 1061, 1063, 1064, 1066, 1071, 1076, 1078.
Eternal, 174.
Friends there, 796, 967, 983, 986, 991, 1011, 1033, 1040, 1044, 1062, 1063, 1067.
Glory of, 199, 564, 1045, 1051, 1060, 1061, 1063.
Holy, 864, 1035, 1041, 1042, 1049, 1051, 1052, 1057, 1064, 1065, 1072, 1076.
Home, 64, 168, 564, 659, 720, 993, 1039, 1048, 1052, 1053, 1055, 1056, 1058, 1059, 1070, 1072, 1074.
Longings for, 13, 15, 52, 63, 64, 78, 87, 225, 408, 418, 661, 669, 681, 703, 807, 1038, 1044, 1051, 1053, 1054, 1058, 1060, 1061, 1064, 1065, 1068, 1071, 1074, 1075, 1078, 1088.
Nearness to, 572, 633, 648, 724, 983, 1050, 1053.
Praise of, 408, 705, 983, 991, 1027, 1034, 1036, 1070, 1077, 1079.
Prospect of, 80, 657, 757, 797, 1058, 1068, 1076, 1078.
Rest of, 72, 78, 82, 247, 328, 577, 638, 652, 659, 787, 998, 1034, 1039, 1047, 1049, 1052, 1055, 1070, 1076.
Security of, 78, 796, 807, 1041, 1043, 1052, 1056, 1066, 1067, 1076.
Society of, 41, 787, 796, 807, 880, 991, 998, 1001, 1004, 1027, 1032, 1033, 1046, 1052, 1054, 1061, 1062, 1069.
Songs of, 4, 10, 12, 19, 20, 37, 49, 78, 80, 146, 330, 467, 567, 652, 692, 697, 727, 744.
Treasure in, 903, 1048, 1074, 1078.
Worship of, 54, 87, 1069, 1070, 1079.
Heavenly guest, The, 28, 794.
Hell:—
Hosts of, 589, 1047.
Place of punishment, 349, 365, 371, 373, 391, 1020.
Salvation from, 239, 420.
Subdued, 847.
Hermon, 200.
Holiness:—
Highway of, 450.
See also: *Christ, God, Sanctification.*
Holy Spirit:—262–287.
Absence of, 262.
Baptism of, 268, 276, 278.
Creator, 269.
Comfort of, 6, 48, 118, 236, 264, 266, 267, 275, 280, 287, 424, 683, 826, 855.
Descent of, 278, 282, 283, 286, 378.
Deity of, 118, 129, 281, 286, 347.
Earnest of, 262, 424.
Fruit of, 262, 263, 268, 269, 273, 276, 280, 284, 481, 499, 502.
Gifts of, 166, 264, 273, 276, 280, 284, 440.
Grace of, 265, 275, 276, 278, 336.
Grieved, 336, 353, 390.
Guide, 143, 266, 269, 273, 380, 283, 499, 887.
Illuminator, 263, 267, 271, 273, 274, 278, 279, 284, 285, 287, 435, 518, 854.
Indwelling, 264, 265, 267, 269, 278, 280, 283, 284, 378, 424, 436, 440, 499, 502.
Influences of, 270, 275, 277–279, 284, 286, 355, 835.
Inspirer, 274, 279, 281, 286, 287.
Invitations of, 335, 353, 355, 589, 683.
Invoked, 40, 55, 74, 84, 129, 262, 263, 265, 269, 271, 275, 277–279, 283–285, 287, 435, 440, 481, 499, 502, 508, 518, 549, 808, 854, 887, 916, 942.
Leadings of, 142, 262, 266, 686, 1112.
Mission of, 270, 275, 280, 281, 470.
Power of, 6, 266, 271, 277, 278, 281, 285, 309, 384, 900, 942.
Refining, 269, 278, 518.
Regenerator, 270, 274, 309.
Revealer, 435, 480.
Sanctifier, 267, 309, 470, 480, 518.
Sealing, 350, 424, 480, 525, 801.
Striving, 336, 347, 353.
Supplicated, 263, 265, 281.
Teachings of, 273, 274, 278–280, 283, 435, 480, 499, 854.
Witness of, 271, 281, 350, 424, 425, 429, 435, 438–440, 477, 502, 1054.
Work of, 129, 262, 264, 268, 269, 274, 280, 281, 285, 287, 309, 435, 481.
Worship of, 10, 35, 129, 272, 273.
Home happiness, 101, 1106.
Home missions—See *Missions.*
Hope:—
Aspiring, 522, 526, 657.
Fruition of, 533, 966.
In affliction, 612, 644, 657, 663, 967.
In Christ, 1016.
In darkness, 479, 626, 633.
In death, 612.
In God, 394, 506.
Of heaven, 62, 44, 515, 577, 657, 663, 669, 797, 960, 1023, 1030–1031.
Of perfect love, 539, 541, 542.
Prisoners of, 479, 493.
Rejoicing in, 493, 542, 711, 995.
Hosannas, 71, 73, 76, 277, 776, 840, 882, 883, 908.
Immanuel, 84, 128, 224, 319, 721, 754.
Immortality, 90, 122, 225, 227, 740, 995, 1000, 1049, 1050.
Incarnation—See *Christ.*
Infant baptism—See *Baptism.*
Infant salvation — See *Atonement, Death of children.*
Inspiration — See *Holy Spirit, Scriptures.*
Intemperance, Evils of, 890, 895, 898, 900.
Intemperate:—
Exhorted, 906.
Prayer for the, 895–899, 900, 901.
Invitation hymn, 340.
Isaiah's vision, 56.
It is finished, 218, 223, 224, 340.

Jerusalem, 775, 821, 864, 926, 1031, 1044, 1061.
Jesus is mine, 741 — See also: *Christ.*
Jews and Gentiles, 924.
Joy:—
In Christ, 16, 182, 230 232, 244, 422.
In the Lord, 68, 244.
In the Sabbath, 74, 76, 77.
In worship, 83, 85, 89.
Of the believer, 234, 235, 422, 1038 — See also: *Christians.*
Over sinners saved, 350.
Jubilee:—
Children's, 882.
Song of, 938.
Year of, 331, 810, 946 1016.
Judgment:—
And retribution, 1013–1029.
Boldness in, 238, 694.
Deprecated, 735.
General, 336, 966, 1013, 1014, 1017, 1018, 1021.
Preparation for, 236, 412, 941, 1022–1024, 1027–1029.
Security in, 238, 1019, 1025, 1029.
Terrors of, 996, 1017–1020, 1023, 1028, 1029.

Justification:—
Blessedness of, 418, 436, 437, 454.
By faith, 420, 421, 423, 425, 427, 430, 436, 448, 454.
Evidence of, 437, 439.
Prayer for, 439.

Kingdom of Christ — See *Christ, Church.*

Law of God and the Gospel, 482, 904.
Leprosy, Spiritual, 425, 527.
Let there be light, 913.
Life:—957–968.
Eternal, 225.
Frailty of, 875, 907, 959, 960, 962, 964, 965, 977, 978.
Object of, 132, 500, 574, 605, 668, 966, 968.
Shortness of, 93, 132, 172, 576, 664, 950, 956–960, 962, 963, 967, 1059.
Solemnity of, 358, 574, 957, 959, 961, 963, 966, 968, 996.
Uncertain, 373, 576, 957, 958, 965.
Vanity of, 962, 964.
Life and character of Christ, 196–203—See also: *Christ.*
Litany, 417, 723.
Little travelers Zionward, 879.
Longings:—
For Christ, 500, 520, 631, 944, 1015, 1033, 1054, 1064, 1065, 1073.
For God, 508, 515, 1068.
For heaven, 63–65, 78, 681, 744, 809, 991, 1030, 1044, 1064, 1071.
For holiness, 514, 542, 573, 681, 1054.
For the Holy Spirit, 518.
Lord our Righteousness, 378, 452, 743.
Lord's Day:—25, 30, 86, 90, 91.
Blessings of, 72, 77, 82, 85, 90.
Delight in, 74, 76–78, 81, 85, 89.
Emblem of eternal rest, 73, 88, 90, 92.
Evening, 79, 80, 92, 94.
Morning, 77, 82, 83.
Supplications, 86, 88, 91.
Welcomed, 72, 73, 76, 82, 83, 85, 87, 90.
Worship, 45, 69, 72–74, 78, 79, 81, 83, 88.
Lord's Prayer, 716.
Lord's Supper:—833–855.
Institution of, 833, 840, 847.
Invitation to, 834, 841, 844–846.
Reception of, 835–845, 847–855.
Significance of, 833–837, 838–842, 843–851, 853, 854.
Love:—
For Christ, 119, 291, 327, 488, 500, 552, 650, 703, 714, 725.
Love—(*Continued.*)
For God, 142, 149, 478, 509, 621, 698, 699, 751, 1084.
For the Church, 770, 780, 783, 1027.
Of God, 147, 149, 150, 327.
Of the Holy Spirit, 683.
Perfect, 488, 514, 711.
Power of, 509, 536, 540, 785.
Prayer for, 483, 586, 623, 802–804, 809.
Love-feast hymns, 683, 802–807.
Loving-kindness, 633, 747, 750, 856.
Lukewarmness, 555, 560, 576.
Macedonian calls, 941.
Mariners, 1108–1115.
Marriage hymns, 1106, 1107.
Martyrs, 120, 805, 911, 1040, 1044.
Meditation, Evening, 108, 113, 641, 709, 713.
Memories of the dead, 114, 978, 992.
Mercy:—
Call of, 343.
Free, 252, 335, 362, 371, 422.
Sought, 379, 383, 384, 416, 428, 557.
Triumphs of, 920.
Mercy-seat, 44, 61, 89, 238, 684.
Messiah, 189, 210, 907, 930, 937, 1069—See also: *Christ.*
Millennium 930, 932, 934, 937, 938, 1025.
Ministry:—808–824.
Call to, 598, 808, 814.
Commission of, 810, 812, 815, 817, 823, 830, 926, 929.
Consecration to the, 808, 811, 814, 818.
Fidelity of the, 811, 813–815, 819, 823.
Labors of the, 342, 811, 816–824, 929, 939.
Meetings of, 798.
Prayer for the, 32, 55, 815, 817–819, 823, 824.
Prayer of the, 808, 809, 813, 816, 818.
Reward of the, 811, 816, 817, 819, 926.
Missionaries departing, prayer for, 931.
Missionary:—
Hymn, 930.
Meeting, 922.
Missions:—908–944.
Extension of, 908–913, 914, 918–928, 930, 932, 935, 936, 939, 940, 941, 944.
Home, 929, 933.
Prayer for, 908, 910, 913, 914, 916–918, 920–922, 924, 927, 928, 932, 937, 940–944.
Success of, 912, 915–917, 919, 921, 923–926, 928, 930, 932, 934–936, 938, 942, 944.
Work of, 908–911, 923, 926, 930, 937, 939–941.
Morning:—
Hymn, 106.
Mercies, 103, 104.
Prayer, 96, 98, 103, 107, 110.
Star, 443, 604.
Morning and evening, 97–117.

National hymns, 1089–1105.
Nature:—
Beauties of, 747, 974, 977.
God seen in, 121, 130.
Nearness to God, 724.
Nearness to heaven — See *Heaven.*
New Jerusalem, 1035.
New Year, 946, 949, 950, 951, 955, 956.
New Year's Eve, 948.

Old age, 658, 1116, 1117.
Only plea, 392, 393.
Only waiting, 644.
Ordinances—See *Baptism, Lord's Supper.*
Out of the depths, 403, 665.

Panoply, 587, 599.
Paradise, 515, 520, 834, 847, 983, 1041, 1060, 1071.
Pardon:—
Found, 332, 377, 388, 423, 426, 433, 438, 442, 444, 455, 467, 472, 531.
Joy of, 442, 444, 449, 450.
Offered, 370, 386.
Sought, 96, 302, 303, 305, 307, 377, 386, 389, 398, 407, 426, 503, 532, 557, 645, 1023.
Passover, Christ our—See *Christ.*
Patience, 644, 715.
Peace:—
Christian, 651, 752, 773.
For the troubled, 109, 344.
National, 1092, 1097, 1098, 1102.
Of God, 89, 92, 94, 109, 943.
Penitence:—60, 370, 377–379, 404, 405.
Timely, 412.
See also: *Repentance.*
Pentecost, 91, 272, 275, 286, 499.
Perfect love, 513, 523, 526, 538, 586, 715, 837.
Perfection, Christian—See *Sanctification.*
Pestilence, 1095, 1099.
Piety, contented, 675, 696.
Praise:—
At parting, 94.
Calls to, 27, 28, 41, 63, 68, 133, 154, 225, 227, 257, 284, 304, 467, 493, 699, 749, 778, 805, 1016.
For creation, 42, 122.
For deliverance, 33, 160, 187, 434, 449, 478, 734, 798.
For divine grace, 31, 433, 794, 953.
For pardon, 12, 433, 450.
For redemption, 5, 8, 208, 246, 304, 330–332, 733, 765.
Praise—(*Continued.*)
To Christ, 1, 2, 4, 12, 18, 19, 23, 26, 28, 31, 49, 58, 66, 71, 148, 157, 208, 231, 246, 248, 319, 453, 454, 700, 805.
To God, 1, 3, 5, 11, 13, 16–18, 20, 22–26, 33, 36, 43, 47, 51, 56, 57, 67, 70, 79, 95, 99, 100, 106, 119, 122, 148, 154, 160, 177, 195, 207, 433, 449, 692, 693, 705, 726.
To Jehovah, 17, 25, 68 142.
To Jesus, 12, 19, 51, 58, 239, 246, 304, 315, 332, 442, 743, 756, 794, 805, 995.
To the Creator, 8, 9, 11, 17, 133, 740.
To the Father, 6, 10, 39, 42, 72, 729.
To the Holy Spirit, 6, 10, 72, 137, 729.
To the Son, 6, 10, 42, 72, 259, 729.
To the Trinity, 6, 10, 16, 72, 118, 129, 136, 137, 139, 144, 273, 470, 614, 729, 1076, 1077, 1085.
Pilgrim:—
Aged, 658.
Exhorted, 346, 564, 1088.
Guide of, 171, 344, 648, 718.
Home of, 1036, 1048.
Journey of, 308, 564, 620, 640, 648, 718, 720, 769, 980, 1010.
Prayer of, 171, 590, 648.
Song of, 720, 1074.
Spirit of, 620, 640, 648, 658, 693, 1078.
Welcomed, 346, 1068, 1070.
Pity:—
Sought, 897, 899–901.
For the poor, 894, 897, 904–906.
Poor cared for, 891–893, 896, 898, 902.
Prayer:—
Blessings of, 690, 711, 728.
Delight in, 688, 709, 750 752.
Design of, 689.
Encouragements to, 688, 718, 728, 752.
Evening, 99, 102, 105, 109, 115, 117, 709, 750.
For acceptance, 468, 762.
For children in baptism —See *Baptism.*
For comfort, 455, 510 632, 670. 762.
For deliverance, 111, 165, 283, 393, 411, 413, 448, 490, 503, 543, 544, 645, 656, 678, 694, 1104, 1114.
For entire sanctification, 21, 60, 271, 289, 388, 398, 440, 459, 463, 464, 474, 475, 477–486, 488–492, 494–506, 508, 510–515, 517–545, 586, 784, 803.
For extension of Christ's kingdom, 17, 74, 779, 924, 928, 940.

Prayer—(*Continued.*)
For faith, 213, 377, 381, 803.
For guidance, 96, 98, 171, 448, 466, 475, 511, 616, 617, 655, 682, 762, 996.
For help, 417, 496, 543, 632, 1005.
For mercy, 21, 50, 377, 390, 406, 407, 543.
For national pardon, 1094, 1096.
For national peace, 1092, 1097, 1098, 1102.
For pardon, 35, 96, 105, 303, 305, 311, 382, 383, 391, 407, 558.
For perfect peace and love, 7, 46, 378, 428, 476, 494, 495, 514, 524, 528, 529, 532, 533, 538, 753, 784, 848, 1022, 1115.
For protection, 23, 113, 117, 123, 169, 455, 474, 543, 562, 624, 660, 722, 762, 790, 1089, 1101.
For repentance, 311, 368, 379, 381, 396, 404, 410, 412, 511, 558.
For sinners, 32, 372, 374, 890.
For those at sea, 1108, 1109.
For union, 792, 793, 795, 800, 806.
Hour of, 45, 597, 616, 688, 709, 752.
Importunity in, 406, 690, 715, 737, 738.
In time of war, 1104.
Lord's, 716.
Morning, 96, 98, 103, 107, 110, 750.
Nature of, 597, 706, 710, 750.
Power of, 198, 599, 689, 690, 706, 707, 712, 735, 737–739.
To Christ, 12, 14, 26, 31, 35, 49, 71, 84, 86, 93, 94, 102, 182, 312, 313, 334, 359, 372, 374, 378, 381–384, 387, 392, 394, 395, 398–401, 406, 417, 486, 670, 760, 1108.
To God, 13, 21, 26, 35, 39, 40, 43, 52, 60, 61, 65, 67, 78, 79, 83, 132, 282, 358, 368, 377, 380, 384, 386, 389, 391, 394, 396, 403, 406, 1108.
To the Holy Spirit, 35, 40, 74, 84, 253, 262–267, 269–271, 273, 275–281, 283–287, 384, 390, 424, 440, 1108.
To the Trinity, 35, 91, 826, 831, 855, 913, 945, 1108.
Unceasing, 506, 541, 589, 715, 745, 750, 1047.
See also: *Family worship.*
Pride, 527, 559, 601.
Probation, 343, 361, 366, 412, 983, 1028.
Procrastination, 336, 343, 345, 352–354, 375.
Prodigal's welcome, 414.
Prophecy:—194, 218, 915, 921, 942, 1023.
Fulfilled, 218, 912.
Providence:—33, 141, 154–180, 616, 630, 676, 801, 1090, 1097, 1113.
Merciful, 154, 170, 178–180, 946, 1036, 1081, 1085, 1086.
Mysterious, 160, 161, 174, 596, 632, 673.
Punishment—See *Judgment and Retribution.*

Redemption:—
Completed, 215, 331, 719.
Free, 148, 330, 331, 940.
Full, 46, 271, 281, 331, 522, 539.
Greatness of, 75, 315.
Sought, 526.
Universal, 331, 433.
Wonders of, 315, 433.
Regeneration:—
Prayed for, 307, 425, 431, 482, 503.
Witness of, 424, 438.
Wrought by the Holy Spirit, 438, 481, 1074.
Remember me, 619.
Remembrance of Christ, 833, 836, 839–841.
Renewed consecration, 95, 106, 112, 832, 945.
Renouncing all for Christ, 457, 471, 549, 643, 685, 708, 786.
Repentance:—368, 369, 391, 404.
True, 414, 423.
See also: *Penitence.*
Resignation, 392, 397, 464, 471, 506, 537, 610, 616, 623, 628, 632, 636, 637, 644, 654, 655, 658, 725, 1002.
Rest for the weary, 652, 659, 718, 994.
Resurrection:—
Of believers, 108, 225, 970, 973, 974, 977, 979, 981, 984, 989, 990, 994, 995, 999, 1000, 1042.
Of Christ, 75, 223, 225–228, 230–235, 970.
Of the dead, 973, 996.
Retirement, 709, 713.
River of life, 774, 776, 932.
Rock of ages, 170, 415, 421, 623, 750, 776, 1019, 1060.

Sabbath—See *Lord's Day.*
Saints:—
Confidence of, 156, 165, 166, 170, 177, 330, 512, 515, 517, 535–537, 593, 633, 642, 649, 679, 721, 772.
Communion of, 53, 684, 770, 780, 788, 789, 791, 793, 797, 799, 801, 802, 806, 1054.
Death of—See *Death.*
Encouraged, 125, 161, 162, 164, 176, 487, 620, 633.
Happiness of, 24, 25, 41, 63, 158, 329, 385, 418, 419, 437, 442, 461, 493, 494, 719, 740, 744, 757, 1001, 1026, 1029, 1073, 1113.
Saints—(*Continued.*)
Humility of, 119, 130, 722, 836, 1027.
In heaven, 24, 253, 1004, 1040, 1045, 1066, 1067, 1069.
Longing for entire sanctification, 487, 494, 521, 522, 534–536, 539, 540, 545.
Rejoicing, 256, 493, 537, 542, 711, 786, 788.
Security of, 97, 155, 157, 163, 170, 388, 437, 465, 507, 635, 772, 1110.
Suffering with Christ, 256, 481, 665, 686, 694.
Trust of, 614–616, 633, 642, 1109.
Union of, with Christ, 175, 178, 196, 421, 437, 463, 465, 480, 492, 500, 512, 520, 721, 755, 758, 782, 788.
Union of, with each other, 437, 727, 780, 782, 785, 788, 789, 790, 792, 793, 797, 800, 801, 803, 804, 1054.
Victorious, 57, 569, 583, 1066.
Watchfulness of, 555.
Salvation:—
By grace, 446.
Free, 21, 210, 323, 324, 362, 364.
Full, 21, 210, 323, 324, 388, 522.
Sought, 46, 239, 262, 381, 385, 387, 394, 398, 399–401, 402, 404, 466, 472, 535.
Through Christ, 210, 222, 246, 324, 386, 420–422.
Sanctification, Entire, 378, 476–546.
Sanctuary:—
Corner-stone of, laid, 857, 859, 861.
Dedication of, 856, 858, 860, 862–865, 867.
Joy in, 15, 45, 63, 69, 74, 85, 89.
Love for, 15, 69, 98.
Prayer in the, 65, 67, 71, 78, 86, 88, 89, 286, 1091.
Worship, 37, 44, 45, 47, 54, 78, 83, 87, 1082.
Satan:—141, 165.
Adversary, 166, 301, 563, 569, 583, 584, 713, 790, 826.
Defied, 677, 680, 826.
Subdued, 588, 911.
Tempter, 165, 417, 505, 526, 667, 722—See also: *Devils.*
Scriptures, Holy:—288–301.
Inspired, 291, 293, 296, 297, 299.
Joy in the, 291, 294, 296, 298, 299.
Power of the, 288, 289, 292, 294, 297–301.
Revelations of the, 291, 294–300.
Searching the, 61, 295, 299.
Spread of the, 289, 290, 292, 293, 298, 301.
Seasons, 1080–1082.
Seed-time and harvest, 1081.
Self-dedication, 54, 128, 472, 473, 685.
Self-denial, 471, 576.
Self-renunciation, 430.
Seraphs, 146, 148, 192, 193, 224, 351, 422, 480, 692, 860, 999.
Sickness, 977—See *Afflictions.*
Sinai, 206, 787.
Sin:—
Deceitfulness of, 559.
Load of, 495.
Original, 486, 495.
Rest from, 534.
Salvation from, 522, 528, 532, 540.
Work of, 339, 365.
See also: *Depravity.*
Sinners:—302–417.
Convicted, 305, 308, 309, 314, 344, 379, 380, 389, 391–397, 412, 414, 423.
Contrite, 339, 380, 403–405, 410, 412, 414, 458, 551, 553, 554, 558.
Confessing, 305, 369, 379, 380, 389, 391, 393, 396–398, 403, 404, 412, 414, 425, 444, 559, 656, 737.
Depravity of, 302, 305, 306, 309, 310, 356, 411.
Doomed, 189, 308, 314, 356, 369, 375, 376.
Exhorted, 308, 327, 335–339, 342, 343, 345–348, 353, 354, 356, 360–362, 364, 365, 367, 369–371, 373, 374, 376, 487, 1029.
Invited, 189, 302, 323, 326, 340, 341, 344, 349–351, 355, 357, 362–364, 369–371.
Lost condition of, 303, 304, 306, 308, 309, 320, 347, 356, 358, 360, 365, 371, 377, 380–382, 385, 386, 392, 393, 395, 399, 405, 425.
Refuge in Christ, 302, 307, 310, 312–314, 316, 318–320, 327, 334, 337, 359, 363, 368, 385, 386, 391, 393, 395, 401, 408, 411, 415–417, 420–422, 450.
Seeking pardon, 302, 303, 309, 311, 359, 368, 377, 380, 382, 390, 391, 393, 394, 397–399, 403, 406, 407, 414, 425, 428, 444.
Slavery of, 302, 311, 331, 363, 382, 399, 402, 413, 422, 450, 727, 895, 899–901.
Surrender of, 28, 307, 339, 352, 369, 372, 393, 397, 401, 409, 447, 462.
Warned, 335, 336, 343, 345, 349, 353, 354, 357, 358, 360, 361, 365, 366, 371, 373, 375, 376.
Sleep, 102–105, 108, 112, 113.
Soldiers, Christian, 563, 566–569, 587, 588, 825.
Solitude, 709, 713.
Son of the carpenter, 592.
Song of Moses and the Lamb, 4, 680.

Sowing and reaping, 55, 301, 575, 579, 598, 731, 903, 1081.
Spirit—See *Holy Spirit.*
Star:—
In the East, 182, 186, 300, 935, 939.
Of Bethlehem, 187, 907.
Starry heavens, 138, 293, 628, 788, 978, 1034.
Storms, 613, 656, 678, 731, 931, 957, 973, 982, 998, 1073, 1111.
Sufferings and death of Christ, 204–224.
Sunday-schools:—
Anniversary of, 878.
See also: *Children.*
Supper of the Lamb, 12.

Tabor, or Hermon, 200, 206.
Teachers, Prayer for, 881.
Te Deum Laudamus, 120, 144.
Temptation:—
Of Christ, 209, 254, 417, 723.
Of Christians, 342, 543, 570, 624, 639, 646, 680, 716.
Prayer under, 651, 716.
Ter Sanctus, 40, 48, 56, 72, 136, 144.
Thanksgiving:—51, 52, 99, 121, 232, 478, 946.
Hymns, 1083–1087, 1093, 1101.
Thy will be done, 464, 517, 537, 590, 618, 628, 654, 716, 800, 971, 1002.
Time and eternity, 945–997.
Too late, 375, 376.
Transfiguration of Christ, 198–200.
Trials, 203, 655, 654, 715, 717, 728.
Trinity:—
Adoration of, 16, 35, 121, 130, 136, 137, 144, 411.
Invocation of, 35, 91, 129.
Praise to the, 6, 16, 34, 35, 72, 118, 121, 139, 144, 470.
Prayer to the — See *Prayer.*
Worship of the, 10, 16, 34, 48, 56, 411.
Trust:—
In Christ, 115, 178, 254, 325, 359, 415, 453, 466, 477, 483, 556, 570, 595, 625, 626, 635, 637, 653, 654, 656, 669, 721, 1046, 1115.
In God, 69, 128, 141, 161, 165, 173, 175, 180, 302, 493, 541, 569, 614, 620, 622, 626, 629, 630, 637, 639, 761.
In providence, 141, 164, 496, 510, 544, 569, 596, 613, 614, 617, 622, 623, 626, 627, 629, 641, 649, 664, 672, 673, 682, 801.
Trumpet:—
Gospel, 72, 326, 331.
Judgment, 994, 996, 1000, 1017–1019, 1023, 1028, 1029.
Types, 199, 305.

Unbelief, 161, 302, 303, 377, 513.
Unfaithfulness lamented—See *Backsliding.*
Unseen but loved, 714, 733.

Vanity of earth, 358, 647, 662, 708, 741, 758.
Vows to God, 43, 106, 447, 460, 466, 467.

Waiting on God, 497, 529, 633, 786.
Walking with God, 507.
Wanderer:—
Exhorted, 906.
Invited, 370, 371, 603.
Rest of the, 623.
Restored, 370.
Warfare, Christian — See *Christians.*
Warnings, 335—See *Sinners.*
Watchfulness, 555, 571, 574, 580, 581, 587, 753, 968, 1015.
Watching and praying, 505, 543, 555, 574, 576, 580, 581, 750, 753, 954, 1024, 1047.
Watchmen, 821, 823, 921, 935.
Watch night, 945–948, 952–956.
Weeping, 1010, 1067.
Witness of our own spirits, 356, 437.
Witness of the Holy Spirit, 424, 429, 438.
Witnesses, Cloud of, 594, 1046.
Working and giving, 904.
World:—
Delusive, 456, 662, 708, 722, 960, 978.
Enmity of, 667, 753.
Renounced, 456, 613, 647, 685, 696, 758, 826, 1075.
Unsatisfying, 358, 647, 1031.
Worship:—1–117.
Blessings of, 67, 75, 88.
Calls to, 2–5, 8, 9, 11, 13, 16, 17, 24, 28, 47, 50, 57, 58, 63, 66, 68, 88, 145, 152, 153, 189, 191.
Close of, 53, 55, 59, 62, 94.
Worship—(*Continued.*)
Family—See *Family Worship.*
Joy in, 1, 15, 41, 45, 63, 66, 69, 74–76, 83.
Of Christ—See *Christ.*
Of God—See *God.*
Of the Holy Spirit—See *Holy Spirit.*
Morning and evening 97–117.
Public—See *Lord's day*
Universal, 2, 8, 9, 11, 16, 17, 24, 27, 34, 36, 42, 47, 50, 56, 57, 248.
Week-day, 597.
Wrestling Jacob, 737–739.

Year:—
New, 946, 949–951, 955
Close of, 948, 956.
Jubilee—See *Jubilee.*

Zeal:—
Enjoined, 485, 603.
Implored, 560, 562, 586.
Lost, 561.
Zion:—
Beloved, 770.
City of God, 564, 726, 776, 787.
Daughter of, 778, 909.
Enlarged, 909, 912.
Favored, 767, 768, 770, 772, 773, 775, 777, 821, 912, 918.
Heavenly, 769.
Prayer for, 46, 67, 89, 770, 771, 925.
Rejoicing, 69, 912.
Restored, 767, 778.
Security of, 76, 768, 772, 773, 776, 777, 856.
Songs of, 330, 648, 1061
Way to, 15.
See also: *Church.*

HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

Introductory:—1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 12, 28, 30, 37, 41, 63, 84, 93.
God:—123, 125, 129, 133, 134, 140, 142, 143, 147, 149, 160, 161, 164, 169, 171, 172, 173, 175–177, 179.
Christ:—181, 183, 186–188, 204, 205, 208, 211, 213, 214, 222, 223, 225–227, 239–241, 243, 246–248, 254–256, 258, 261.
Holy Spirit:—262, 263, 268, 270, 272, 277, 281, 282, 284–287, 390.
Sinners:—124, 302, 304, 309, 313, 317, 319–321, 323, 324, 423, 425.
Promises of the Gospel, 312, 315–317, 319–321, 323, 324, 326, 327, 330, 333, 334, 423.
Warning and inviting, 326–328, 331, 335, 336, 338, 340, 342, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351–356, 358, 359, 361–366, 369–371, 373, 375, 376.
Repentance, 377–379, 381–384, 387, 388, 390, 391, 393, 396, 398, 400–402, 405, 406, 408–410, 412, 414–416, 429, 431.
The Christian:—418, 419, 421, 422, 426.
Regeneration and adoption, 418, 419, 421–424, 426, 427, 429, 430–438, 441, 442, 445–447, 449, 450, 454, 455.
Consecration and sanctification, 456–458, 460, 461, 464, 465, 468, 470, 472, 473, 475, 477, 482, 483, 485, 487, 488, 491, 492, 495, 499–501, 503, 505, 506, 508, 509, 511–515, 518–521, 530, 532, 533, 537, 540–543.
Unfaithfulness lamented, 546–549, 551–553, 555, 558, 560–562.
Christian activity, 563–568, 571, 572, 574–576, 579–581, 584, 587, 589–591, 593–595, 597, 601–605, 607, 609, 809.
Trials, suffering, and submission, 610, 613, 614, 616, 619, 621, 622, 624, 626, 628, 633, 634, 637–643, 646, 648, 649, 652, 653, 655–657, 659, 662, 666, 667, 669, 672, 673, 675, 676, 679–688.
Prayer, Praise, and Communion with God, 684, 686, 688–692, 694, 695, 697, 700, 701, 703, 704, 706, 709–712, 714, 715, 720, 724–726, 728–730, 733, 735, 741–743, 747, 748, 752–754, 756, 758–760, 762.
The Church:—764–766, 768, 770, 771, 773, 775–777.
Christian fellowship, 769, 770, 780–782, 784, 785, 789, 790, 792, 795, 796, 797, 803.
Missions, 912–914, 916, 918–921, 925, 926, 930, 932–934, 936, 938, 939, 943.
Sunday schools, 872–889.
Love feasts, 769, 770, 780, 782–786, 789, 795 797, 802, 804–806.
Watch night, 945, 946, 948, 952, 953, 955, 956.
Time and eternity:—
Brevity and uncertainty of life, 964–966, 968, 975, 983, 995, 998.
Judgment and retribution, 1021, 1023, 1024, 1026, 1027.
Heaven, 1030, 1032, 1033, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1044, 1045, 1049–1051, 1053, 1054, 1058–1065, 1067, 1068, 1070–1073, 1078.
Closing hymns:—22, 23, 52, 53, 59.

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

	Hymn
A beam from h	980
A cloud of wit	594
A country of j	1074
A dark and clo	950
A faith that do	446
A faith that ke	667
A faith that sh	667
A Father's han	177
A few more sto	957
A few more str	957
A glance of th	130
A guilty, weak,	302
A hand almigh	158
A heart in eve	521
A heart resign	521
A heart with g	404
A holy quiet re	982
A horror of gr	209
A land of corn,	542
A land upon w	1041
A messenger f	900
A pardon writt	361
A poor blind c	395
A rest where al	513
A sacred sprin	774
A second look	423
A table thou h	156
A thousand ag	132
A thousand ag	964
A trusting hea	509
Abide with me	102
Abide with us,	702
Abide with us,	862
Absent from t	553
Affliction's dee	761
Again my par	557
Agonizing in t	340
Ah, how shall	310
Ah, Lord Jesus	1007
Ah, then I hav	694
Ah! what avail	490
Ah! whither c	684
Alas! I knew n	423
All earthly ple	975
All glory be to	192
All hail, trium	73
All his creatur	145
All is tranquil	1067
All my disease,	398
All nature sing	294
All needful gra	69
All our earthly	879
All our hopes,	942
All our redemp	843
All power to ou	245
All praise to th	106
All that my wil	903
All that spring	1084
All the day lon	374
All the power o	848
All the tokens	1013
All the world i	1083
All things are r	857
All things are r	834
All who bear th	844
Almighty God,	877
Almighty God,	920
Almighty Lord	293
Almighty Son,	35
Already spring	394
Although the v	626
Amen, Lord Je	569
Amid the snar	905
Among thy sai	1027
An angel guar	167
And art thou n	398
And as the yea	907
And at my life'	110
And by the lov	1022
And death, tha	202
And duly shall	575
And every pan	653
And every virt	280
And faithful h	199
And from his l	255
And girt with g	236
And happy wa	1107
And hence, in s	860
And his that ge	280
And if our fell	789

	Hymn
And if some th	675
And if the sons	916
And in the gar	207
And in the gre	867
And let those l	866
And let thy life	232
And lo, thy tou	1099
And lo! with t	198
And may they	899
And never let	826
And not a pray	79
And now abov	974
And now Chris	335
And now I'm i	758
And now, in ag	658
And now we fi	1059
And O, when g	163
And O, when t	1114
And ours the g	602
And see, O Lor	895
And see! the s	219
And shall we lo	63
And since, by p	617
And since, in G	1022
And since the	883
And soon, too s	875
And thou, O ev	33
And thou, refu	1034
And thou, that	618
And though th	166
And thus that	850
And thus, whe	708
And, till in he	614
And we believe	118
And we believe	892
And we confes	118
And we, O Lor	829
And were this l	602
And when befo	619
And when, by t	781
And when life'	613
And when my	45
And when my	622
And when our	113
And when our	155
And when the l	630
And when the l	694
And when thes	836
And when thou	634
And when thy	131
And when to h	110
And when we e	113
And when, wit	60
And while we t	459
And will this s	142
And ye, beneat	194
Angel powers t	1069
Angelic spirits,	125
Angels, assist o	304
Angels, joyful	1004
Angels now are	733
Angels our ser	356
Angels, sing on	1070
Angels, where'	155
Answer not wi	283
Apostles join t	10
Apostles, mart	1044
Approach his r	841
Are there brig	1055
Are there celes	1055
Are there no fo	593
Are we not ten	970
Are we weak a	728
Arise, arise, yo	1058
Arm me with s	574
Arm me with t	648
Around thy Fa	408
Around us roll	597
Arrayed in glo	995
As by the light	516
As dew upon t	551
As giants may	824
As, in the heav	978
As laborers in	808
As, 'mid the ev	978
As round Jerus	772
As the apple of	455
As the bright S	824
As the winged	956
As thee their G	1097

	Hymn
As they offered	182
As through a g	174
As true as God	569
As we thy mer	65
As with joyful	182
Ashamed of Je	604
Ask but his gra	327
Asleep in Jesus	979
Assembled her	275
Assure my con	424
Astonished at	119
At cost of all I	436
At evening, in	750
At his call the	1029
At Jesus' call	1074
At last I own i	392
At midnight's s	580
At noon, bene	750
At once he saw	201
At the name of	653
At the sign of t	563
At thy rebuke	969
At thy word m	485
Attending ang	1035
Author and Gu	713
Author of fait	406
Author of the	205
Awake! awake	699
Awake, awake	909
Awake, my ton	70
Awed by a mor	813
Bane and bless	204
Baptize the na	276
Baptized into t	829
Barren and wi	953
Be all my adde	458
Be daily deare	695
Be darkness, a	276
Be faith, whic	781
Be grace from	830
Be it accordin	307
Be it accordin	377
Be it accordin	539
Be it my great	499
Be near me wh	222
Be our strengt	873
Be ours the bli	877
Be this my one	966
Be this, O Lord	860
Be thou my st	624
Be thou, O Re	623
Be thou our g	1099
Be thou our g	687
Be wise as serp	810
Be with us in t	1022
Bear the lambs	887
Bear the tidin	939
Because thy s	1008
Before His fee	815
Before me pia	966
Before our Fa	797
Before the cro	468
Before the gre	1076
Before the hil	964
Before the Sav	1077
Before thine al	1107
Before thy hea	1008
Before thy she	46
Before thy thr	43
Behold, again	561
Behold, for me	425
Behold him, al	220
Behold the ark	388
Behold the ble	787
Behold the fou	787
Behold the sor	412
Behold, we fal	305
Behold, what h	989
Behold your L	63
Being of being	47
Believe in him	367
Believing on m	430
Beneath his w	176
Beneath thy s	794
Better than lif	693
Beyond my hi	770
Beyond the bo	657
Beyond the fli	1069
Beyond the hc	866

	Hymn
Beyond this va	358
Bid the whole	914
Bless us here,	855
Bless we, then	937
Blessed and ho	913
Blessed then, e	1026
Blessing and h	139
Blessing, and t	947
Blessings from	1093
Blest be that n	68
Blest hour, for	45
Blest hour, wh	45
Blest is that tr	752
Blest is the ma	633
Blest is the pio	799
Blest Jesus, th	167
Blest object of	962
Blest river of s	932
Blest Saviour, i	594
Blest Saviour,	84
Blest too is he	591
Blind unbelief	161
Bliss to carnal	719
Bold shall I sta	238
Born by a new	530
Born into the	1001
Born thy peop	334
Borne aloft on	387
Borne upon th	24
Bow thine ear,	26
Bow to the sce	371
Break from hi	984
Break off the y	495
Break off your	234
Breathe, O bre	491
Breathe on us,	30
Bright heralds	444
Bright is their	639
Bright Sun of r	96
Bright terrors	253
Build we each t	802
Built by the w	168
Burn every br	66
But all, before	963
But all the not	852
But art thou n	425
But can no sov	306
But chiefest in	71
But chiefly at i	167
But drops of g	214
But fixed for e	293
But give to Re	896
But God made	34
But he that tur	371
But I amid you	444
But if thou lea	360
But is it possib	523
But life, thoug	602
But lo! a brigh	300
But lo! a place	170
But, Lord, the	742
But, Lord, thy	910
But lying dark	1053
But not with st	910
But now, when	546
But O, I will n	975
But O when do	674
But O, when th	692
But our brief l	132
But power di vi	396
But right is rig	596
But should the	636
But sinners, fli	1028
But soon he'll	215
But soon the m	974
But sweeter fa	711
But the rightc	443
But there's a p	707
But there's a	802
But these days	1067
But this I do fi	758
But thou art n	87
But thou hast	893
But thou, O Lo	544
But thou shalt	986
But thou, soul	79
But thou wilt h	611
But though ea	960
But though n	389
But thy compa	172

	Hymn
But thy right h	1097
But to those w	1029
But warm, swe	197
But we are co	787
But we are ling	236
But we, frail s	864
But we, who n	1019
But what to th	700
But when thy	708
But when we v	146
But will indee	861
But with the w	194
But with thee i	380
By cool Siloam	875
By day, along t	163
By death and h	1043
By faith I plun	420
By faith the u	34
By faith we alr	1063
By faith we are	1073
By faith we kn	445
By faith we no	1019
By faith we se	680
By faith we tak	838
By him the clo	1085
By him who bo	1005
By the sacred	723
By the tendern	417
By thine agoni	383
By thine hour	723
By thine inspir	287
By thine own e	334
By thy deep, e	723
By thy faintin	645
By thy hands t	1002
By thy helples	723
By thy lonely	417
By thy meek S	618
By thy most se	645
By thy recone	804
By thy triump	417
By wise master	857
Call, while he	360
Called togethe	802
Calvary's mou	223
Can a mother'	552
Can aught but	309
Can these aver	389
Careful, witho	609
Careless throu	592
Cease, cease, ye	981
Cease, ye pilgr	1068
Chains yet mor	900
Chance and ch	150
Cheered by tha	429
Cherubim and	144
Chief of sinner	441
Children our k	877
Choose thou fo	655
Chosen of God,	766
Christ, by high	190
Christ by no fl	614
Christ is born,	188
Christ is that S	76
Christ leads m	669
Christ, our Bro	719
Christ our Lor	26
Christ shall bl	746
Christ, who no	264
Christian, dost	1047
Christians, hea	941
Circled round	261
Close by its ba	774
Close by thy si	631
Closer and clos	782
Cold on his cra	186
Come, all by g	359
Come, all the f	284
Come, all ye so	364
Come, almight	491
Come, and pos	401
Come and wor	191
Come as the fir	278
Come as the li	278
Come as the wi	278
Come back! th	555
Come, blessed	914
Come, divine a	264
Come down, th	808

	Hymn
Come, for all e	363
Come, holy Co	6
Come, Holy Gh	279
Come, Holy Gh	508
Come, Holy Gh	429
Come, Holy Sp	277
Come, Holy Sp	269
Come in, come	794
Come, in sorro	341
Come, in this a	489
Come, let us, w	922
Come, Light se	284
Come, Lord, th	924
Come, Lord, th	84
Come, Lord, w	669
Come, make y	134
Come near and	102
Come, O my G	515
Come quickly i	28
Come, saints, a	234
Come, Spirit, m	921
Come, Spirit of	499
Come, tendere	284
Come, the bles	844
Come the great	17
Come, then, fo	503
Come then, my	458
Come, then, wi	323
Come, thou inc	6
Come, thou W	854
Come to our p	1052
Come to the b	1052
Come to the li	362
Come, wander	328
Come with us;	781
Come, worship	3
Come, ye dyin	341
Come, ye wear	340
Comfort those	21
Confound, o'er	525
Conqueror of h	519
Content with b	747
Contented now	739
Control my ev	586
Convert and se	818
Convince him	372
Convince us fir	368
Could my tear	415
Could we but c	1037
Counting gain	464
Courage, my s	664
Creatures no	516
Crown him the	257
Crown him, ye	248
Crown the ago	264
Crown the Sav	249
Crowns and th	563
Curb thou for	107
Dangers stand	965
Dark and chec	416
Daughter of Zi	778
Day of glory, d	90
Day of terror,	1023
Dead, already	347
Dear Lord, thy	634
Dear Lord, to t	408
Dear name! th	316
Dear Shepherd	759
Death comes d	376
Death enters,	365
Death, hell, an	210
Death may the	987
Death rides on	373
Death to the w	829
Decay, then, te	328
Deep horror th	187
Deep in unfath	161
Deep on my he	449
Deep unto dee	676
Delay not, dela	336
Depend on him	689
Dependent on	875
Descending on	1018
Did ever mour	625
Did the solid e	145
Did we in our o	166
Didst thou not	216
Didst thou not	861
Direct, control	106

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

	Hymn
Distracting th	39
Divine instruc	299
Do thou assist	460
Dost thou not d	424
Down from his	322
Down from the	304
Down through	193
Dust and ashes	490
Dust, to its nar	988
Each care, eac	663
Each evening s	127
Each moment	477
Each thought	97
Early hasten t	223
Early let us se	872
Earth can now	1016
Earth, from af	38
Earth has a joy	444
Earth to heave	27
Earth with joy	231
Earthly joys n	647
Easy to be ent	573
E'en down to o	679
E'en life itself	419
E'en now, abov	628
E'en now we f	1036
E'en now we t	789
E'en now, whe	928
E'en the hour t	150
E'er since, by f	319
Empty of him	303
Enable with pe	273
Endless life in	58
Endue the crea	859
Enough, if tho	639
Enter, incarna	229
Enter thyself,	527
Enthroned am	133
Eternal are th	8
Eternal Source	67
Eternal Spirit,	35
Eternal Spirit, f	831
Eternal, undiv	411
Eternal Wisdo	326
Eternity come	1110
Even so, Lord,	1083
Ever be thou o	885
Every eye shal	1013
Every human t	763
Every thought	488
Expand thy w	279
Extend to me t	13
Extol his king	251
Extol the Lam	331
Extol the Lam	65
Exults our risi	437
Fain would I l	495
Fair land! cou	1051
Faith cries out	1006
Faith grasps t	711
Faith in thy ch	398
Faith lends its	445
Faith, mighty f	432
Faith of our fa	608
Faith sees the b	801
Faithful, O Lor	317
Faithful soul, p	745
Far and wide,	944
Far, far above	673
Far, far away,	1070
Far from us d	269
Far o'er yon h	564
Far off the Fat	414
Farewell, confi	982
Farewell, mort	741
Farewell, ye dr	741
Father, and sh	277
Father, forgiv	628
Father, in me r	439
Father, in thes	831
Father, in us t	839
Father-like he	734
Father of endl	48
Father of Jesu	147
Father, perfec	1058
Father, regard	735
Father, thine e	420
Father, thy lo	411
Father, thy m	946
Father, thy qu	29
Father, we ask	735
Fear hath no d	1052
Fear not, be st	569
Fear not, breth	720
Fear not, I am	679
Fear not, said	192
Fear not; thou	764
Fearless of hel	704
Fearless we is	228
Feel as I would	1053
Fight on, my s	581
Filled with del	1038
Filled with hol	58
Find in Christ t	337
Finish then th	491
Firm as his th	595
Firmly trustin	721
Five bleeding	438
Fix, O fix my w	490
Fixed on this g	649
Fling wide the	74
Flow to restor	290
Flow, wondrou	774
Fly abroad, th	940
Follow to the j	223
Followed by th	1001
Foolish, and i	169
For each assau	555
For, ever on th	196
For friends an	89
For God has m	627
For her my tea	770
For her our pr	1090
For his truth a	25
For Jesus, my	453
For lo! the da	194
For love like t	294
For me the bu	212
For more we as	508
For my selfish	559
For never shal	412
For not like k	763
For should we	883
For that love w	239
For the blessin	1084
For the grande	148
For the Lord o	1083
For the love of	149
For thee delig	606
For thee my G	550
For them that	902
For these inest	295
For this let me	814
For this the sa	451
For thou art th	453
For thou hast	827
For thou shalt	50
For thou, with	44
For though my	632
For thy rich, t	148
For what to th	471
For while thou	677
For who by fai	600
For why? the	11
For zeal I sigh,	560
Forbid it, Lord	211
Forbid them n	828
Forerunner of	308
Forever blesse	1065
Forever with t	1050
Forgive, and m	532
Forgive me, L	105
Forgive this n	949
Forth with thy	922
Forward! floc	564
Fountain of o'	721
Frail children	140
Free from ang	804
Freely from m	810
Friend of sinn	625
From age to ag	199
From Christ th	812
From death to	271
From every pl	36
From evil dee	949
From heaven a	1018
From heaven	328
From his high	255
From morn til	159
From north to	919
From sea to se	908
From sorrow,	797
From strength	589
From that dar	843
From the celes	285
From the heig	265
From the high	148
From the low	198
From the third	1035
From Thee tha	511
From thee, thr	124
Full of immort	1056
Gather the out	32
Gave my repe	449
Gazing thus on	205
Gently will he	487
Gethsemane c	836
Give glory to h	152
Give me a calm	619
Give me a new,	383
Give me on the	555
Give me thy st	814
Give me thysel	520
Give me to bea	606
Give me to tru	556
Give them an e	815
Give thou the	916
Give to mine e	478
Give tongues o	276
Give up oursel	945
Give us an eve	213
Give us oursel	368
Give us this da	716
Give us with a	547
Glories upon g	564
Glory to God a	403
Glory to God b	16
Glory to God, i	227
Glory to God!	195
Glory to thee,	10
Go, clothe the	896
Go forward, Ch	568
Go into every	928
Go, labor on;	603
Go, labor on, y	603
Go, meet him i	954
Go, then, earth	643
Go to many at	939
Go, to shine be	1004
Go to the ants!	547
Go up with Chr	582
Go where thes	578
Go where thew	933
God bless thee	1106
God calling ye	352
God calms the	630
God forbids hi	1006
God is in heav	38
God is our stre	5
God is our sun,	69
God my Redee	995
God of our fat	958
God of the wid	891
God only is the	509
God only know	540
God, whate'er	51
God, the All-m	1092
God, the blesse	91
God, the everl	264
God, the Omni	1092
God, through h	279
God, thy God,	767
God's guardia	96
God's Spirit wi	353
Good, when he	615
Goodness and	156
Grace all the	321
Grace in first con	321
Grace taught	321
Grant me now	494
Grant one poo	460
Grant that all	21
Grant that all	859
Grant that, wi	832
Grant, then, th	504
Grant this, O h	268
Grant us the p	972
Grant us thy p	94
Grant us thy t	135
Grant us to wa	862
Grave, the gua	1000
Great God! is t	972
Great God, let	95
Great God, our	1103
Great God, pre	1100
Great God, we	74
Great God! wh	1028
Great is our g	1096
Great Prophet	243
Great Shepher	44
Great Sovereig	332
Great symbols	758
Great Sun of ri	292
Greatness uns	126
Green pastures	642
Guilty I stand	389
Had I such fai	504
Hail, great Im	84
Hail, holy cros	219
Hail, peaceful	45
Hail, Prince of	193
Hail, Source of	271
Hail the heave	190
Hail to the bri	912
Hallelujah! ea	858
Hallelujah!—h	938
Hallelujah! L	144
Hallelujah, th	1073
Happy, if with	822
Happy only in	404
Happy the hom	101
Happy the ma	329
Happy the ma	740
Happy they w	385
Hark! hark! t	187
Hark! how he	215
Hark! in the	926
Hark, it is the	346
Hark! the cher	193
Hark! the voic	1093
Hark! they wh	969
Hark, those bu	934
Has thy night	767
Hast thou was	906
Haste, O haste,	941
Haste, O sinne	343
Hasten thee on	643
Hasten, mercy	345
Hasten, morta	188
Hasten, sinner	345
Hasten the joy	502
Have pity on	959
Have we not h	375
Have we trials	728
He all his foes	244
He bids us bui	789
He breaks the	1
He by himself	1075
He came in to	280
He came, swee	280
He can heal th	906
He clothes the	749
He comes, fro	185
He comes, fro	954
He comes, of h	790
He comes, the	185
He comes with	181
He ever lives a	438
He feeds in pa	158
He formed the	3
He framed the	17
He has what w	1010
He hears the u	68
He hides hims	596
He hung its st	863
He, in the days	284
He justly clai	469
He keeps his o	1076
He left his Fat	422
He lives, all gl	242
He lives, and g	242
He lives, to ble	242
He looks! and	759
He now stands	28
He only is the	1086
He prospers d	436
He reigns! ye	354
He rests well p	811
He rises, who	75
He rules the w	183
He sat serene u	152
He saw me plu	241
He shakes the	162
He shall desce	181
He shall reign	938
He sits at God'	244
He speaks, and	1
He still the an	828
He tells us wh'	140
He that hath p	904
He took into h	833
He wept that w	405
He who bore a	259
He who gave f	259
He wills that I	512
He with earth	150
Head of thy C	800
Heap on his sa	1085
Hear him, ye d	1
Hear, O hear, o	265
Hear the heral	342
Heaven is still	66
Heavenly Fath	440
Heavenly Guid	266
Heavenward o	508
Heirs of the sa	783
He'll never qu	254
Help us, throu	590
Help us to bui	784
Help us to help	784
Help us to ma	46
Help us to see	61
Hence may all	803
Hence our thea	461
Hence, Prince	826
Hence sprang	812
Henceforth m	457
Henceforth ou	1048
Her hands are	329
Her portion in	661
Here, at that c	460
Here, at the p	67
Here, beneath	1093
Here, freedom	1100
Here I would f	206
Here I'll raise	726
Here in tender	730
Here in the bo	1050
Here, in their	788
Here in thy ho	1082
Here it is I fin	730
Here let our fe	313
Here let the bl	65
Here let the gr	867
Here let the vo	65
Here light desc	295
Here may our	865
Here may the l	865
Here may the	299
Here may thin	865
Here may thy	870
Here may we p	44
Here pardon, l	325
Here, Saviour,	870
Here see the b	683
Here sleep tho	983
Here the dark	174
Here the fair t	299
Here the Rede	299
Here the whol	146
Here then I do	173
Here, then, m	712
Here, then, to	475
Here to thee a	858
Here vouchsaf	856
Here we come	98
Here we learn	205
Here we would	843
Here, when th	861
Here will I set	456
Here's love an	234
High as the he	172
High Heaven, t	447
High is thy po	126
High lifted on	314
High on a thro	893
High on his ho	245
High throned	95
Him eye to eye	1046
Him though hi	261
Him to know i	456
His arm the st	891
His blood dem	124
His body brok	850
His fearful dro	850
His freed affec	1048
His goodness e	761
His goodness a	176
His grace with	815
His gracious p	1107
His kingdom c	244
His love, surpa	437
His love withi	270
His mountains	866
His name is Je	333
His name shall	184
His name the s	332
His name yield	747
His oath, his c	421
His only righte	952
His own soft h	1035
His pierced ha	233
His power, inc	184
His power sub	172
His precious b	841
His providenc	946
His purposes w	161
His son the fat	471
His sovereign	9
His sovereign	66
His Spirit in m	436
His voice com	851
His voice subli	151
His work my h	605
Hither come, f	344
Ho! all ye hun	326
Ho! ye that p	326
Hold on thy w	620
Hold thou thy	93
Holy Ghost, no	440
Holy Ghost, wi	267
Holy, holy, hol	136
Holy Jesus, ev	182
Holy pilgrim,	246
Holy Spirit, al	267
Holy Spirit, Lo	263
Holy Spirit, P	263
Holy Spirit, Ri	263
Hosanna, Lord	71
Hosanna! on t	882
Hosanna! sou	882
Hosanna! then	882
Hosannas, Lor	901
How beauteou	111
How beautiful,	147
How beautiful	974
How blessed a	821
How blest are	461
How can it be,	461
How careful, t	1021
How charming	821
How dread are	147
How gentle wa	177
How good tho	157
How happy ar	821
How happy ar	666
How happy th	453
How happy th	1064
How long, dea	1035
How mildly on	974
How oft they l	418
How often, wh	951
How rich, how	671
How rich the d	825
How shall poil	130
How should ou	64
How such holy	15
How then ou	968
How vain a to	698
How would my	406
Humble, and t	481
Humbly on the	403
Hushed is each	752
I ask in confid	517
I ask no highe	502
I ask the blood	535
I ask the fore	575
I ask them wh	1045
I can but peris	369
I cannot wash	503
I cast my care	175
I come, thy ser	1078
I delivered the	552
I fear no foe, w	93
I fear no tribu	755
I feel a strong	967
I find him liffi	512
I have long wit	379
I have no skill	169
I have the thin	537
I hear the invi	1088
I heard the voi	426
I hold thee wit	536
I, I alone have	212
I know the wo	377
I know thee, S	738
I laid me down	165
I lay my body	103
I lay my hands	754
I lift mine eye	483
I long, dearest	1054
I long to be li	754
I long to see th	399
I look to my in	534
I love by faith	709
I love in solitu	709
I love the Lord	621
I love thy Chur	770
I love to meet t	1027
I love to tell th	756
I love to think	709
I must the fair	573
I need not tell	737
I need thee ev	760
I need thy pres	93
I rest beneath	170
I rest in thine	541
I rest my soul	754
I rest upon the	436
I rest upon thy	506
I saw one hang	423
I see the exce	538
I see thee in th	125
I see thee not,	714
I see thee walk	125
I see thee whe	125
I sigh from thi	1054
I sigh to think	550
I starve, he cri	414
I take these lit	987
I thank thee fo	537
I trust in thy e	699
I wait thy will	473
I wait till he sh	539
I want a godly	505
I want a sober	505
I want a true r	506
I want the wit	502
I want thy life	523

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

	Hymn
I was not ever	682
I will not fear,	165
I will not let t	715
I wish that his	880
I worship thee	272
I would be thi	409
I would, but th	495
I would not ha	675
I would not liv	998
I would not si	605
I would thy bo	316
I yield my hea	83
I yield my pow	104
I'd sing the ch	743
I'd sing the p	743
If called, like A	614
If earthly pare	282
If every one th	275
If, for thy sake	619
If from thy pa	862
If grace were b	333
If he our ways	310
If I have only k	439
If I have taste	686
If in this darks	496
If in this feeble	668
If joy shall at	590
If life be long,	669
If life's wide o	1111
If near the pit	543
If now the wit	439
If now thou st	1021
If on our daily	103
If on the morn	1111
If on the wing	159
If our love we	194
If pain afflict,	689
If rough and t	496
If sang the mo	916
If sin be pardo	985
If so poor a wo	470
If some poor w	102
If such a worm	668
If such the swe	612
If thou the sec	239
If thou wilt se	360
If to the right	511
If to the right	784
If to the right	686
If what I wish	173
If, while on ea	755
If yet, while p	412
I 'll go to Jesus	369
I 'll lift my ha	419
I 'll make your	820
I 'll praise him	740
I 'm glad my bi	886
Implant it dee	462
In all my ways	133
In all our Make	133
In answer to a	407
In Christ we li	232
In condescend	991
In darkest sha	704
In each event	616
In error's maz	761
In every joy th	616
In every land b	8
In every new d	871
In fellowship,	769
In fierce tempt	624
In foreign real	1113
In God we put	493
In heaven the	193
In heaven tho	139
In his great na	16
In his salvatio	1104
In holy contem	641
In holy duties,	82
In hope, again	432
In hope of tha	1032
In manifested	216
In me thine ut	543
In midst of dan	1113
In one fratern	788
In our sickness	717
In panoply of t	599
In part we kn	174
In peopled val	929
In prayer my s	546
In riches, in pl	335
In shining whi	253
In such society	787
In suffering b	476
In that beautif	880
In that lone la	349
In the cross of	204
In the furnace	768
In the hour of	646
In the land of c	732
In the midst of	179
In the rite tho	848
In the time of	678
In thee I place	635
In thee, O Lord	541
In them let all	795
In them thou	893
In thine all-gr	617
In thine own a	21
In this divine a	1052
In this world o	1007
In those dark,	981
In those high a	727
In thy dear cr	240
In thy holy inc	853
In thy pavilion	660
In trouble's da	33
In vain thou st	737
In vain we tun	277
In want, my pl	736
In wisdom infi	121
In Zion God is	871
Incarnate Deit	42
Infinite joy, or	965
Insatiate to thi	327
Inscribed upon	208
Into temptatio	716
Into that happ	431
Inured to pove	170
Is a mighty fa	906
Is crucified for	220
Is here a soul t	372
Is not e'en dea	971
Is not thy grac	274
Is there a bliss	1055
Is there a thin	477
Is there a thin	511
Is this the cons	665
Israel's Streng	334
It beamed on	860
It can bring wi	641
It gives the bu	706
It hallows ever	178
It is finished !	224
It is not as tho	510
It is not death	993
It is not so, but	596
It makes the c	208
It makes us th	346
It stands secur	1056
It sweetly chee	297
It tells me of a	363
It was my guid	187
It was thy lov	548
Its energy exer	289
Its noblest toil	708
Its pleasures c	516
Its sacred shri	860
Its skies are n	1041
Its streams the	317
Jehovah ! Fath	35
Jehovah, we t	219
Jerusalem, my	1044
Jesus, accept o	471
Jesus all the d	442
Jesus, attend ;	791
Jesus can mak	976
Jesus, confirm	562
Jesus conquer	566
Jesus, descend	221
Jesus, for this	624
Jesus, hail ! en	246
Jesus ! harmon	332
Jesus hath die	588
Jesus I die to	500
Jesus, I hang u	512
Jesus is worth	2
Jesus, let all th	824
Jesus, let our f	1115
Jesus, may all	701
Jesus, my all in	736
Jesus, my God	59
Jesus, my hear	239
Jesus, my Shep	316
Jesus my Shep	434
Jesus, my sing	484
Jesus, my stre	430
Jesus, now tea	812
Jesus, on me b	404
Jesus, our grea	243
Jesus, our grea	331
Jesus, our love	702
Jesus, our onl	700
Jesus protects ;	170
Jesus, Saviour,	488
Jesus, see my p	490
Jesus, the crow	545
Jesus ! the na	1
Jesus ! the na	822
Jesus the priso	822
Jesus, the Sav	244
Jesus, the wea	623
Jesus their toil	811
Jesus, thine ai	399
Jesus, thine o	469
Jesus, this feas	849
Jesus, thou fo	385
Jesus, thou Pr	993
Jesus, thou So	1020
Jesus, thy bloo	305
Jesus, thy fair	914
Jesus, thy spea	953
Jesus, thy wor	208
Jesus, to whom	178
Jesus ! transpo	332
Jesus triumphs	226
Jesus, vouchsa	968
Jesus, vouchsa	394
Jesus, we bow	837
Jesus, we look	312
Jesus wept ! an	203
Jesus wept ! th	203
Jesus, with us	831
Joined in one s	787
Joy of the dece	683
Joy to the wor	183
Joyful, all ye n	190
Joyful, with al	985
Judge not the	161
Just as I am, a	393
Just as I am—p	393
Just as I am—t	393
Justly might t	380
Keen was the t	638
Keep the souls	1115
Kept in safety	596
Kind Intercess	1096
Kindled his re	379
Kingdoms wid	940
Know, my soul	643
Knowing as I a	1050
Lame as I am,	739
Large are the	652
Lay thy suppo	997
Lay to thy mig	555
Leaning on Jes	290
Leave no ungu	587
Leave to his so	673
Led by the ligh	33
Led on by thin	1103
Let all the ang	42
Let all who for	786
Let cares like	659
Let earth and	842
Let earth no m	481
Let every act o	12
Let every kind	248
Let every mo	12
Let every thou	468
Let Faith exalt	989
Let faith trans	665
Let good or ill	635
Let goodness a	179
Let grace our	590
Let him that h	355
Let humble, pe	852
Let love, in on	780
Let me alone, t	735
Let me never f	262
Let me thy wit	483
Let mountains	773
Let music swel	1089
Let none hear	607
Let not consci	340
Let not the foe	301
Let not this lif	301
Let others see	1072
Let others stre	698
Let peace with	74
Let sickness bl	977
Let that mercy	1091
Let the dumb	209
Let the elders	25
Let the living	858
Let the ransom	25
Let the sweet h	610
Let the world	643
Let thine own	670
Let this my ev	712
Let those refu	41
Let thrones, an	917
Let thronging	819
Let thy blood	383
Let thy eterna	61
Let thy holy G	857
Let us for each	804
Let us still to t	722
Let us then wi	804
Let us walk wi	719
Life and peace	262
Life eternal ! h	225
Life eternal ! O	225
Life from the	899
Life's labor do	982
Life's tumult	109
Lift to him th	487
Lift up thy blee	320
Lift up thy cou	428
Lift up your e	720
Light in thy lig	428
Light of the w	570
Light on thy h	195
Like a mighty	563
Like him, thro	897
Like mighty ru	286
Like mighty w	268
Like some brig	714
Like the roug	371
Lion of Judah,	229
Listen to the w	188
Live, till the L	786
Lives again ou	260
Living in the l	783
Living or dyin	500
Lo, every kind	916
Lo ! glad I com	450
Lo ! God is her	47
Lo ! he beckon	1004
Lo, his triump	237
Lo, in the dese	912
Lo ! Jesus, wh	355
Lo ! on a narr	966
Lo ! such the c	875
Lo ! the hills f	941
Lo ! the heave	340
Lo ! 'tis he ! ou	1014
Lo ! with deep	1091
Lone are the p	988
Long as I live	472
Long as our fle	715
Long my impri	423
Long thy exile	1016
Long, too long	1015
Look, as when	558
Look down in	201
Look how we g	277
Lord, all your	237
Loose the soul	231
Lord, at thy fe	400
Lord, ere the l	1022
Lord, everlasti	296
Lord, from thi	869
Lord, from thy	61
Lord, give us s	667
Lord God of h	769
Lord, guide ou	466
Lord, I believe	319
Lord, I believe	238
Lord, I come t	718
Lord, I my vo	106
Lord, I will no	440
Lord, I would	622
Lord, if thou d	573
Lord, if thou d	809
Lord, if thou w	307
Lord, in this sa	87
Lord, it is my	552
Lord, keep us s	113
Lord, lead us t	198
Lord, let my so	93
Lord, let us	101
Lord, let us pu	1056
Lord, may it b	891
Lord, may our	788
Lord, may tha	638
Lord, may tha	87
Lord, obedient	720
Lord of all life	135
Lord of the na	1098
Lord, on thee	21
Lord, on thy cr	209
Lord, shall the	661
Lord, shall we	547
Lord, teach us	43
Lord, through	950
Lord, thy glor	56
Lord, till I rea	752
Lord, 'tis not o	863
Lord, we belie	275
Lord, we thy p	501
Lord, what sh	38
Lord, when sh	910
Loud halleluja	10
Loud is the son	444
Loud may the	773
Loud we'll swe	874
Love and grief	730
Love is the gol	780
Love of God, s	384
Love only can	536
Lover of souls!	32
Lover of souls!	381
Love's redeem	260
Make good the	815
Make haste, O	576
Make it my hi	499
Make us into o	785
Make us of one	804
Maker and Re	231
Man may troub	643
Mark but that	980
May erring mi	869
May faith gro	869
May he teach u	23
May it be joy t	742
May our light	647
May strugglin	109
May they that	823
May thy gospe	88
May thy rich g	762
May thy Spirit	857
May thy will, n	463
May we receiv	29
May we this lif	111
May we thy bo	892
May we with c	97
Me with that r	545
Mean are all off	897
Meet for thy re	580
Merciful God,	951
Mercy and gra	124
Mercy and Tru	915
Mercy I ask to	407
Methinks I see	987
Might I enjoy t	69
Might view the	216
Mightiest king	937
Mighty Victim	847
Millions of ha	31
Millions of sin	323
Millions of sou	834
Mine is an unc	552
Minutes and m	99
More and mor	802
More glorious	290
More of thy lif	519
More simple a	868
More than con	1066
Mourn for the	890
Move, and act	806
Much of my ti	108
Must I be carri	593
My conscience	423
My crimes are	391
My days are sh	902
My dying Savi	533
My every weak	475
My Father, Go	429
My Father's h	1073
My feet shall t	699
My flesh shall	1042
My flesh, whic	526
My God is reco	438
My gracious M	1
My heart is fix	70
My heart, whic	307
My Jesus, as th	654
My Jesus shall	697
My knowledge	669
My life I would	112
My life is but a	959
My life, my bl	534
My life, my po	401
My lifted eye,	616
My lips shall d	154
My lips with sh	391
My Lord, if ind	747
My loving Fath	826
My message as	364
My mind, by th	411
My native cou	1089
My one desire	401
My passions ho	703
My prayer hat	738
My restless sou	535
My Saviour bid	402
My Saviour, ho	212
My Saviour, le	662
My soul, ask w	498
My soul break	520
My soul be dot	156
My soul obeys	302
My soul rejoic	296
My soul shall t	482
My soul to the	556
My soul, with c	252
My soul with t	543
My soul would	704
My soul would	1055
My steadfast s	518
My suffering ti	624
My thoughts li	123
My times are i	637
My trespass wa	433
My vows I will	467
My will be swa	481
My willing sou	85
My Wisdom an	483
Myriads of bri	155
Myself I canno	556
Naught have I	436
Nay, but I yiel	401
Nay, rather wi	613
Nearer is my s	1015
Nearer my Fat	1053
Nearer the bou	1053
Ne'er think th	581
Neither sin, no	745
Never, from th	888
Never let the w	722
Never will he t	264
Never will I re	483
New graces ev	72
New mercies, e	103
New time, new	99
Night her sole	92
Night unto nig	95
Nipped by the	977
No accents flo	711
No anxious dou	961
No chilling win	1038
No cloud those	1051
No condemnat	422
No earthly fat	147
No good worth	386
No light had w	375
No light ! so la	375
No longer then	536
No man can tr	435
No matter whi	968
No more a wan	434
No more fatig	78
No more I stag	529
No more let cr	920
No more let si	183
No more the d	1034
No, as in th	240
No mortal can	241
No mortal doth	758
No need of the	1063
No profit canst	672
No room for m	968
No rude alarm	78
No slightest to	1057
No strength of	141
No suffering, w	676
No terror has d	1012
No voice can si	700
No words can t	752
None else will	313
Nor all his th	40
Nor bleeding b	305
Nor let the go	627
Nor pain, nor g	984
Nor shall my t	705
Nor shall thy s	292
Nor will I ceas	705
Nor will our d	80
Not a cloud do	454
Not all our gro	814
Not all the arc	1065
Not all the har	751
Not in the nam	7
Not many year	948
Not now on Zio	36
Not to the last	620
Not what we w	617
Nothing hath t	1025
Nothing I ask	407
Nothing is wo	968
Nothing less wi	486
Nothing on ea	457
Nothing ye in	362
Now glory to G	330
Now God invit	349
Now he bids us	259
Now, if thy gra	497
Now in the Fa	240
Now incline m	379
Now is the acce	361
Now, Jesus, no	809
Now lend thy g	771
Now let me ga	525
Now let the he	230
Now no more	847
Now, O God, th	470
Now rest, my l	447
Now safely mo	187
Now, Saviour, l	64
Now the fight	566
Now the full gl	146
Now then, my	474

First Lines	Hymn
Now, then, the	817
Now to the Go	985
Now to thee, th	22
Now to thy ho	98
Now, toil and c	992
Now will we bl	177
Now, ye needy	340
Numbered am	961
O arm me with	586
O be a nobler p	962
O believe the r	337
O bid this tri	83
O bless, as erst	1107
O blessed hop	850
O blessed work	572
O blest the lan	14
O by the angui	618
O by thy savin	236
O cease, my w	388
O change these	309
O Christ, thou	233
O Christ! who	1108
O clothe their	819
O come, and re	928
O come in the	868
O covenant of	837
O death! wher	623
O do not suffer	790
O do thou alwa	555
O enter then h	11
O far from ho	354
O Father, com	868
O Father, in th	1005
O Father, let t	949
O Father, may	907
O Father, with	199
O fill thou ever	287
O fill thy Chur	921
O for a faith li	471
O for a lowly,	521
O for a trumpe	332
O for that pow	366
O for the dear	990
O for the livin	5
O for this love	304
O for thy true	926
O generous lov	207
O give us eyes	381
O give us hear	196
O gladly tread	300
O glorious hou	1042
O God, let peo	50
O God, mine in	966
O God of love a	900
O God, our hel	964
O God, our Ki	69
O God, our lig	37
O God Triune,	137
O grant that	476
O guard our s	1098
O happiest wor	891
O happy bond,	447
O happy, happ	816
O happy, happ	991
O happy, holy	1058
O happy scene	661
O happy souls	15
O hearken to	403
O, hearts are b	892
O hide this sel	477
O holy Father,	129
O Holy, Holy G	499
O holy, holy, h	120
O holy Lord! u	213
O Holy Spirit f	137
O Holy Spirit!	1108
O home of fad	1058
O hope of eve	700
O how can wor	160
O how I fear t	147
O how past all	1026
O Jesus, could	406
O Jesus, ever	691
O Jesus, Lamb	137
O Jesus, Light	701
O Jesus, once t	1114
O Jesus, ride o	330
O Jesus, Savio	702
O Jesus, there	255
O just Judge, t	1023
O leave us not	275
O let me ever h	697
O let my soul	105
O let our love	809
O let that glori	917
O let the same	100
O let them all t	795
O let them spr	818
O let thy chos	771
O let thy conq	228
O let thy love	221
O let thy rishn	111
O let thy sacre	457
O let thy Spirit	378
O let thy suffe	694
O let us all joi	792
O let us by thy	524
O let us still pr	816
O let us stir ea	786
O let us take a	793
O light of Zion,	925
O little heart o	125
O long-expecte	778
O look with pi	1095
O Lord and Ma	197
O Lord God Al	1012
O Lord of life	1107
O Lord, preven	1027
O Love, thou b	420
O Love, thy so	477
O loving wisdo	207
O make me all	483
O Master, it is	600
O may all enjo	55
O may I bear s	146
O may I learn	586
O may I love li	586
O may I still fr	571
O may I trium	585
O may I worth	13
O may my bro	412
O may no gloo	111
O may one bea	560
O may our hea	107
O may our lips	189
O may our sin	894
O may that ho	800
O may the gra	291
O may the gre	908
O may the pro	1051
O may these he	299
O may thy pur	837
O may thy qui	7
O may thy Spir	832
O may thy Spir	98
O may thy Spir	801
O may we all b	1024
O may we all t	952
O may we eve	782
O may we trea	1040
O melt this fro	285
O my offended	399
O, on that day,	1017
O one, O only	1060
O paradise! O	1071
O receive us to	258
O Saviour, in t	548
O Saviour, wit	73
O send thy lig	298
O shall not wa	839
O Son of Mary	670
O sovereign L	239
O spare me ye	959
O sweet and bl	1058
O sweet and bl	1059
O sweet and bl	1060
O sweet and bl	1061
O tell of his m	140
O that all the a	609
O that each in	965
O that fervent	91
O that I could	456
O that I could f	540
O that I could	407
O that I could,	540
O that I might	542
O that I might	486
O that I now f	528
O that I now t	513
O that in me t	518
O that it now	518
O that my hea	604
O that my tend	497
O that our fait	250
O that our hea	816
O that our tho	82
O that the perf	514
O that the wor	435
O that the wor	822
O that to thee	497
O that we all m	368
O that we our	492
O that, with all	538
O that with yo	248
O that without	961
O the height o	441
O the lost, the	115
O the precious	653
O the rapturou	442
O the transpor	1038
O then, aloud, i	68
O then what ra	1062
O think what v	366
O thou almigh	243
O Thou, by wh	710
O thou eternal	931
O thou long-ex	1015
O Thou to who	86
O Thou, who o	864
O Thou who se	303
O thou who wo	996
O Thou, whose	875
O to grace how	726
O Trinity of lo	1108
O tune our ton	840
O unexampled	332
O utter but the	509
O warm my he	84
O wash my sou	391
O watch, and fi	581
O Water, life b	849
O what a blesse	1030
O what a joyfu	1046
O what a night	77
O what are all	923
O what glory,	225
O what hath Je	1032
O when his wis	134
O when, thou c	1044
O when wilt th	534
O when wilt th	592
O who could b	611
O who like the	202
O why should I	769
O wisest love!	207
O wondrous dis	837
O wondrous kn	123
O wondrous L	202
O would he m	1030
O would my L	976
O wretched sta	1020
O ye angels, ho	342
O ye banished	720
O ye of fearfu	479
Obedient faith	432
O'er all those	1038
O'er the pagan	837
O'erwhelm'd	531
Of all the piou	958
Of all thy hear	991
Oft as I lay me	291
Oft I in my he	443
On all the win	948
On cherubim a	152
On his should	191
On me the fait	523
On mightier w	290
On mountain t	253
On these same	325
On thee, at the	72
On thee, O God	529
On thee our h	992
On thee we flin	629
On thee we hu	818
On this auspic	73
On this benigh	553
On this day th	91
On this glad d	75
On wings of lo	849
One earthly j	725
Once on the ra	187
Once they wer	1045
One day in suc	85
One family we	1033
One more day	572
One only care	394
One only gift c	452
One only way	544
One will be wit	975
One with thyse	196
Only believe, i	439
Only, O Lord, i	103
Only waiting, t	644
Onward, then,	563
Onward, then,	566
Onward we go	1070
Open my faith	525
Open now the c	171
Open their eye	374
Open wide, O G	857
Or he deserts u	596
Or if, on joyful	724
Or, if some dar	344
Or if this nigh	114
Or worn by slo	977
Other knowled	456
Other refuge h	656
Our Advocate	251
Our brother th	1011
Our contrite sp	60
Our days are a	172
Our dearest jo	662
Our enemy is p	228
Our eyes have	373
Our eyes no lo	157
Our fathers, c	608
Our fathers' G	1105
Our fathers' G	1089
Our fathers' si	1094
Our fathers, w	958
Our glad hosa	185
Our glorious L	1045
Our hearts be	230
Our hearts exu	923
Our hearts, if	551
Our heavenly	282
Our hope, whe	1080
Our labors don	973
Our life is a dr	955
Our life, while	1113
Our lips and li	946
Our lives those	155
Our midnight i	135
Our numerous	295
Our old compa	1033
Our prayers as	923
Our prison is t	580
Our residue of	946
Our restless sp	691
Our Sacrifice i	800
Our souls and	469
Our souls are i	1046
Our spirits dri	851
Our spirits, to	1033
Our wasting li	965
Our wishes, ou	459
Out of great di	1066
Pale death, wit	157
Pardon and pe	312
Pardon and pe	831
Pardon, O God	96
Pardoned for a	531
Part of thy na	146
Partakers of t	782
Paschal Lamb,	246
Pass a few flee	967
Pass me not, O	384
Patient the ap	648
Peace and joy	767
Peace is on the	92
Peace on earth	188
People and rea	919
People of man	79
Perhaps he wil	369
Permit them t	827
Pity and heal	393
Place on the d	639
Plenteous grac	655
Poor I may be	625
Poor is our sac	708
Poor, sinful, th	323
Pour out the p	924
Praise him for	734
Praise him, ye	467
Praise him, ye	25
Praise the God	57
Praise the Lor	57
Praise the Lor	27
Praise we Chri	847
Praise we him	847
Praise with m	693
Pray for Jerus	89
Prayer is the b	710
Prayer is the C	710
Prayer is the c	710
Prayer is the s	710
Prayer makes	690
Prepared by g	1051
Present alike i	121
Present we kn	7
Preserve it fro	62
Pressing onwa	205
Princes, this cl	972
Prisoner, long	1000
Proclaim him	162
Prostrate I'll l	369
Quick as their	418
Raised by the	648
Raised on dev	133
Ready for all t	562
Ready for you	350
Ready the Fat	350
Ready the Spir	350
Ready thou ar	32
Rebél, ye wave	151
Rebuild thy wa	909
Redeemed fro	991
Redeemer, co	14
Redeemer, full	359
Redeemer, gra	884
Refining fire, g	518
Reflect, thou h	365
Regard me wit	303
Regard our pr	46
Regard thine o	793
Reign in me, L	519
Rejoice in glor	244
Rejoicing now	542
Relief alone is	314
Remember, Lo	531
Remember, Lo	274
Remember, Lo	1102
Remember the	836
Remember the	839
Remember the	670
Remove this h	513
Renew this wa	694
Renouncing e	685
Rest comes at l	1070
Rest for my so	495
Rest for the fe	994
Restraining pr	690
Rests secure th	1025
Return, O holy	549
Return, O wan	370
Riches unsearc	356
Ride forth, vic	908
Rise, Lord, and	546
Rising to sing	291
Rivers of love	326
Rivers to the o	1068
Round each ha	776
Sad to his toil	579
Safe in thy san	676
Safe is the exa	1004
Safe through t	313
Sages, leave y	189
Saints and ang	340
Saints, before t	189
Saints, begin t	1069
Saints below, w	24
Saints in glory	1004
Salvation! let t	324
Salvation! O t	324
Salvation to G	51
Satan, with all	526
Save me from	527
Save, till all th	1115
Save us by gra	446
Save us from t	722
Save us, in the	722
Save us in thy	943
Saviour, accep	995
Saviour, and P	311
Saviour, at thy	483
Saviour from s	514
Saviour, I long	532
Saviour, I tha	520
Saviour, into t	992
Saviour, lo! th	944
Saviour, may o	92
Saviour, parte	261
Saviour, Princ	558
Saviour! thy	1116
Saviour, to me	410
Saviour, to the	922
Saviour, wher	496
Saviour, with	742
Saw ye not the	936
Say, Live forev	234
Say, shall we yi	186
Say to the heat	920
Scatter the last	519
Searcher of he	402
Season of rest!	80
Seasons, and m	1082
See, at thy thr	653
See, from all t	931
See, from his h	211
See, from the R	362
See, he lifts his	261
See heathen n	932
See him set for	364
See, in the Sav	306
See, Lord, the t	529
See me, Saviou	558
See my utter h	455
See on the mo	582
See! the angel	58
See, the feast o	845
See the haven	1004
See the Judge	1029
See the King, d	1026
See the stars fr	1014
See, the stream	776
See! through h	219
See where o'er	927
See where the s	811
Seek ye my fac	660
Send down, in i	900
Send forth the	46
Send forth thy	929
Send forth thy	908
Send some mes	31
Send them thy	929
Send us the Spi	480
Sent by my Lo	364
Serene I laid m	112
Servant, at onc	592
Set up thy thro	918
Shake off the b	775
Shake off the d	775
Shall aught be	530
Shall guilty fe	553
Shall I be mute	132
Shall I, to soot	813
Shall we, whos	930
Shed on those	881
Shepherds, in	189
Shine to his pr	153
Short of thy lo	439
Should earth a	659
Should sudden	391
Should swift d	116
Should thine a	1084
Shout, all the p	1018
Shout in the mi	952
Shout to the Lo	153
Show me what	718
Shudder not to	1004
Shut up in unb	377
Sin has ruled	283
Since by thee	144
Since from his	241
Since thou a pi	157
Since thou has	694
Since thou wou	514
Sing of his dyi	4
Sing of the wo	876
Sing on your h	4
Sing we, then,	805
Sink down, ye	703
Sinner, it was a	353
Sinner, perhap	353
Sinners, from e	31
Sinners, lift	367
Sinners in deri	249
Sinners of old	398
Sinners, turn,	348
Sinners, turn;	347
Sinners, whose	248
Sinners, wrun	189
Sin's deceitful	559
Smell the swee	794
Smile, Lord, on	910
So blooms the	977
So come, my So	14
So fades a sum	982
So I ask thee f	675
So, in the last a	71
So Jesus looke	894
So Jesus slept;	984
So let the Savi	896
So let thy grac	123
So long thy po	682
So may the un	783
So now, and si	885
So shall his pr	551
So shall my wa	549
So shall our su	67
So shall the bri	812
So shall the wo	793
So shall thy ch	33
So shall we pr	480
So shall you s	578
So, through th	978
So when in silе	650
So when my la	1050
So, when on Zi	631
So when the ev	107
So, where'er th	52
So will thy peo	1093
So wretched an	356
Soar we now w	260
Sole, self-existi	151
Some trust in	1104
Sometimes 'mi	622
Songs of prais	24
Sons of God, y	936
Soon as from e	996
Soon as the eve	138
Soon as the mo	546
Soon as thy pit	634
Soon as we dr	305
Soon, borne on	349
Soon from us t	117
Soon shall I le	692
Soon shall our	633
Soon shall our	636
Soon shall the	944
Soon shall we	4

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

	Hymn
Soon shall we	807
Soon to come t	387
Soon, when the	1036
Soon will the t	664
Sorrow and fe	178
Soul of my sou	482
Source of all g	49
Source of trut	881
Sovereign Fat	26
Spare, Lord, th	901
Speak, and the	918
Speak but ther	792
Speak, graciou	397
Speak the seco	486
Speak thy pard	262
Speak to my w	623
Speak with th	372
Spirit Divine, a	278
Spirit of grac	74
Spirit of life, a	270
Spirit of light !	286
Spirit of purit	280
Spirit of truth	913
Spread for the	338
Sprinkle me, S	527
Sprinkled now	338
Spurn not the	353
Stand, then, in	587
Stand up, and	5
Stand up, stan	567
Standing now	386
Still heavy is t	673
Still hold the st	815
Still let him wi	686
Still let it on th	37
Still let me live	668
Still let them c	173
Still let thy tea	212
Still let thy wis	448
Still let us own	785
Still may they s	67
Still nigh me,	851
Still, O Lord, o	803
Still our Advoc	258
Still restless na	130
Still the Spirit l	92
Still through t	194
Still thy const	878
Still to the low	501
Still we wait fo	943
Strangers and	648
Stretch forth t	893
Strings and vo	27
Stripped of ea	178
Strive we, in a	805
Strong Creator	387
Strong were th	778
Stronger his lo	540
Stronger than	437
Struggle throu	1003
Subdue the po	281
Such is the Chr	980
Suffering Son	1028
Sun and moon	1014
Sun, moon, an	292
Sun of our life	135
Sure as thy tru	770
Sure I must fig	593
Sure never till	423
Surely I shall,	517
Surely thou ca	406
Surely thou di	801
Sweet bonds t	1054
Sweet fields b	1037
Sweet hour of	688
Sweet is the d	81
Sweet is the vis	695
Sweet to look	612
Sweet to look t	612
Sweet to reflec	612
Sweet to rejoic	612
Sweetly may w	806
Swift I ascend	703
Swift through	193
Swift to its clo	93
Swift to my re	753
Take, eat, this i	833
Take my poor	461
Take my soul a	470
Take the dear	46
Take the dear	373
Take the name	653
Take up thy cr	601
Take us into t	524
Taught to lisp	839
Teach all the n	839
Teach me to li	105
Teach my wea	252
Teach them to	819
Teach us, in e	636
Teach us, in w	928
Teach us to kn	273
Teach us to liv	498
Teach us to lov	783
Teach us, with	904
Tell me much	283
Tempt not my	741
Tempted souls,	342
Ten thousand s	570
Ten thousand t	77
Ten thousand t	1033
Tender Shephe	889
Thankful I tak	623
Thanks for me	956
Thanks we giv	52
That all-compri	428
That bears, un	667
That blessed la	482
That eye is fixe	707
That great my	657
That hope the	663
That I thy mer	528
That light shal	925
That long as lif	466
That mighty fa	523
That path with	457
That power is	707
That precious	902
That prize, wit	594
That sacred str	773
That so throug	50
That Spirit, wh	274
That sweet co	442
That will not	667
That word abo	166
The almighty	325
The angels wat	158
The answering	195
The apostles' g	120
The apostles o	585
The atonement	344
The balm of lif	208
The battle soo	584
The birds, with	141
The blessing o	458
The brightest t	662
The busy tribe	964
The calm retre	713
The captive to	892
The cause of te	895
The cheerful t	692
The Church is	816
The Church tr	765
The consecrate	666
The consolatio	534
The counsel of	514
The covenant	945
The cross ! it t	208
The cross that	640
The crown of l	1010
The cup of ble	835
The day glides	418
The dead in C	1028
The deadly slu	560
The dearest gif	884
The dearest id	549
The debt that s	322
The depth of a	433
The dictates of	128
The dying thie	319
The earth and	1019
The evening cl	960
The everlastin	954
The faithful of	764
The Father giv	841
The Father ha	911
The Father he	438
The Father of	1034
The Father, So	350
The fell diseas	1095
The few that t	795
The flowery sp	1082
The fondness o	662
The foolish bui	766
The former an	1080
The friends, g	1088
The friends w	611
The gift which	789
The gladness o	12
The glorious c	515
The glory of th	926
The God of Ab	1075
The God of all	467
The God of glo	1035
The God of har	1087
The God that r	41
The godly fear	351
The goodly lan	1076
The gospel tru	331
The grace to si	42
The graves of a	970
The greedy sea	1019
The guilt is ou	1094
The guiltless s	351
The hand of fe	781
The happy gat	326
The hardness	32
The heads tha	859
The healing of	197
The heavenly	192
The highest pl	256
The holy Chur	120
The holy, mee	238
The holy to th	765
The hopes that	293
The humble su	706
The joy of all	256
The joyful new	810
The King shall	85
The kingdom t	655
The Lamb for s	842
The least and f	158
The light my p	1088
The light of s	627
The living bre	835
The Lord behe	621
The Lord forgi	749
The Lord is jus	14
The Lord is Ki	134
The Lord is ris	235
The Lord speak	821
The Lord my R	452
The Lord our	50
The Lord pour	740
The Lord shall	926
The Lord, who	164
The Lord, ye k	11
The Lord your	926
The love of Ch	811
The love of Ch	814
The love of Ch	933
The means of gr	1
The more I str	450
The morning s	1059
The mountains	310
The mountains	863
The nations all	915
The new Jerus	864
The night of so	613
The o'erwhelm	351
The opening h	704
The pain of life	1045
The palm, the	976
The passions t	309
The people tha	451
The pit its mo	927
The pity of the	172
The pomp of M	868
The power tha	296
The present we	366
The profit will	285
The promised	515
The rising God	234
The rising sun	354
The rocks can	396
The rolling sun	292
The rougher o	1074
The rush of nu	452
The sacred, tru	851
The saints on e	787
The Saviour s	444
The scourge, t	209
The seed of sin	502
The seeds whic	903
The shade and	232
The sharpness	538
The Shepherd	434
The sighing on	664
The smilings o	751
The Son of God	405
The soul by fai	178
The soul that o	679
The souls that	758
The spring's s	1081
The stars of he	628
The Stone the	76
The storm is la	1113
The thanks I o	713
The things un	445
The thunder of	1020
The thunders o	142
The time how	80
The tokens of	835
The trivial rou	103
The types and	210
The universal	16
The veil is ren	210
The veil of unb	381
The veil that h	18
The vineyard o	816
The watchmen	821
The way the h	450
The well of life	431
The whole crea	2
The whole triu	1077
The winds brea	974
The winter's ni	744
The word of G	493
The world can	358
The world can	583
The world may	613
The world rec	969
The year rolls	965
The young, th	286
Thee all the c	48
Thee apostles,	144
Thee as our Go	18
Thee, Father, S	945
Thee, in the w	693
Thee in thy gl	765
Thee, Jesus, m	701
Thee let us pra	19
Thee, only the	395
Thee we expect	30
Thee while the	38
Thee will I love	478
Thee will I pr	915
Thee will I set	606
Their bodies in	990
Their ransome	990
Their toils are	971
Their works of	902
Then all these	929
Then bless his	749
Then dig abou	953
Then every m	531
Then fail the e	1072
Then from the	934
Then I shall en	669
Then in a noble	319
Then, in clear	734
Then is my her	752
Then learn to s	591
Then leave me	660
Then let me on	715
Then let our h	288
Then let our h	254
Then let our s	41
Then let our s	971
Then let the h	960
Then let the la	970
Then let us ad	51
Then let us ev	945
Then let us gl	493
Then let us ha	782
Then let us law	1046
Then let us ma	798
Then let us pro	597
Then let us sit	220
Then let us wa	954
Then, like hea	485
Then linger no	354
Then, my soul,	717
Then, O my Lo	957
Then, O my so	665
Then, on thy g	60
Then peace ret	1101
Then, save us,	1104
Then, Saviour,	966
Then shall God	779
Then shall I se	81
Then shall my	661
Then shall my	725
Then shall my	705
Then shall our	64
Then shall war	937
Then sorrow, t	611
Then take you	235
Then the Sun o	90
Then the writi	1023
Then 'tis thine	376
Then, to thy co	83
Then wake, gl	232
Then, when th	575
Then, when th	784
Then will he o	595
Then will I tell	450
Then, with an	20
Then, with my	724
Then with our	281
Thence he aro	970
There all the m	1034
There all the s	1011
There dwells t	1076
There everlast	1037
There faith lif	1039
There for me t	379
There fragrant	1039
There, hand in	796
There happier	1044
There he helps	284
There I shall b	559
There, if thy S	713
There, in wors	54
There is a day	627
There is a deat	358
There is a grea	306
There is a hom	1039
There is a plac	684
There is a rive	168
There is a scen	684
There is a stre	773
There is a wor	1009
There is an ar	707
There is my ho	1078
There is no dea	1049
There is no gri	1049
There is no sin	1049
There is the th	1061
There is welco	149
There Jesus bi	294
There let it for	562
There let the w	724
There let us al	37
There, like an	552
There, like str	777
There love shal	1036
There our Hig	322
There, safe, th	338
There shall eac	4
There shall no	628
There sweeps	1041
There the host	247
There the pom	261
There, there o	684
There to cast o	247
There we our t	1048
There we shall	41
There, what de	294
There, when th	973
There your exa	606
These aches, to	973
These clouds o	411
These lively h	995
These temples	871
These to thee,	1084
These various	1081
These walls we	867
They come, the	909
They come to w	167
They go from s	15
They journey	769
They marked	1045
They pass reti	769
They scorn to s	418
They see the Sa	1040
They sing the	253
They stand, th	1061
They suffer wi	256
They tell the t	315
They watch fo	823
Thine armor is	584
Thine earthly	78
Thine example	878
Thine forever !	465
Thine image, L	498
Thine inward	271
Thine is the lo	597
Thine the radi	90
Thine, too, by r	1080
Thine utmost	557
Thine was the	843
Thine was the	914
Thine, wholly t	508
Thine would I	460
Thirsting for t	732
This awful Go	41
This blessed	585
This is can my e	661
This day be gr	77
This day God	99
This day shall	195
This eucharist	846
This glorious h	797
This happiness	1078
This heavenly	82
This hope supp	577
This is my bloo	833
This is the day	86
This is the day	76
This is the fait	446
This is the first	86
This is the gra	708
This is the way	450
This lamp, thr	297
This life's a dr	1042
This lovely chi	986
This the univer	337
Thither his sou	1048
Thither our fai	947
Thither the tri	89
Those bodies t	989
Those mighty	146
Thou, abyss of	492
Thou art a Go	98
Thou art gone	999
Thou art gone	236
Thou art our h	885
Thou art the a	526
Thou art the e	424
Thou art the g	885
Thou art the L	318
Thou art the s	751
Thou art the T	318
Thou art the	318
Thou art their	31
Thou art thy C	992
Thou awful Ju	1021
Thou bidd'st n	377
Thou callest m	712
Thou canst not	575
Thou canst o'e	413
Thou canst, th	535
Thou didst cre	240
Thou dost con	680
Thou dying La	319
Thou every-wh	672
Thou God of t	358
Thou great an	419
Thou hast bou	463
Thou hast my	474
Thou hast no s	1060
Thou hast pro	942
Thou hast pro	872
Thou hear'st m	535
Thou know'st	1065
Thou know'st	575
Thou know'st	510
Thou know'st t	154
Thou, Lord, th	631
Thou loving, al	221
Thou lov'st wh	121
Thou Man of g	665
Thou my hope	413
Thou, my life,	494
Thou, O Christ	656
Thou, of life th	231
Thou on the L	672
Thou only cans	792
Thou only, Lor	451
Thou our faith	848
Thou restless g	153
Thou seest my	399
Thou shalt see	552
Thou shin'st w	119
Thou Source o	937
Thou sovereig	866
Thou spread'st	104
Thou the grac	732
Thou waitest t	317
Thou, who bad'	1023
Thou, who did	913
Thou who hast	650
Thou who, hou	344
Thou, whose al	117
Thou wilt not	901
Though buried	82
Though but in	791
Though cast d	1002
Though destru	116
Though earth	620
Though high a	5
Though I have	390
Though in a ba	180
Though in a fo	633
Though in the	180
Though justice	1096
Though late, I	401
Though like th	724
Though long t	629
Though no mea	874
Though on our	270
Though our sin	1091
Though storm	403
Though the ni	116
Though thou s	504
Though to-day	1002
Though unsee	733
Though unwor	20
Though vine n	641
Though we he	22
Thousands, te	144
Thrice blessed,	657
Thrice blest is	591
Thrice blest wi	459
Thrice comfor	173
Thrice Holy ! t	127
Through all et	160
Through all hi	142
Through all th	414
Through ever	160
Through grace	28
Through hidde	160
Through him t	197
Through Jesus	484

	Hymn
Through man	427
Through much	583
Through the C	844
Through the v	179
Through thee,	648
Through tribu	1040
Through wave	673
Throughout th	1112
Throughout th	317
Throughout th	433
Thunder and h	153
Thus fair was	764
Thus, Lord, wh	75
Thus might I	214
Thus, O thus, a	721
Thus on the he	799
Thus present st	163
Thus shall the	164
Thus spake the	192
Thus star by s	1009
Thus, strong i	599
Thus, though t	909
Thus thy Chur	727
Thus to the Lo	165
Thus when eve	873
Thus, when lif	709
Thus, when th	108
Thus, while his	423
Thus while the	153
Thus while thy	61
Thus would m	112
Thy all-surrou	123
Thy angels sha	97
Thy body, bro	836
Thy bountiful	140
Thy bright exa	592
Thy chosen te	74
Thy condescen	400
Thy everlastin	672
Thy face with	633
Thy faithful w	544
Thy flesh, per	365
Thy foes migh	196
Thy gifts, alas!	520
Thy glorious e	685
Thy glory neve	861
Thy goodness	317
Thy grace, O H	253
Thy grace with	1056
Thy hand in a	1062
Thy hosts are	921
Thy judgment	394
Thy kindness t	1103
Thy lawful ser	467
Thy love so fr	554
Thy love the p	616
Thy mercy nev	154
Thy mighty na	736
Thy name salv	7
Thy name we b	1100
Thy nature be	483
Thy nature, g	521
Thy nature I	681
Thy will be	322
Thy neighbor	898
Thy never-fail	49
Thy noblest w	292
Thy offering s	250
Thy only will b	537
Thy people, Lo	927
Thy power is i	159
Thy power unp	131
Thy ransomed	473
Thy saints in a	593
Thy shining gr	753
Thy singlet arm	461
Thy sinless mi	532
Thy sovereign	1101
Thy sovereign	433
Thy sovereign	408
Thy Spirit the	771
Thy sufferings	695
Thy sufferings	840
Thy temple is t	87
Thy thankful p	949
Thy truth unc	691
Thy voice prod	130
Thy will by me	517
Thy wisdom he	1112
Thy word is po	288
Till added to t	480
Till all the eart	245
Till amid the h	205
Till from self's	843
Till Jesus, in th	948
Till of the priz	577
Till, taught by	905
Till then—nor i	604
Till thou anew	497
Till thou art se	708

	Hymn
Till thou into	523
Till thou thy p	715
Time, like an e	964
'Tis done, the g	447
'Tis done! the	215
'Tis done! tho	622
'Tis finished! a	218
'Tis finished! a	210
'Tis finished! I	218
'Tis finished! S	218
'Tis God's all-a	594
'Tis he support	95
'Tis here thine	1112
'Tis Jesus' bloo	320
'Tis Jesus, the	143
'Tis Love! 'tis	738
'Tis midnight;	217
'Tis mystery al	523
'Tis not a cause	823
'Tis not enoug	509
'Tis prayer sup	689
'Tis strung and	319
'Tis thee I love	327
'Tis there, with	748
'Tis thine a hea	397
'Tis thine to so	281
'Tis to my Savi	605
To all my weak	160
To comfort an	892
To-day attend	3
To-day on wea	72
To dwell with	530
To each the co	945
To earth the g	367
To God, the gr	1085
To hear the so	396
To heaven, the	241
To him contin	600
To him I owe	241
To him mine e	653
To him shall e	919
To him shall p	181
To him that in	445
To Jesus' name	786
To keep the fea	840
To meet our de	830
To others, deat	613
To our benight	270
To pray, and w	1024
To real holines	531
To save a worl	312
To seek thee, a	32
To shame our	327
To sing his lov	886
To take a poor	681
To that great	23
To that Jerusa	1031
To the blest fo	302
To thee all an	120
To thee, benig	458
To thee, great	8
To thee I owe	699
To thee I tell m	674
To thee let all	924
To thee, O God	1105
To thee, O Lor	157
To thee our all	904
To thee our hu	445
To thee the glo	432
To thee the glo	1097
To thee they al	859
To thee we com	949
To thee we pay	1101
To them the o	256
To this temple	856
To thy benign,	127
To thy graciou	464
To thy pardoni	258
To thy sure lov	128
To us a Child o	184
To us, O Lord, t	132
To us the sacr	39
To you, in Dav	192
Together let u	790
Toil on, and in	603
Toil on, faint n	603
Touch me, and	425
Touched by th	785
Touched with a	254
Train up thy h	825
Tremble our h	37
Tremblers bes	1005
Triumphant h	34
True pleasures	757
Truly blessed i	730
Truly our fello	791
Truth from the	916
Tune your har	224
Tuned by thee	485
Turn again to	487

	Hymn
Turn, and you	374
Turn back our	431
Turn, he cries,	348
Turn, mortal, t	373
Turn us with g	287
'Twas a heave	442
'Twas not thei	1007
'Twas sown in	994
Unchangeable,	126
Undaunted to	599
Under his ban	838
Under the sha	964
Unite us in the	1098
Unshaken as et	763
Unspotted fro	825
Until the trum	850
Unto the hope	671
Unwearied ma	476
Up into thee, o	784
Up, then, with	576
Up to that wor	807
Up to the hills	98
Uphold me in t	478
Us into thy pro	790
Vain his ambi	962
Vain the stone	260
Vainly we offe	830
Vainly with ass	233
Vessels of mer	775
Victor o'er dea	229
Vilest of the so	380
Visit then this	416
Waft, waft, ye	930
Wake, and lift	106
Waken, O Lor	965
Walk in the lig	507
Walk with me	961
Was it for cri	214
Wash me, and	533
Wash out its st	496
Watch by the s	103
Watchman, tel	935
We all partake	789
We all shall th	793
We are thine,	872
We are travel	729
We bow befor	872
We bow befor	1103
We bring the	827
We bury all ou	228
We can, O Jes	952
We cannot spe	124
We come, grea	37
We die with th	228
We follow thee	577
We for his sak	786
We, for whom	547
We, for whose	547
We have a hou	1056
We hear the c	598
We know not	614
We laugh to s	790
We lay our ga	113
We lean on oth	905
We mark her	763
We meet the g	7
We meet thro	922
We meet with	286
We never will	945
We now thy pr	831
We own and bl	1081
We plant these	986
We praise thee	1100
We see the blo	851
We share our	797
We soon shall	431
We soon shall	577
We taste thee,	691
We thank thee	1086
We, too, befor	832
We too with hi	846
We trust not	466
We wait thy tri	921
We, while the	1019
We who in Chr	437
We will not clo	952
We would on t	359
Weak though	255
Welcome as th	678
Welcome from	791
We'll crowd th	9
Well for him w	492
Well I know th	1047
Well might th	214
Well, the delig	743
Were half the	690
Were I possess	698

	Hymn
Were the whol	211
We've no abid	648
What a raptur	1073
What are our	461
What are they	640
What did thin	406
What empty t	698
What is it kne	402
What is my bei	605
What languag	222
What mighty t	650
What peaceful	549
What ruin hat	895
What rush of h	1062
What shall I s	392
What, then, is	813
What thou, m	222
What though I	413
What, though	138
What though	737
What though t	766
What though t	930
What though t	673
What! to be b	1020
What troubles	798
What we have	437
What will be t	1026
What'e'er even	635
What'e'er in	402
What'e'er I say	484
What'e'er in m	430
What'e'er purs	685
What'e'er thou	1054
When against	363
When angry n	1101
When anxious	692
When by the d	1113
When dangers	1094
When darknes	421
When death's	692
When death th	714
When droopin	629
When each can	780
When each da	110
When ends lif	762
When every sc	997
When, free fro	780
When from th	395
When gladnes	616
When God ins	706
When God is	512
When grace ha	81
When he first t	936
When he the t	842
When I appear	697
When I review	308
When I stand	1079
When I touch	721
When I tread t	171
When, in exta	206
When, in his e	63
When in the b	1081
When in the sl	160
When, in the so	619
When in the su	180
When Jesus m	539
When justice b	953
When life sink	141
When midnigh	750
When nature s	363
When nature's	175
When on Calv	396
When on Zion	330
When once tho	701
When our eart	717
When pain o'e	631
When, passing	651
When peniten	320
When poor an	894
When rising fl	496
When Satan ap	141
When shall I r	1038
When shall lov	807
When shall the	1044
When, shriveli	1017
When sorrow s	320
When sorrows	154
When tempest	620
When tempest	1111
When temptat	646
When that illu	593
When the ama	233
When the pang	203
When the prai	1079
When the soft	102
When the sun	204
When the wea	845
When the woe	204
When this mor	665
When thou did	240

	Hymn
When thou, O	412
When through	679
When to the cr	836
When we asun	797
When we beho	213
When we disc	60
When we in da	633
When we pass	247
When worn wi	619
Whene'er my	543
Where all our t	816
Where are the	561
Where dost th	759
Where is that	274
Where is the b	549
Where is the z	561
Where life is w	232
Where none sh	796
Where prophe	598
Where pure, es	1043
Where saints a	1102
Where the gol	939
Where the loft	939
Where the pas	847
Where the sain	998
Wherever he	642
Wherefore, in	641
Wherefore let	191
Where'er his k	923
Where'er the	301
Wherever in t	675
Whether to liv	500
While at thy cr	503
While God inv	349
While guilt dis	305
While here, a s	1072
While here in	1054
While I am a p	718
While I draw t	413
While in the la	19
While in this r	457
While in thy h	43
While life's da	762
While many sp	100
While on earth	20
While our days	54
While place we	696
While the ange	733
While thou art	170
While we pray	68
While yet in an	839
Whither, O wh	169
Who are they	879
Who can beho	130
Who can his m	13
Who can now	1001
Who can resol	996
Who in Jesus c	1073
Who is like Go	68
Who Jesus' su	650
Who made my	175
Who on earth	1073
Who points the	672
Who suffer wit	657
Who the calm	1109
Who thee bene	374
Who thus our	846
Who trusting i	983
Who, who, my	212
Who, who wou	998
Who would hi	839
Who would no	980
Whoever will	323
Whom shall w	1102
Whom thou do	97
Why hast thou	801
Why restless,	550
Why should th	927
Why should th	176
Why should w	615
Why should w	970
Why will you b	335
Why will you i	371
Wide as the wo	9
Will gifts delig	389
Will he forsak	216
Wilt thou cast	382
Wilt thou let h	339
Wilt thou not	557
Wilt thou not	737
Wisdom divin	329
With all who c	744
With calm and	586
With calmly re	19
With cheerful	114
With contrite	1095
With deep rep	414
With flowing t	828
With grateful	870
With heart an	419

	Hymn
With him I on	1064
With his scrap	56
With jasper gl	1060
With joy shall	174
With joy the c	193
With me, I kno	515
With meek su	632
With my lamp	1015
With one cons	1094
With open fac	49
With outstrete	560
With patience	269
With pitying e	1094
With pitying e	304
With prayer a	584
With saints en	991
With shining f	199
With simple fa	397
With softening	494
With thee con	1016
With thee with	713
With thee with	634
With them let	315
With those wh	70
With tremblin	308
With us no me	744
With us thou a	30
With us when t	731
With what diff	1014
With whom do	128
Within that bo	548
Within these w	89
Without reser	164
Wonderful in	191
Work, for the	565
Work shall be	597
Worldly good i	382
Worship, hono	246
Worthy the La	2
Would aught o	462
Ye all shall fin	479
Ye chosen seed	243
Ye daughters o	759
Ye dwellers in	994
Ye fearful sain	161
Ye for whom h	58
Ye, no more y	777
Ye slaves of si	331
Ye sons of ear	151
Ye sons of me	251
Ye stars are bu	1034
Ye wheels of n	943
Ye who have s	331
Ye who, tossed	344
Ye winds of ni	151
Yea, Amen! let	1013
Yea, and befor	41
Yea, bless his	1087
Yea, let him, L	262
Yea, let men r	813
Yea, though I	156
Yea, though th	168
Yea, whosoeve	358
Yes; broken, a	658
Yes, every secr	1021
Yes, heavenly	671
Yes, Lord, I sh	453
Yes, thy sins h	339
Yes, when this	427
Yet doth the st	907
Yet, glorified b	983
Yet God is pres	40
Yet here, whe	40
Yet I may lov	147
Yet, Lord, wh	644
Yet, Lord, whe	870
Yet mercy call	554
Yet must we p	796
Yet not thus bu	973
Yet, O, the chi	390
Yet one prayer	79
Yet onward I h	757
Yet save a tre	391
Yet shall we m	796
Yet still to his	880
Yet these are n	697
Yet these, new	977
Yet to thee my	1084
Yet though I h	714
Yet where our	602
Yet while arou	852
Your faith by	600
Your lofty the	8
Your real life,	600
Your way is da	371
Zeal shall hast	485
Zion enjoys he	773

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	Hymn
A charge to keep I have..... *C. Wesley*	574
A few more years shall roll..... *H. Bonar*	957
A mighty fortress is our God..... *M. Luther*	166
A stranger in the world below.... *C. Wesley*	1031
A thousand oracles divine..... *C. Wesley*	84
Abba, Father, hear thy child..... *C. Wesley*	440
Abide with me! Fast falls the... *H. F. Lyte*	93
Abraham, when severely tried.... *C. Wesley*	471
According to thy gracious w.. *J. Montgomery*	836
Again as evening's shadow fa. *S. Longfellow*	109
Again the Lord of life.. *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*	77
Ah, how shall fallen man..... *I. Watts*	310
Ah! whither should I go..... *C. Wesley*	402
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.... *I. Watts*	214
All hail the power of Jesus' na.. *E. Perronet*	248
All people that on earth do dwell.. *W. Kethe*	11
All praise to Him who dwells in.. *C. Wesley*	97
All praise to our redeeming Lord. *C. Wesley*	789
All praise to the Lamb! accepted. *C. Wesley*	454
All things are ready, come..... *A. Midlane*	357
Almighty God, thy word is cast... *J. Cawood*	301
Almighty Maker of my frame... *Anne Steele*	962
Almighty Spirit, now behold.. *J. Montgomery*	916
Always with us, always with us. *E. H. Nevin*	731
Am I a soldier of the cross..... *I. Watts*	593
Amazing grace! how sweet the so. *J. Newton*	427
And am I born to die..... *C. Wesley*	996
And am I only born to die..... *C. Wesley*	968
And are we yet alive..... *C. Wesley*	798
And can I yet delay..... *C. Wesley*	401
And can it be that I should gain.. *C. Wesley*	422
And is there, Lord, a rest..... *R. Palmer*	1055
And let our bodies part..... *C. Wesley*	816
And let this feeble body fail..... *C. Wesley*	1032
And must I be to judgment brou.. *C. Wesley*	1021
And must this body die..... *I. Watts*	995
And will the great eternal Go. *P. Doddridge*	867
And will the mighty God..... *G. Rawson*	499
And wilt Thou yet be found..... *C. Wesley*	399
Angels, from the realms of.. *J. Montgomery*	189
Are there not in the laborer's day. *C. Wesley*	570
Arise, my soul, arise..... *C. Wesley*	438
Arise, my soul, on wings sublime. *T. Gibbons*	530
Arise, ye saints, arise..... *T. Kelly*	577
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength..... *W. Shrubsole, Jr.*	920
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Thine own immortal strength..... *C. Wesley*	1043
As pants the hart for coolin. *Tate and Brady*	550
As shadows, cast by cloud an. *W. C. Bryant*	907
As with gladness men of old.... *W. C. Dix*	182
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sl. *Mrs. M. Mackay*	979
Assembled at thy great com.. *W. B. Collyer*	922
At the Lamb's high feast.. *Roman Breviary*	847
Author of faith, eternal Word.... *C. Wesley*	445
Author of faith, to thee I cry.... *C. Wesley*	377
Author of good, we rest on thee.. *J. Merrick*	617
Author of our salvation, thee..... *C. Wesley*	851
Awake, and sing the song.... *W. Hammond*	4
Awake, glad soul! awake! a. *J. S. B. Monsell*	232
Awake, Jerusalem, awake..... *C. Wesley*	775
Awake, my soul, and with the sun... *T. Ken*	106
Awake, my soul, stretch every. *P. Doddridge*	594
Awake, my soul, to meet the d. *P. Doddridge*	96
Awake, ye saints, and raise yo. *P. Doddridge*	948
Awake, ye saints, awake..... *Elizabeth Scott*	73
Away, my needless fears..... *C. Wesley*	173
Away, my unbelieving fear..... *C. Wesley*	626
Away with our sorrow and fear... *C. Wesley*	1063
Be it my only wisdom here..... *C. Wesley*	571
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... *I. Watts*	9
Before thy mercy-seat, O Lo. *W. H. Bathurst*	61
Behold the Christian warrior. *J. Montgomery*	599
Behold, the heathen waits to kn.. *Mrs. Voke*	923
Behold the Saviour of mankind... *S. Wesley*	215
Behold the servant of the Lord... *C. Wesley*	475
Behold the sure Foundation-stone... *I. Watts*	766
Behold the throne of grace..... *J. Newton*	498
Behold the western eveni.. *W. B. O. Peabody*	974
Behold us, Lord, a little space... *J. Ellerton*	597
Behold what condescending love.. *J. Peacock*	828
Being of beings, God of love..... *C. Wesley*	508
Beneath our feet, and o'er our hea. *R. Heber*	373
Blest are the pure in heart..... *J. Keble*	501
Blest are the sons of peace..... *I. Watts*	799
Blest be the dear uniting love.... *C. Wesley*	782
Blest be the tie that binds..... *J. Fawcett*	797
Blest Comforter divine. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*	287
Blest hour, when mortal man ret.. *T. Raffles*	45
Blest Spirit, one with God a. *From the Latin*	129
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... *C. Wesley*	331
Bondage and death the cup... *L. M. Sargent*	901
Brethren in Christ, and well bel.. *C. Wesley*	791
Brief life is here our por.. *Bernard of Cluny*	1059

	Hymn
Bright and joyful is the mo..*J. Montgomery*	191
Bright was the guiding star...*Harriet Auber*	300
Brightest and best of the sons of...*R. Heber*	186
Brother, hast thou wandered fa..*J. F. Clarke*	906
But can it be that I should prove..*C. Wesley*	541
By Christ redeemed, in Christ re..*G. Rawson*	850
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....*R. Heber*	875
By thy birth, and by thy tears..*Sir R. Grant*	417
Calm on the bosom of th..*Mrs. F. D. Hemans*	988
Calm on the listening ear of ni..*E. H. Sears*	195
Captain of our salvation, take.....*C. Wesley*	825
Chief of sinners though I be.....*Mc Comb*	441
Children, loud hosannas si..*Mrs. H. B. Steele*	874
Children of the heavenly King...*J. Cennick*	720
Christ, from whom all blessings..*C. Wesley*	806
Christ is coming! let creation..*J. R. Macduff*	1016
Christ is made the sure Fo..*From the Latin*	856
Christ, of all my hopes the gr..*R. Wardlaw*	721
Christ, the Lord, is risen again....*M. Weisse*	259
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day...*C. Wesley*	260
Christ, whose glory fills the skies..*C. Wesley*	416
Christian! dost thou see th..*Andrew of Crete*	1047
Christians, brethren, ere we par..*H. K. White*	22
Come, and let us sweetly join.....*C. Wesley*	805
Come at the morning hour...*J. Montgomery*	750
Come, Christian children, come....*Unknown*	876
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..*C. Wesley*	831
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening..*C. Wesley*	481
Come, Holy Ghost, in..*Robert II., K. of France*	284
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts.....*C. Wesley*	279
Come, Holy Ghost, our so..*Gregory the Great*	273
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....*B. Beddome*	285
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove...*I. Watts*	277
Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs..*C. Wesley*	275
Come, humble sinner, in whose....*E. Jones*	369
Come in, thou blessed of the..*J. Montgomery*	781
Come, let our souls adore the...*Anne Steele*	1096
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year.....*C. Wesley*	955
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, With vigor arise.....*C. Wesley*	1074
Come, let us ascend.....*C. Wesley*	1073
Come, let us join our cheerful so...*I. Watts*	2
Come, let us join our friends.....*C. Wesley*	1033
Come, let us to the Lord our....*J. Morrison*	551
Come, let us tune our loftiest....*R. A. West*	66
Come, let us use the grace divine..*C. Wesley*	945
Come, let us who in Christ believe..*C. Wesley*	28
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare...*J. Newton*	718
Come, O my God, the promise seal..*C. Wesley*	522
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays..*T. Blacklock*	133
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord..*C. Wesley*	368
Come, O Thou greater than our...*C. Wesley*	524
Come, O thou Traveler unknown..*C. Wesley*	737
Come, O ye sinners, to the Lord..*C. Wesley*	351
Come on, my partners in distress..*C. Wesley*	657
Come, said Jesus' sacred..*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*	344
Come, Saviour, Jesus, fro..*Mad. A. Bourignon*	457
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast..*C. Wesley*	364
Come, sound his praise abroad.....*I. Watts*	3
Come, thou almighty King.....*C. Wesley*	6
Come, thou Desire of all thy....*Anne Steele*	64
Come, thou everlasting Spirit.....*C. Wesley*	854
Come, thou Fount of every bless..*R. Robinson*	726
Come, thou long-expected Jesus..*C. Wesley*	334
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit..*J. Evans*	55
Come to Calvary's holy mount..*J. Montgomery*	341
Come to the land of peace.....*Unknown*	1052
Come unto me, when shadows.....*Unknown*	652
Come, weary sinners, come.....*C. Wesley*	359
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye..*T. Moore*	683
Come, ye saints, look here and.....*T. Kelly*	226
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy...*J. Hart*	340
Come, ye thankful people, come..*H. Alford*	1083
Come, ye that love the Lord.....*I. Watts*	41
Come, ye that love the Saviour's..*Anne Steele*	63
Comfort, ye ministers of grace...*C. Wesley*	926
Commit thou all thy griefs.....*P. Gerhardt*	672
Crown him with many crowns...*M. Bridges*	257
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy..*Unknown*	778
Daughter of Zion, from the..*J. Montgomery*	909
Day of God, thou blessed..*Hannah F. Gould*	90
Day of judgment, day of wonders..*J. Newton*	1029
Day of wrath, O dreadful..*Thomas of Celano*	1023
Dear ties of mutual succor....*W. C. Bryant*	905
Deathless spirit, now arise...*A. M. Toplady*	1004
Deem not that they are blest..*W. C. Bryant*	627
Deep are the wounds which sin..*Anne Steele*	306
Deepen the wound Thy hands have..*C. Wesley*	538
Delay not, delay not, O sinner,....*T. Hastings*	336
Delightful work! young souls to..*J. Straphan*	877
Depth of mercy! can there be....*C. Wesley*	379
Did Christ o'er sinners weep....*B. Beddome*	405
Draw near, O Son of God, draw...*C. Wesley*	815
Dread Jehovah! God of nations...*Unknown*	1091
Earth's transitory things.....*Sir J. Bowring*	978
Enter thy temple, glorious..*Mrs. E. H. Miller*	862
Enthroned is Jesus now.....*T. J. Judkin*	253
Enthroned on high, almighty Lord..*T. Haweis*	270
Equip me for the war.....*C. Wesley*	586
Ere mountains reared their...*Harriet Auber*	132
Eternal Beam of light divine.....*C. Wesley*	623
Eternal depth of love divine..*N. L. Zinzendorf*	128
Eternal Father! strong to save..*W. Whiting*	1108
Eternal Father, thou hast said...*R. Palmer*	921
Eternal God, celestial King..*W. Wrangham*	70
Eternal Power, whose high abode...*I. Watts*	38
Eternal Source of every joy...*P. Doddridge*	1082
Eternal Spirit, God of truth.....*T. Cotterill*	281
Eternal Sun of righteousness.....*C. Wesley*	428
Ever fainting with desire.....*C. Wesley*	494
Except the Lord conduct the plan..*C. Wesley*	809
Extended on a curséd tree.....*P. Gerhardt*	212
Fade, fade, each earthly joy..*Mrs. H. Bonar*	741
Faith of our fathers! living still..*F. W. Faber*	608
Far from my thoughts, vain world...*I. Watts*	84

	Hymn
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee. *W. Cowper*	713
Far from these scenes of night..*Anne Steele*	1051
Father, hear the blood of Jesus...*C. Wesley*	258
Father, how wide thy glory shines..*I. Watts*	146
Father, I dare believe.....*C. Wesley*	503
Father, I know that all my.*Anna L. Waring*	675
Father, I stretch my hands to thee. *C. Wesley*	406
Father, in whom we live.....*C. Wesley*	42
Father of all, whose powerful voice.*J. Wesley*	139
Father of eternal grace.....*J. Montgomery*	464
Father of everlasting grace.....*C. Wesley*	480
Father of heaven, whose love pro..*J. Cooper*	35
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord..*C. Wesley*	432
Father of love, our Guide and F..*W. J. Irons*	614
Father of mercies, bow thine...*B. Beddome*	819
Father of mercies, in thy word..*Anne Steele*	299
Father of mercies, send thy..*P. Doddridge*	894
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....*C. Wesley*	470
Father, to thee my soul I lift.....*C. Wesley*	124
Father, whate'er of earthly bli..*Anne Steele*	610
Fear not, O little flock, the foe..*G. Adolphus*	569
Flung to the heedless winds.....*M. Luther*	911
For thee, O dear, dear co..*Bernard of Cluny*	1060
Forever here my rest shall be....*C. Wesley*	533
Forever with the Lord.....*J. Montgomery*	1050
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go..*C. Wesley*	606
Forth to the land of promise bou..*H. Alford*	1036
Forward! be our watchword.....*H. Alford*	564
Fountain of life, to all below.....*C. Wesley*	431
Fountain of mercy, God..*Mrs. A. Flowerdew*	1081
Friend after friend departs..*J. Montgomery*	1009
From all that dwell below the skies..*I. Watts*	8
From Calvary a cry was..*J. W. Cunningham*	209
From every stormy wind that bl..*H. Stowell*	684
From Greenland's icy mountains ..*R. Heber*	930
From lips divine, like heal..*W. H. Burleigh*	671
From the cross uplifted high.....*T. Haweis*	338
Full of trembling expectation....*C. Wesley*	645
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us...*T. Hastings*	646
Give me the wings of faith, to rise..*I. Watts*	1045
Give to the winds thy fears.....*P. Gerhardt*	673
Giver of peace and unity.....*C. Wesley*	793
Glad was my heart to hear...*J. Montgomery*	89
Glorious things of thee are spok...*J. Newton*	776
Glory be to God above.....*C. Wesley*	802
Glory be to God on high.....*C. Wesley*	26
Glory to God on high.....*J. Hart*	841
Glory to God, whose sovereign g..*C. Wesley*	451
Glory to thee, my God, this night....*T. Ken*	105
Go forth, ye heralds, in My name..*J. Logan*	810
Go forward, Christian soldier....*L. Tuttiett*	568
Go, labor on; spend and be spent..*H. Bonar*	603
Go not far from me, O my..*Anna L. Waring*	676
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lo..*I. Watts*	820
Go to dark Gethsemane.....*J. Montgomery*	223
Go to thy rest, fair ch..*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*	1008
Go, ye messengers of God.....*J. Marsden*	939
God bless our native land.....*J. S. Dwight*	1090
God calling yet! shall I not h..*G. Tersteegen*	352
God has said, Forever blessed.....*Unknown*	873
God is gone up on high..... ....*C. Wesley*	248
God is in this and every place....*C. Wesley*	303
God is love; his mercy brig..*Sir J. Bowring*	150
God is my strong salvation...*J. Montgomery*	639
God is our refuge and defen..*J. Montgomery*	168
God is the name my soul adores....*I. Watts*	130
God is the refuge of his saints.....*I. Watts*	773
God moves in a mysterious way..*W. Cowper*	161
God of all power, and truth, and..*C. Wesley*	528
God of almighty love.....*C. Wesley*	484
God of eternal truth and grace...*C. Wesley*	523
God of Israel's faithful three.....*C. Wesley*	877
God of love, who hearest prayer..*C. Wesley*	722
God of my life, through all m..*P. Doddridge*	692
God of my life, to thee I call....*W. Cowper*	625
God of my life, what just return..*C. Wesley*	458
God of my life, whose gracious..*C. Wesley*	169
God of my salvation, hear.....*C. Wesley*	386
God, the All-Terrible! thou..*H. F. Chorley*	1092
God's holy law transgressed....*B. Beddome*	314
Grace! 'tis a charming sound..*P. Doddridge*	321
Gracious Redeemer, shake.....*C. Wesley*	555
Gracious Saviour, gentle Sh..*Jane E. Leeson*	889
Gracious soul, to whom are given..*C. Wesley*	487
Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....*J. Stocker*	262
Grant me within thy courts..*J. Montgomery*	660
Granted is the Saviour's prayer...*C. Wesley*	264
Great God, attend, while Zion sings..*I. Watts*	69
Great God! beneath whose pierc..*W. Roscoe*	1103
Great God, indulge my humble cla..*I. Watts*	419
Great God of nations, now to thee..*Unknown*	1100
Great God, the nations of the ea..*T. Gibbons*	910
Great God! what do I see and..*B. Ringwaldt*	1028
Great is the Lord our God.....*I. Watts*	871
Great King of glory, come.....*B. Francis*	865
Great King of nations, hear ..*J. H. Gurney*	1094
Great Ruler of the earth and..*Anne Steele*	1101
Great Source of being and of..*P. Doddridge*	774
Great Spirit, by whose mighty po..*T. Haweis*	271
Guide me, O thou great Jeho..*W. Williams*	171
Had I the gift of tongues.....*S. Stennett*	504
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Gh..*C. Wesley*	121
Hail, sacred truth! whose pierc..*J. Buttress*	298
Hail the day that sees Him rise...*C. Wesley*	261
Hail, thou once despisèd Jesus..*J. Bakewell*	246
Hail to the brightness of Zion's gl..*Hastings*	912
Hail, to the Lord's Anointed ..*J. Montgomery*	181
Hail to the Sabbath day.....*S. G. Bulfinch*	87
Happy soul, thy days are ended..*C. Wesley*	1003
Happy the home when God is th..*Unknown*	161
Happy the man who finds the gr..*C. Wesley*	329
Happy the souls to Jesus joined..*C. Wesley*	765
Hark! a voice divides the sky....*C. Wesley*	1001
Hark! from the tombs a doleful so..*I. Watts*	972
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic..*F. W. Faber*	1070
Hark, how the watchmen cry.....*C. Wesley*	582
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord...*W. Cowper*	552
Hark, the glad sound! the Sa..*P. Doddridge*	185
Hark! the herald-angels sing.....*C. Wesley*	190
Hark! the notes of angels, singing ..*T. Kelly*	58

	Hymn
Hark! the song of jubilee...*J. Montgomery*	938
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling...*D. March*	607
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..*J. Evans*	224
Hark! what mean those holy vo..*J. Cawood*	188
Haste, traveler, haste! the...*W. B. Collyer*	354
Hasten, Lord, the glorious ti..*Harriet Auber*	937
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....*T. Scott*	345
He comes! He comes! the Judge..*C. Wesley*	1018
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies..*I. Watts*	234
He leadeth me! O blessed th..*J. H. Gilmore*	622
He wills that I should holy be....*C. Wesley*	529
Head of the Church triumphant..*C. Wesley*	680
Head of the Church, whose Spirit..*C. Wesley*	924
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you....*A. Reed*	343
Hear what God the Lord hath sp..*W. Cowper*	777
Hearts of stone, relent, relent....*C. Wesley*	339
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lo..*B. Williams*	20
Help, Lord, to whom for help I..*C. Wesley*	543
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to we..*T. Cotterill*	904
Here I can firmly rest.....*P. Gerhardt*	436
Here on earth, where foes surrou..*Unknown*	727
High in yonder realms of light....*T. Raffles*	1067
High on his everlasting..*A. G. Spangenberg*	811
Ho! every one that thirsts draw..*J. Wesley*	362
Holy, and true, and righteous Lo..*C. Wesley*	525
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none....*C. Wesley*	131
Holy Father, send thy blessing....*Unknown*	887
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..*P. Gerhardt*	265
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....*A. Reed*	267
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almig..*R. Heber*	136
Holy, holy, holy Lord, God..*C. Wordsworth*	144
Holy Lamb, who thee rec..*Mrs. A. S. Dober*	490
Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing..*T. J. Judkin*	266
Holy Spirit, Truth divine.....*S. Longfellow*	263
Hosanna! be the children's..*J. Montgomery*	882
Hosanna to the living Lord.....*R. Heber*	71
How are thy servants blest, O L..*J. Addison*	1113
How beauteous are their feet.....*I. Watts*	821
How beauteous were the marks..*A. C. Coxe*	202
How blest the children of the..*Harriet Auber*	902
How blest the righteous wh..*Mrs. Barbauld*	982
How can a sinner know.....*C. Wesley*	437
How do Thy mercies close me rou..*C. Wesley*	170
How firm a foundation, ye saints..*G. Keith*	679
How gentle God's commands..*P. Doddridge*	176
How great the wisdom, power,..*B. Beddome*	315
How happy every child of grace..*C. Wesley*	1030
How happy, gracious Lord, are..*C. Wesley*	744
How happy is the pilgrim's lot...*J. Wesley*	1078
How helpless nature lies.....*Anne Steele*	309
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord..*J. Milton*	769
How many pass the guilty night..*C. Wesley*	952
How oft this wretched heart....*Anne Steele*	554
How precious is the book divine..*J. Fawcett*	297
How sad our state by nature is.....*I. Watts*	302
How sweet, how heavenly is the si..*J. Swain*	780
How sweet the hour of clos..*W. H. Bathurst*	980
How sweet the name of Jesus so..*J. Newton*	316
How sweetly flowed the gos..*Sir J. Bowring*	328
How swift the torrent rolls...*P. Doddridge*	958
How tedious and tasteless the ho..*J. Newton*	747
How tender is thy hand.....*T. Hastings*	177
How vain are all things here below..*I. Watts*	662
How vain is all beneath the ski..*D. E. Ford*	960
How welcome was the call..*Sir H. W. Baker*	1107
I am baptized into thy name..*J. J. Rambach*	826
I and my house will serve the Lo..*C. Wesley*	573
I ask the gift of righteousness...*C. Wesley*	535
I heard the voice of Jesus say....*H. Bonar*	426
I know no life divided.....*Carl J. P. Spitta*	755
I know that my Redeemer lives,..*C. Wesley*	512
I know that my Redeemer lives;..*S. Medley*	242
I lay my sins on Jesus.....*H. Bonar*	754
I long to behold Him arrayed....*C. Wesley*	1064
I love the Lord: he heard my cries..*I. Watts*	621
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....*T. Dwight*	770
I love to hear the story....*Mrs. E. H. Miller*	886
I love to steal awhile aw..*Mrs. P. H. Brown*	709
I love to tell the story...*Catharine Hankey*	756
I need thee every hour...*Mrs. A. S. Hawks*	760
I thank thee, uncreated Sun..*J. A. Scheffler*	478
I the good fight have fought.....*C. Wesley*	585
I think, when I read that sweet..*Mrs. J. Luke*	880
I thirst, thou wounded La..*N. L. Zinzendorf*	461
I too, forewarned by Jesus' love..*C. Wesley*	1116
I want a heart to pray.....*C. Wesley*	506
I want a principle within.....*C. Wesley*	511
I was a wandering sheep.....*H. Bonar*	434
I worship thee, O Holy Gho..*W. F. Warren*	272
I would be thine: O take my heart..*A Reed*	409
I would not live alway; I..*W. A. Muhlenberg*	998
If death my friend and me divide..*C. Wesley*	967
If human kindness meets return..*G. T. Noel*	839
If, on a quiet sea.....*A. M. Toplady*	636
I'll praise my Maker while I've bre..*I. Watts*	740
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..*I. Watts*	595
In age and feebleness extreme....*C. Wesley*	1117
In evil long I took delight.....*J. Newton*	423
In grief and fear to thee, O Lord..*W. Bullock*	1095
In heavenly love abiding...*Anna L. Waring*	642
In memory of the Saviour's love...*Unknown*	838
In mercy, Lord, remember me..*J. F. Herzog*	114
In that sad, memorable night....*C. Wesley*	833
In the cross of Christ I glo..*Sir J. Bowring*	204
In the silent midnight watches...*A. C. Coxe*	376
In thy name, O Lord, assembling...*T. Kelly*	54
Infinite excellence is thine.....*J. Fawcett*	31
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....*C. Wesley*	48
Into thy gracious hands I fall..*W. C. Dessler*	448
It came upon the midnight cle..*E. H. Sears*	194
It is not death to die.....*A. H. C. Malan*	993
It may not be our lot to wield..*J. G. Whittier*	602
Jehovah, God, thy gracious pow..*J. Thomson*	159
Jerusalem, my happy home.....*Unknown*	1044
Jerusalem the golden.....*Bernard of Cluny*	1061
Jesus, a word, a look from thee...*C. Wesley*	307
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord.....*C. Wesley*	848
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....*J. Grigg*	604
Jesus, at whose supreme comma..*C. Wesley*	835
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear....*C. Wesley*	559

	Hymn
Jesus, from whom all blessings fl.. *C. Wesley*	795
Jesus, full of love divine.....*B. Gough*	488
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sh. *C. Wesley*	790
Jesus hath died that I might live.. *C. Wesley*	520
Jesus, I live to thee.....*H. Harbaugh*	500
Jesus, I my cross have taken....*H. F. Lyte*	643
Jesus, immortal King, ar..*A. C. H. Seymour*	908
Jesus, in whom the Godhead's r.. *C. Wesley*	527
Jesus is our common Lord.....*C. Wesley*	719
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....*C. Wesley*	558
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley*	804
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....*C. Wesley*	656
Jesus, my Advocate above.....*C. Wesley*	239
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..*J. Cennick*	450
Jesus, my Life, thyself apply.....*C. Wesley*	519
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy..*P. Doddridge*	893
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Frie..*C. Wesley*	686
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....*C. Wesley*	505
Jesus, my Truth, my Way.....*C. Wesley*	483
Jesus, one word from thee.....*H. D. Ganse*	634
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind.....*C. Wesley*	374
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..*I. Watts*	919
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us...*R. Park*	853
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns.....*C. Wesley*	251
Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the W..*C. Wesley*	517
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died...*B. W. Noel*	255
Jesus! the name high over all....*C. Wesley*	822
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to the..*C. Wesley*	392
Jesus, the sinner's rest thou..*A. M. Toplady*	534
Jesus, the very thoug..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	700
Jesus, the word bestow.....*C. Wesley*	289
Jesus, the word of mercy give....*C. Wesley*	824
Jesus, these eyes have never see..*R. Palmer*	714
Jesus, thine all-victorious love....*C. Wesley*	518
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord...*C. Wesley*	32
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....*I. Watts*	12
Jesus, thou Joy of lo..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	691
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys...*C. Wesley*	19
Jesus, thou Source divine.....*Anne Steele*	313
Jesus, thy blood and right..*N. L. Zinzendorf*	238
Jesus, thy boundless love to me..*P. Gerhardt*	476
Jesus, thy Church, with lon..*W. H. Bathurst*	928
Jesus, thy far-extended fame.....*C. Wesley*	398
Jesus, to thee I now can fly.....*C. Wesley*	430
Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift..*C. Wesley*	650
Jesus, united by thy grace.....*C. Wesley*	785
Jesus, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley*	7
Jesus wept! those tears are o..*Sir E. Denny*	203
Jesus, where'er thy people meet..*W. Cowper*	44
Jesus, while our hearts are blee..*T. Hastings*	1002
Join all the glorious names.....*I. Watts*	243
Join, all ye ransomed sons of gra..*C. Wesley*	947
Joy to the world! the Lord is come..*I. Watts*	183
Just as I am, without one pl..*Charlotte Elliott*	393
King of kings, and wilt..*W. A. Muhlenberg*	485
Kingdoms and thrones to God bel..*I. Watts*	162
Laborers of Christ, ar..*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*	578
Laboring and heavy laden...*J. S. B. Monsell*	732
Lamb of God, for sinners slain...*C. Wesley*	382
Lamb of God, whose dying love...*C. Wesley*	383
Late, late, so late! and dark the..*A. Tennyson*	375
Lead, kindly Light, amid the..*J. H. Newman*	682
Leader of faithful souls, and Gui..*C. Wesley*	648
Let all on earth their voices raise...*I. Watts*	17
Let all who truly bear.....*C. Wesley*	846
Let earth and heaven agree.....*C. Wesley*	332
Let every mortal ear attend.....*I. Watts*	326
Let every tongue thy goodness spe..*I. Watts*	154
Let Him to whom we now belong..*C. Wesley*	469
Let not the wise their wisdom bo..*C. Wesley*	452
Let the world their virtue boast..*C. Wesley*	385
Let us keep steadfast guard.....*Breviary*	580
Let us, with a gladsome mind.....*J. Milton*	145
Let worldly minds the world pur..*J. Newton*	516
Let Zion's watchmen all awa..*P. Doddridge*	823
Life from the dead, Almighty God..*Unknown*	899
Lift up your heads, ye mighty ga..*G. Weissel*	14
Lift up your hearts to things ab..*C. Wesley*	786
Lift your eyes of faith, and see...*C. Wesley*	1069
Lift your glad voices in triu..*H. Ware, Jr.*	227
Lift your heads, ye friends of Je..*C. Wesley*	1014
Light of life, seraphic fire.....*C. Wesley*	489
Light of the lonely pilgrim's h..*Sir E. Denny*	914
Light of those whose dreary dwe..*C. Wesley*	943
Like Noah's weary dove..*W. A. Muhlenberg*	388
Little travelers Zionward.....*J. Edmeston*	879
Lo! God is here! let us adore..*G. Tersteegen*	47
Lo! He comes, with clouds desce..*C. Wesley*	1013
Lo! I come with joy to do.....*C. Wesley*	609
Lo! round the throne, a gl..*Mary L. Duncan*	1040
Lo, the day, the day of life..*From the Latin*	1026
Lo, what a glorious sight appears...*I. Watts*	1035
Look from thy sphere of end..*W. C. Bryant*	929
Look, ye saints, the sight is gloriou..*T. Kelly*	249
Lord, all I am is known to thee....*I. Watts*	123
Lord, and is thine anger gone....*C. Wesley*	455
Lord, as to thy dear cross we..*J. H. Gurney*	590
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now depart.....*E. Smythe*	59
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with.....*W. Shirley*	52
Lord, fill me with a humble fear..*C. Wesley*	497
Lord God, the Holy Ghost...*J. Montgomery*	286
Lord, how secure and blest are th..*I. Watts*	418
Lord, how shall sinners dare....*Anne Steele*	252
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine...*S. Davies*	460
Lord, I believe a rest remains....*C. Wesley*	513
Lord, I believe thy every word....*C. Wesley*	668
Lord, I delight in thee.....*J Ryland*	175
Lord, I despair myself to heal....*C. Wesley*	397
Lord, I hear of showers of ..*Mrs. E. Codner*	384
Lord, if at thy command.....*C. Wesley*	817
Lord, in the morning thou shalt he..*I. Watts*	98
Lord, in the strength of grace....*C. Wesley*	473
Lord, in thy name thy servants ple..*J. Keble*	1080
Lord, it belongs not to my care...*R. Baxter*	669
Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my..*M. Behemb*	694
Lord Jesus, when we stand afa..*W. W. How*	213
Lord, lead the way the Saviour..*W. Croswell*	897
Lord, let me know mine end..*J. Montgomery*	959

	Hymn
Lord of all being; throned af.. *O. W. Holmes*	135
Lord of earth, and air, and sea... *C. Wesley*	1109
Lord of hosts! to thee we ra.. *J. Montgomery*	858
Lord of mercy and of might..... *R. Heber*	387
Lord of my life, O may thy pra.. *Anne Steele*	100
Lord of the harvest, hear..... *C. Wesley*	818
Lord of the living harvest.. *J. S. B. Monsell*	808
Lord of the Sabbath, hear ou.. *P. Doddridge*	78
Lord of the wide, extensive main.. *C. Wesley*	1112
Lord of the worlds above..... *I. Watts*	15
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin.. *I. Watts*	305
Lord, we come before thee n.. *W. Hammond*	21
Lord, when we bend before th.. *J. D. Carlyle*	60
Lord, while for all mankind.. *J. R. Wreford*	1098
Lord, whom winds and seas obey.. *C. Wesley*	1115
Love divine, all love excelling.... *C. Wesley*	491
Lovers of pleasure more than Go.. *C. Wesley*	367
Lowly and solemn be.... *Mrs. F. D. Hemans*	1005
Majestic sweetness sits enthron.. *S. Stennett*	241
Make haste, O man, to live..... *H. Bonar*	576
Man dieth and wasteth away... *G. P. Morris*	1012
Many centuries have fled..... *J. Conder*	844
May the grace of Christ our Savi.. *J. Newton*	53
'Mid scenes of confusion and cr.. *D. Denham*	1054
Mighty God! while angels bless.. *R. Robinson*	148
Mighty One, before whose fa.. *W. C. Bryant*	881
Millions within thy courts h.. *J. Montgomery*	79
More love to thee.. *Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss*	725
Mortals, awake, with angels join.. *S. Medley*	193
Mourn for the thousands slain.... *Unknown*	890
Must Jesus bear the cross alon.. *T. Shepherd*	666
My country! 'tis of thee..... *S. F. Smith*	1089
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so.. *I. Watts*	547
My faith looks up to thee..... *R. Palmer*	762
My former hopes are fled..... *W. Cowper*	308
My God, accept my heart this d.. *M. Bridges*	468
My God, how endless is thy love... *I. Watts*	104
My God, how wonderful thou a.. *F. W. Faber*	147
My God, I am thine; what a com.. *C. Wesley*	757
My God, I know, I feel thee mine.. *C. Wesley*	536
My God, is any hour so swe.. *Charlotte Elliott*	752
My God, my God, to thee I cry... *C. Wesley*	425
My God, my Life, my Love..... *I. Watts*	751
My God, my Portion, and my Love.. *I. Watts*	698
My God, the spring of all my joys.. *I. Watts*	704
My gracious Lord, I own thy.. *P. Doddridge*	605
My head is low, my heart is.. *J. S. B. Monsell*	548
My heavenly home is bright and.. *W. Hunter*	1072
My hope is built on nothing less.... *E. Mote*	421
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou... *T. Coke*	624
My Jesus, as thou wilt..... *B. Schmolke*	654
My Lord, how full of sweet.. *Madame Guyon*	696
My opening eyes with rapture see.. *J. Hutton*	83
My Saviour, my almighty Friend.... *I. Watts*	699
My Saviour, on the word.. *Anna L. Waring*	510
My Shepherd's mighty aid..... *T. Roberts*	761
My son, know thou the L.. *R. C. Brackenbury*	360
My soul and all its powers..... *C. Wesley*	472
My soul, be on thy guard..... *G. Heath*	581
My soul before Thee prostrate.. *C. F. Richter*	394
My soul, repeat His praise..... *I. Watts*	172
My soul, weigh not thy life..... *Unknown*	584
My soul, with humble ferv.. *J. H. Livingstone*	449
My span of life will soo.. *Frances M. Cowper*	664
My spirit, on thy care..... *H. F. Lyte*	635
My times are in thy hand..... *W. F. Lloyd*	637
Nearer, my God, to t.. *Mrs. Sarah F. Adams*	724
Never further than .. *Mrs. Elizabeth Charles*	205
New every morning is the love..... *J. Keble*	103
No gospel like this feast..... *J. C. Ryle*	843
Not heaven's wide range of hallo.. *Unknown*	860
Not here, as to the prophet's.. *J. Montgomery*	40
Not to the terrors of the Lord..... *I. Watts*	787
Now doth the sun ascend.. *Ambrose of Milan*	107
Now from the altar of our hearts.. *J. Mason*	99
Now I have found the ground w.. *J. A. Rothe*	420
Now in parting, Father, bless us.. *H. Bonar*	855
Now is the accepted time..... *J. Dobell*	361
Now let my soul, eternal K.. *O. Heginbotham*	294
Now may He who from the dead.. *J. Newton*	23
Now may the God of grace and po.. *I. Watts*	1104
O bless the Lord, my soul..... *I. Watts*	749
O Bread to pilgrims given... *From the Latin*	849
O Christ, our King, Crea.. *Gregory the Great*	240
O Christ, who hast prepared a.. *S. Victorinus*	49
O come, and dwell in me..... *C. Wesley*	502
O come, Creator Spirit b.. *Gregory the Great*	269
O could I speak the matchless w.. *S. Medley*	743
O day of rest and gladness.. *C. Wordsworth*	72
O Friend of souls! how blest.. *W. C. Dessler*	613
O for a closer walk with God.... *W. Cowper*	549
O for a faith that will not s.. *W. H. Bathurst*	667
O for a glance of heavenly day..... *J. Hart*	396
O for a heart to praise my God... *C. Wesley*	521
O for a thousand tongues, to sing.. *C. Wesley*	1
O for an overcoming faith..... *I. Watts*	985
O for that flame of living fi.. *W. H. Bathurst*	274
O for that tenderness of heart.... *C. Wesley*	410
O for the death of those..... *J. Montgomery*	990
O glorious hope of perfect love... *C. Wesley*	542
O God, by whom the seed is given.. *R. Heber*	62
O God, most merciful and true... *C. Wesley*	531
O God, of good the unfatho.. *J. A. Scheffler*	119
O God of love, O King of.. *Sir H. W. Baker*	1102
O God, our help in ages past..... *I. Watts*	964
O God, our strength, to thee.. *Harriet Auber*	33
O God, thou art my God alo.. *J. Montgomery*	693
O God, thou bottomless abyss..... *E. Lange*	126
O God, though countless worl.. *J. D. Knowles*	870
O God, thy faithfulness I plead... *C. Wesley*	544
O God, thy power is wonderful.. *F. W. Faber*	125
O God, to thee we rai.. *Charlotte Richardson*	632
O God, to us show mercy..... *Unknown*	50
O God, we praise thee, and confess.. *N. Tate*	120
O God, what offering shall I give.. *J. Lange*	474
O happy band of pilg.. *Joseph of the Studium*	640
O happy day that fixed my ch.. *P. Doddridge*	447
O holy, holy, holy Lord, Br.. *J. W. Eastburn*	137

	Hymn
O holy, holy, holy Lord! Thou....*J. Conder*	10
O how happy are they.....*C. Wesley*	442
O how the thought of God att..*F. W. Faber*	509
O it is hard to work for God...*F. W. Faber*	596
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait.....*C. Wesley*	514
O Jesus, full of grace.....*C. Wesley*	557
O Jesus, full of truth and grace..*C. Wesley*	526
O Jesus, King most..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	701
O Jesus, thou the bea..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	702
O joyful sound of gospel grace...*C. Wesley*	515
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain..*C. Wesley*	378
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fi..*J. M. Neale*	859
O Lord, our fathers oft ha..*Tate and Brady*	1097
O Lord, thy heavenly grace im..*J. F. Oberlin*	685
O Lord, thy work revive...*Phœbe H. Brown*	771
O Lord, while we confess the..*Mary Bowly*	829
O Love, divine and tender...*J. S. B. Monsell*	1106
O Love divine, how sweet thou a..*C. Wesley*	540
O Love divine! O matchless gra..*E. Turney*	837
O Love divine, that stooped..*O. W. Holmes*	629
O Love divine, what hast thou d..*C. Wesley*	220
O Love, thy sovereign aid impar..*C. Wesley*	462
O Master, it is good to be.....*A. P. Stanley*	200
O my God, how thy salvati..*J. S. B. Monsell*	729
O paradise! O paradise.....*F. W. Faber*	1071
O praise our God to-day...*Sir H. W. Baker*	891
O render thanks to God ab..*Tate and Brady*	13
O sacred Head, now..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	222
O Son of God, in glory..*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*	1022
O Spirit of the living God...*J. Montgomery*	276
O still in accents sweet and s..*S. Longfellow*	598
O Sun of righteousness, arise.....*J. Wesley*	411
O tell me no more of this world..*J. Gambold*	758
O that I could my Lord receive...*C. Wesley*	407
O that I could repent! O that....*C. Wesley*	311
O that I could repent, With.....*C. Wesley*	404
O that my load of sin were gone..*C. Wesley*	495
O that Thou wouldst the heaven..*C. Wesley*	413
O Thou eternal Victim, slain.....*C. Wesley*	250
O Thou from whom all goodness..*T. Haweis*	619
O Thou God of my salvation.....*T. Olivers*	733
O Thou, in whose presence my so..*J. Swain*	759
O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Fr..*C. Wesley*	46
O Thou pure Light of souls that lo..*Breviary*	687
O Thou that hearest prayer.....*J. Burton*	282
O Thou to whom, in ancient tim..*J. Pierpont*	36
O Thou, to whose all-searchin..*G. Tersteegen*	496
O Thou who all things ca..*From the German*	560
O Thou who camest from above..*C. Wesley*	562
O Thou who driest the mourner's..*T. Moore*	611
O Thou, who hast at t...*Mrs. M. J. Cotterill*	459
O Thou who hast our sorrows bo..*C. Wesley*	381
O Thou, who hast spread..*Hannah F. Gould*	1110
O Thou, who in the oliv..*Mrs. F. D. Hemans*	618
O Thou, who, when we did comp..*C. Wesley*	157
O Thou, whom all thy saints ado..*C. Wesley*	37
O Thou, whose filmed and..*A. R. Thompson*	670
O Thou, whose mercy hears.....*Anne Steele*	553
O Thou, whose own vast tem..*W. C. Bryant*	869
O 'tis delight without alloy.....*I. Watts*	703
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why w..*J. Hopkins*	335
O what a mighty change.....*C. Wesley*	1057
O what amazing words of grace...*S. Medley*	323
O what delight is this.....*C. Wesley*	842
O what, if we are Christ's..*Sir H. W. Baker*	638
O what shall I do my Saviour to..*C. Wesley*	453
O when shall we sweetly remove. *C. Wesley*	1065
O where are kings and empires..*A. C. Coxe*	763
O where is now that glowing love...*T. Kelly*	561
O where shall rest be found..*J. Montgomery*	358
O who, in such a world as t..*J. Montgomery*	668
O wondrous power of faithful pr..*C. Wesley*	735
O wondrous type! O visio..*Sarum Breviary*	192
O worship the King all-glorio..*Sir R. Grant*	140
O'er the distant mountains..*J. S. B. Monsell*	1015
O'er the gloomy hills of darkn..*W. Williams*	940
Of Him who did salv..*Bernard of Clairvaux*	327
Oft I in my heart have said.....*C. Wesley*	443
On all the earth Thy Spirit shower..*H. More*	268
On Jordan's stormy banks I sta..*S. Stennett*	1038
On the mountain's top appearing...*T. Kelly*	767
On this day, the first of d..*Sir H. W. Baker*	91
On this stone, now laid with pr..*J. Pierpont*	857
On thy Church, O Power div..*Harriet Auber*	779
Once more, my soul, the rising day..*I. Watts*	95
Once more we come before our Go..*J. Hart*	29
One more day's work for..*Anna B. Warner*	572
One sole baptismal sign.....*G. Robinson*	800
One sweetly solemn thought....*Phœbe Cary*	1053
Only waiting, till the shad..*Mrs. F. L. Mace*	644
Onward, Christian soldier..*S. Baring-Gould*	563
Our blest Redeemer, ere he..*Harriet Auber*	280
Our country's voice is plead..*Mrs. Anderson*	933
Our Father, God, who art in hea..*A. Judson*	716
Our few revolving years.....*B. Beddome*	950
Our God is love; and all his sai..*T. Cotterill*	783
Our Lord is risen from the dead..*C. Wesley*	237
Our sins on Christ were laid.....*J. Fawcett*	312
Out of the depths of woe....*J. Montgomery*	403
Out of the depths to thee..*Mrs. E. E. Marcy*	665
Pass a few swiftly fleeting years..*C. Wesley*	963
Peace, doubting heart! my God's..*C. Wesley*	651
Peace, troubled soul, thou need's..*S. Ecking*	164
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin...*G. Crabbe*	346
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair..*I. Watts*	304
Praise, my soul, the King of he..*H. F. Lyte*	734
Praise the Lord, his glories sho..*H. F. Lyte*	27
Praise the Lord! ye heavens,..*J. Kempthorne*	57
Praise to God, immor..*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*	1084
Praise to the Holiest in the..*J. H. Newman*	207
Praise waits in Zion, Lord,..*Sir J. E. Smith*	67
Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal c..*I. Watts*	153
Pray, without ceasing pray.....*C. Wesley*	589
Prayer is appointed to convey.....*J. Hart*	689
Prayer is the breath of God in..*B. Beddome*	706
Prayer is the soul's sincere..*J. Montgomery*	710
Prince of peace, control..*Mary A. S. Barber*	463
Prisoners of hope, lift up your h..*C. Wesley*	479
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....*C. Wesley*	244
Rest for the toiling hand.....*H. Bonar*	994

	Hymn
Rest from thy labor, rest....*J. Montgomery*	992
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest..*J. Stennett*	82
Return, O wanderer, return...*W. B. Collyer*	370
Rich are the joys which cann..*P. Doddridge*	903
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise....*M. Bridges*	229
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy..*R. Seagrave*	1068
Rites cannot change the he..*W. M. Bunting*	830
Rock of ages, cleft for me...*A. M. Toplady*	415
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....*J. Edmeston*	931
Round the Lord, in glory seated....*R. Mant*	56
Safely through another week.....*J. Newton*	88
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....*I. Watts*	324
Saviour, again to thy dear name..*J. Ellerton*	94
Saviour, breathe an evening b..*J. Edmeston*	116
Saviour, like a shepher..*Dorothy A. Thrupp*	872
Saviour of all, to thee we bow....*C. Wesley*	794
Saviour of men, thy searching..*J. J. Winkler*	814
Saviour of the sin-sick soul.....*C. Wesley*	486
Saviour, on me the grace bestow..*C. Wesley*	545
Saviour, sprinkle many nations...*A. C. Coxe*	944
Saviour, when, in dust, to thee..*Sir R. Grant*	723
Saviour, who died for me....*Marie J. Mason*	742
Saviour, who thy flock ar..*W. A. Muhlenberg*	888
Say, sinner, hath a voice w..*Mrs. A. B. Hyde*	353
See how great a flame aspires....*C. Wesley*	936
See how the morning sun....*Elizabeth Scott*	112
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd..*P. Doddridge*	827
See, Jesus, thy disciples see.....*C. Wesley*	30
See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand..*C. Wesley*	746
Servant of God, well done.....*C. Wesley*	991
Servants of God, in joyful l..*J. Montgomery*	68
Shall I, for fear of feeble ma..*J. J. Winkler*	813
Shall man, O God of light and li..*T. Dwight*	981
She loved her Saviour, and to hi..*W. Cutter*	896
Shepherd Divine, our wants relie..*C. Wesley*	715
Shepherd of souls, with pitying e..*C. Wesley*	927
Shepherd of tender..*Clement of Alexandria*	885
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive...*I. Watts*	391
Shrinking from the cold hand of..*C. Wesley*	961
Silently the shades of e..*Christopher C. Cox*	115
Since all the varying scenes of ti..*J. Hervey*	615
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise..*C. Wesley*	946
Sing to the Lord of harvest..*J. S. B. Monsell*	1085
Sing with all the sons of glory..*W. J. Irons*	225
Sinners, obey the gospel word.....*C. Wesley*	350
Sinners, the voice of God regard..*J. Fawcett*	371
Sinners, turn; why will ye die....*C. Wesley*	347
Sinners, will you scorn the message..*J. Allen*	342
Softly fades the twilight ray....*S. F. Smith*	92
Softly now the light of day....*G. W. Doane*	117
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....*C. Wesley*	587
Soldiers of Christ, lay hold.....*C. Wesley*	588
Soldiers of the cross, arise..*J. B. Waterbury*	566
Sometimes a light surprises.....*W. Cowper*	641
Son of the carpenter, receive.....*C. Wesley*	592
Songs of praise the angels s..*J. Montgomery*	24
Soon may the last glad song arise..*Mrs. Voke*	917
Souls in heathen dark..*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*	941
Sovereign of all the worlds on..*P. Doddridge*	429
Sovereign of worlds! display thy..*Mrs. Voke*	918
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....*T. Raffles*	380
Sow in the morn thy seed....*J. Montgomery*	575
Spirit divine, attend our prayer.....*A. Reed*	278
Spirit, leave thy house of cl..*J. Montgomery*	1000
Spirit of faith, come down.....*C. Wesley*	435
Stand the omnipotent decree.....*C. Wesley*	1025
Stand up, and bless the Lord..*J. Montgomery*	5
Stand up, stand up for Jesu..*G. Duffield, Jr.*	567
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay....*C. Wesley*	390
Still one in life and one in death..*H. Bonar*	796
Still out of the deepest abyss.....*C. Wesley*	681
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..*J. Keble*	102
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet..*W. W. Walford*	688
Sweet is the light of Sabbath e..*J. Edmeston*	80
Sweet is the prayer whose holy s..*Unknown*	711
Sweet is the work, my God, my Ki..*I. Watts*	81
Sweet the moments, rich in blessin..*J. Allen*	730
Sweet was the time when first I f..*J. Newton*	546
Swell the anthem, raise the song..*N. Strong*	1093
Take the name of Jesus wit..*Mrs. L. Baxter*	653
Take up thy cross, the Saviou..*C. W. Everest*	601
Talk with us, Lord, thyself revea..*C. Wesley*	712
Ten thousand times ten thousand..*H. Alford*	1062
Tender Shepherd, thou h..*From the German*	1007
Thank and praise Jehovah'..*J. Montgomery*	25
That awful day will surely come....*I. Watts*	1020
That doleful night before his death..*J. Hart*	840
That solemn hour will come for..*Unknown*	975
The chosen three, on mountain h..*D. H. Ela*	198
The counsels of redeeming grac..*S. Stennett*	295
The day is past and gone.....*J. Leland*	113
The day of resurrection...*John of Damascus*	230
The day of wrath, that dreadf..*Sir W. Scott*	1017
The glorious universe aroun..*J. Montgomery*	788
The God of Abrah'm praise.....*T. Olivers*	1075
The God of harvest praise...*J. Montgomery*	1087
The God who reigns on high.....*T. Olivers*	1077
The great archangel's trump sha..*C. Wesley*	1019
The harvest dawn is near.....*G. Burgess*	579
The head that once was crowned w..*T. Kelly*	256
The heavens declare thy glory, Lor..*I. Watts*	292
The heavenly treasure now we h..*C. Wesley*	1046
The King of heaven his table..*P. Doddridge*	834
The leaves, around me falling....*H. F. Lyte*	1088
The Lord descended from abo..*T. Sternhold*	152
The Lord is King! lift up thy vo..*J. Conder*	134
The Lord is my Shepherd n..*J. Montgomery*	179
The Lord is risen indeed.....*T. Kelly*	235
The Lord Jehovah reigns.....*I. Watts*	142
The Lord my pasture shall prep..*J. Addison*	186
The Lord of earth and sky.....*C. Wesley*	953
The Lord of Sabbath let us p..*S. Wesley, Jr.*	75
The Lord our God alone is..*C. T. Winchester*	866
The Lord our God is clothed w..*H. K. White*	151
The Lord will come, and not be sl..*J. Milton*	915
The Lord 's my Shepherd, I 'll no....*F. Rous*	156
The morning flowers display..*S. Wesley, Jr.*	977
The morning kindles all the sky..*Ambrosian*	233
The morning light is breaking..*S. F. Smith*	932
The perfect world, by Adam tr..*N. P. Willis*	863

	Hymn
The praying spirit breathe..... *C. Wesley*	753
The precious seed of weepi.. *C. J. P. Spitta*	1010
The prodigal, with str.. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*	414
The royal banner is unfurled.. *V. Fortunatus*	219
The saints who die of Christ po.. *C. Wesley*	983
The Saviour! O what endless c.. *Anne Steele*	325
The Saviour, when to heaven.. *P. Doddridge*	812
The spacious firmament on high.. *J. Addison*	138
The Spirit, in our hearts... *H. U. Onderdonk*	355
The starry firmament on high.. *Sir R. Grant*	293
The Sun of righteousness on me.. *C. Wesley*	739
The tempter to my soul hat.. *J. Montgomery*	165
The thing my God doth hate..... *C. Wesley*	482
The voice of free grace cries, E.. *R. Burdsall*	330
The world is very evil..... *Bernard of Cluny*	1058
The year is gone, beyond r.. *From the Latin*	949
Thee we adore, eternal Name..... *I. Watts*	965
There is a fountain filled with b.. *W. Cowper*	319
There is a land mine eye hath se.. *G. Robins*	1041
There is a land of pure delight..... *I. Watts*	1037
There is a safe and secret place.. *H. F. Lyte*	158
There is an eye that never sle.. *J. A. Wallace*	707
There is an hour of peaceful.. *W. B. Tappan*	1039
There is no night in heav.. *F. D. Huntington*	1049
There seems a voice in every.. *Mrs. A. Opie*	122
There 's a wideness in God's m.. *F. W. Faber*	149
They come, God's messengers.. *R. Campbell*	167
They who seek the throne of gra.. *O. Holden*	717
Thine arm, O Lord, in days.. *E. H. Plumptre*	1099
Thine forever!—God of l.. *Mrs. M. F. Maude*	465
Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alo.. *E. Lange*	127
This child we dedicate to.. *Tr. by S. Gilman*	832
This God is the God we adore..... *J. Hart*	143
This is the day of light..... *J. Ellerton*	86
This is the day the Lord ha.. *Harriet Auber*	76
This stone to thee in faith w.. *J. Montgomery*	861
Thou art gone to the grave; but w.. *R. Heber*	999
Thou art gone up on high..... *Mrs. E. Toke*	236
Thou art the Way:—to thee a.. *G. W. Doane*	318
Thou dear Redeemer, dying La.. *J. Cennick*	697
Thou God of glorious majesty.... *C. Wesley*	966
Thou God of power, thou God of.. *J. Walker*	18
Thou God of truth and love..... *C. Wesley*	801
Thou great mysterious God unkn.. *C. Wesley*	439
Thou hidden love of God, who.. *G. Tersteegen*	477
Thou hidden Source of calm repo.. *C. Wesley*	736
Thou Judge of quick and dead... *C. Wesley*	1024
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prin.. *C. F. Richter*	631
Thou Refuge of my soul..... *Anne Stæle*	674
Thou seest my feebleness..... *C. Wesley*	556
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mi.. *C. Wesley*	748
Thou Son of God, whose flaming.. *C. Wesley*	372
Thou very-present Aid..... *C. Wesley*	178
Thou who like the wind dost c.. *H. D. Ganse*	283
Thou, whose almighty word..... *J. Marriott*	913
Though all the world my cho.. *G. Tersteegen*	695
Though nature's strength decay... *T. Olivers*	1076
Though now the nations sit bene.. *L. Bacon*	925
Though troubles assail, and dang.. *J. Newton*	141
Though waves and storms go o'.. *J. A. Rothe*	649
Through sorrow's night, and d.. *H. K. White*	973
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.. *I. Watts*	108
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.. *C. Wesley*	317
Thy gracious presence, O my... *Anne Steele*	661
Thy life I read, my gracious Lo.. *S. Stennett*	987
Thy mercy heard my infant p.. *Sir R. Grant*	658
Thy presence, gracious God, affo.. *J. Fawcett*	39
Thy presence, Lord, the place sh.. *C. Wesley*	537
Thy way is in the sea..... *J. Fawcett*	174
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... *H. Bonar*	655
Thy will be done! I will not fear.. *J. Roscoe*	628
Thy word, almighty Lord.... *J. Montgomery*	288
Till He come: O let the w.. *E. H. Bickersteth*	845
'Tis finished! so the Saviour cr.. *S. Stennett*	218
'Tis finished! the Messiah dies.... *C. Wesley*	210
'Tis midnight; and on Olive.. *W. B. Tappan*	217
'Tis thine alone, almighty Na.. *E. F. Hatfield*	895
To Jesus, our exalted Lord..... *Anne Steele*	852
To the haven of thy breast..... *C. Wesley*	678
To the hills I lift mine eyes..... *C. Wesley*	745
To thee, O God, whose guiding.. *W. T. Davis*	1105
To us a Child of hope is born... *J. Morrison*	184
Trembling before thine awf.. *A. L. Hillhouse*	444
Try us, O God, and search the g.. *C. Wesley*	784
Unchangeable, almighty Lord.... *C. Wesley*	792
Unveil, O Lord, and on us s.. *J. H. Newman*	708
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb... *I. Watts*	984
Upon the Gospel's sacred p.. *Sir J. Bowring*	290
Urge on your rapid course..... *C. Wesley*	583
Vain are all terrestrial pleasure.. *D. E. Ford*	647
Vain, delusive world, adieu..... *C. Wesley*	456
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbe.. *J. Hart*	365
Vital spark of heavenly flame..... *A. Pope*	969
Walk in the light! so shalt thou.. *B. Barton*	507
Watchman, tell us of the ni.. *Sir J. Bowring*	935
We all believe in one true G.. *T. Clausnitzer*	118
We bring no glittering tre.. *Harriet Phillips*	884
We give thee but thine own.... *W. W. How*	892
We have no outward righteousn.. *C. Wesley*	446
We journey through a vale of te.. *B. Barton*	620
We know, by faith we know..... *C. Wesley*	1056
We lift our hearts to thee..... *J. Wesley*	111
We may not climb the heave.. *J. G. Whittier*	197
We plow the fields and scatter.. *M. Claudius*	1086
We rear not a temple, like Ju.. *H. Ware, Jr.*	868
We shall see Him, in our nature.. *Unknown*	247
We sing the praise of Him who di.. *T. Kelly*	208
We sinners, Lord, wi.. *Bernard of Clairvaux*	408
Weary souls, that wander wide... *C. Wesley*	337
Weep not for a brother deceased.. *C. Wesley*	1011
Welcome, happy morning! a.. *V. Fortunatus*	231
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... *I. Watts*	85
Welcome, thou Victor in the s.. *B. Schmolke*	228
Well for him who all things losi.. *G. Arnold*	492
What a Friend we have in Jesus.. *H. Bonar*	728
What could your Redeemer do.... *C. Wesley*	348
What glory gilds the sacred pa.. *W. Cowper*	296
What grace, O Lord, and be.. *Sir E. Denny*	196

	Hymn
What is our calling's glorious ho.. *C. Wesley*	539
What majesty and grace..... *S. Stennett*	322
What! never speak one evil wor.. *C. Wesley*	532
What shall I do my God to love... *C. Wesley*	433
What shall I render to my God... *S. Wesley*	467
What sinners value I resign..... *I. Watts*	1042
What various hindrances we m.. *W. Cowper*	690
When all thy mercies, O my Go.. *J. Addison*	160
When, doomed to death, the.. *W. C. Bryant*	900
When, gracious Lord, when shal.. *C. Wesley*	395
When, his salvation bringing..... *J. King*	883
When I can read my title clear..... *I. Watts*	659
When I survey the wondrous cross.. *I. Watts*	211
When Israel, of the Lord belo.. *Sir W. Scott*	163
When languor and disease i.. *A. M. Toplady*	612
When, marshaled on the night.. *H. K. White*	187
When on Sinai's top I see... *J. Montgomery*	206
When on the brink of death.. *W. B. Collyer*	997
When Power divine, in mo.. *Sir J. E. Smith*	630
When quiet in my house I sit..... *C. Wesley*	291
When rising from the bed of de.. *J. Addison*	412
When shall the voice of singi.. *J. Edmeston*	934
When shall Thy love constrain... *C. Wesley*	400
When shall we meet again..... *A. A. Watts*	807
When, streaming from t.. *W. Shrubsole, Jr.*	110
When the blind suppliant in.. *W. C. Bryant*	201
When the last trumpet's awf.. *W. Cameron*	989
When this passing world i.. *R. M. M'Cheyne*	1079
When thou, my rig.. *Countess of Huntingdon*	1027
When through the torn sail the wi.. *R. Heber*	1114
When time seems short and.. *G. W. Bethune*	333
When to the exiled seer were.. *G. Robinson*	864
When wounded sore,.. *Mrs. C. F. Alexander*	320
Wherefore should I make my m.. *C. Wesley*	1006
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw.. *C. Wesley*	389
Which of the monarchs of the ea.. *C. Wesley*	155
While life prolongs its precious.. *T. Dwight*	349
While o'er the deep thy servan.. *G. Burgess*	1111
While shepherds watched t.. *Tate and Brady*	192
While thee I seek, prote.. *Helen M. Williams*	616
While through this world w.. *J. Montgomery*	1048
While we walk with God in ligh.. *C. Wesley*	803
While, with ceaseless course, the.. *J. Newton*	956
Who are these arrayed in white.. *C. Wesley*	1066
Who but thou, almighty Spirit.... *Unknown*	942
Who in the Lord confide..... *C. Wesley*	772
Who is thy neighbor? He.. *W. B. O. Peabody*	898
Who shall forbid our chastened.. *W. Hunter*	986
Why do we mourn for dying frien.. *I. Watts*	970
Why should our tears in s.. *W. H. Bathurst*	971
Why should the children of a Kin.. *I. Watts*	424
Why should we boast of time to... *M. Wilks*	366
Why should we start, and fear to.. *I. Watts*	976
Wilt thou hear the voice of.. *Mrs. C. L. Rice*	878
Wisdom ascribe, and might, and.. *C. Wesley*	951
With glorious clouds encompass.. *C. Wesley*	216
With joy we hail the sacred.. *Harriet Auber*	74
With joy we lift our eyes..... *T. Jervis*	43
With joy we meditate the grace.... *I. Watts*	254
With stately towers and bul.. *Harriet Auber*	764
With tearful eyes I look a.. *Charlotte Elliott*	363
Within thy house, O Lord our G.. *Unknown*	65
Witness, ye men and angels, n.. *B. Beddome*	466
Work, for the night is coming. *Sidney Dyer*	565
Workman of God! O lose not.. *F. W. Faber*	591
Would Jesus have the sinner die.. *C. Wesley*	221
Ye faithful souls who Jesus kno.. *C. Wesley*	600
Ye golden lamps of heaven, far *P. Doddridge*	1034
Ye ransomed sinners, hear..... *C. Wesley*	493
Ye servants of God, your Master.. *C. Wesley*	51
Ye simple souls that stray..... *J. Wesley*	356
Ye virgin souls, arise..... *C. Wesley*	954
Yes, I will bless thee, O m.. *O. Heginbotham*	705
Yield to me now, for I am weak.. *C. Wesley*	738
Young men and maidens, raise... *C. Wesley*	16
Your harps, ye trembling sai.. *A. M. Toplady*	633
Zion stands with hills surrounded... *T. Kelly*	76

Baptism.

[Let every adult person, and the parents of every child to be baptized, have the choice of either sprinkling, pouring, or immersion.]

[We will on no account whatever make a charge for administering Baptism.]

Order for the Administration of Baptism to Infants.

The Minister, coming to the Font, which is to be filled with pure Water, shall use the following:

Dearly Beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and that our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God; I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that having, of his bounteous mercy, redeemed *this child* by the blood of his Son, he will grant that *he*, being baptized with water, may also be baptized with the Holy Ghost, be received into Christ's holy Church, and become *a lively Member* of the same.

Then shall the Minister say,

Let us pray.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who of thy great mercy hast condescended to enter into covenant relations with man, wherein thou hast included children as partakers of its gracious benefits, declaring that of such is thy kingdom; and in thy ancient Church didst appoint divers baptisms, figuring thereby the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and by thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ gavest commandment to thy holy Apostles to go into all the world and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: we beseech thee, that of thine infinite mercy thou wilt look upon *this child:* wash *him* and sanctify *him;* that *he*, being saved by thy grace, may be received into Christ's holy Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in love, may so overcome the evils of this present world that finally *he* may attain to everlasting life, and reign with thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *him*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *him*. *Amen.*

Grant that *he* may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that whosoever is dedicated to thee by our Office and Ministry may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, Everliving God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood, regard, we beseech thee, our supplications. Sanctify this water for this Holy Sacrament; and grant that *this child*, now to be baptized, may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister address the Parents or Guardians as follows:

Dearly Beloved, forasmuch as *this child is* now presented by you for Christian Baptism, you must remember that it is your part and duty to see that *he* be taught, as soon as *he* shall be able to learn, the nature and end of this Holy Sacrament. And that *he* may know these things the better, you shall call upon *him* to give reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace, such as the ministry of the word, and the public and private worship of God; and further, you shall provide that *he* shall read the Holy Scriptures, and learn the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Catechism, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to *his* soul's health, in order that *he* may be brought up to lead a virtuous and holy life, remembering always that Baptism doth represent unto us that inward purity which disposeth us to follow the example of our Saviour Christ; that as he died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die unto sin and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness.

Do you therefore solemnly engage to fulfill these duties, so far as in you lies, the Lord being your helper?

Ans. We do.

Then shall the People stand up, and the Minister shall say:

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. Mark. [Chap. x, 13–16.]

They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them. And his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Then the Minister shall take the Child into his hands, and say to the friends of the Child,

Name this child.

And then, naming it after them, he shall sprinkle or pour Water upon it, or, if desired, immerse it in Water, saying,

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister offer the following Prayer, the people kneeling:

O God of infinite mercy, the Father of all the faithful seed, be pleased to grant unto *this child* an understanding mind and a sanctified heart. May thy providence lead *him* through the dangers, temptations, and ignorance of *his* youth, that *he* may never run into folly, nor into the evils of an unbridled appetite. We pray thee so to order the course of *his* life, that by good education, by holy examples, and by thy restraining and renewing grace, *he* may be led to serve thee faithfully all *his* days; so that, when *he has* glorified thee in *his* generation, and *has* served the Church on earth, *he* may be received into thine eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty and most merciful Father, let thy loving mercy and compassion descend upon *these*, thy *servant* and *handmaid*, the *parents* [or guardians] of *this child*. Grant unto *them*, we beseech thee, thy Holy Spirit, that *they* may, like Abraham, command *their* household to keep the way of the Lord. Direct *their* actions, and sanctify *their hearts*, words, and purposes, that *their* whole family may be united to our Lord Jesus Christ in the bands of faith, obedience, and charity; and that they all, being in this life thy holy children by adoption and grace, may be admitted into the Church of the first-born in heaven, through the merits of thy dear Son, our Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Then may the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

Then shall be said, all kneeling:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

Order for the Administration of Baptism to such as are of Riper Years.

Dearly Beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and they that are in the flesh cannot please God, but live in sin, committing many actual transgressions; and our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God: I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous goodness he will grant to *these persons* that which by nature *they* cannot have; that *they*, being baptized with water, may also be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and, being received into Christ's holy Church, may continue lively *Members* of the same.

Then shall the Minister say,

Let us pray.

Almighty and Immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to thee for succor, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead: we call upon thee for *these persons*, that *they*, coming to thy Holy Baptism, may also be filled with thy Holy Spirit. Receive *them*, O Lord, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: so give now unto us that ask; let us that seek, find: open the gate unto us that knock; that *these persons* may enjoy the everlasting benediction of thy heavenly washing, and

may come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised, by Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the People stand up, and the Minister shall say:

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. John. [Chap. iii, 1–8.]

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Then the Minister shall speak to the Persons to be baptized on this wise:

Well Beloved, who *have* come hither desiring to receive Holy Baptism, you have heard how the Congregation hath prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive you, to bless you, and to give you the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life. And our Lord Jesus Christ hath promised in his holy word to grant all those things that we have prayed for: which promise he for his part will most surely keep and perform.

Wherefore, after this promise made by Christ, you must also faithfully, for your part, promise in the presence of this whole Congregation, that you will renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep his commandments.

Then shall the Minister demand of each of the Persons to be baptized:

Quest. Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?

Ans. I renounce them all.

Quest. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son our Lord; and that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; that he rose again the third day; that he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic * Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and everlasting life after death?

Ans. All this I steadfastly believe.

Quest. Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Ans. Such is my desire.

Quest. Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper.

Then shall the Minister say:

O Merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *these persons*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *them*. *Amen.*

Grant that *they* may have power and strength to have victory, and triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that *they*, being here dedicated to thee by our Office and Ministry, may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded, through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, Everliving God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood; and gave commandment to his disciples that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; regard, we beseech thee, our supplications; and grant that the *persons* now to be baptized may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

* The one universal Church of Christ.

Then shall the Minister ask the name of each Person to be baptized, and shall sprinkle or pour Water upon him (or, if he shall desire it, shall immerse him in Water), saying:

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall be said the Lord's Prayer, all kneeling.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

Then may the Minister conclude with extemporary Prayer.

Reception of Members.

Form for Receiving Persons into the Church as Probationers.

Those who are to be received into the Church as Probationers shall be called forward by name, and the Minister, addressing the Congregation, shall say:

Dearly Beloved Brethren, that none may be admitted hastily into the Church, we receive all persons seeking fellowship with us on profession of faith into a preparatory membership on trial; in which proof may be made, both to themselves and to the Church, of the sincerity and depth of their convictions and of the strength of their purpose to lead a new life.

The persons here present desire to be so admitted. You will hear their answers to the questions put to them, and if you make no objection they will be received.

It is needful, however, that you be reminded of your responsibility, as having previously entered this holy fellowship, and as now representing the Church into which they seek admission. Remembering their inexperience, and how much they must learn in order to become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, see to it that they find in you holy examples of life, and loving help in the true serving of their Lord and ours. I beseech you so to order your own lives that these new disciples may take no detriment from you, but that it may ever be cause for thanksgiving to God that they were led into this fellowship.

Then, addressing the Persons seeking Admission on Probation, the Minister shall say:

Dearly Beloved, you have, by the grace of God, made your decision to follow Christ and to serve him. Your confidence in so doing is not to be based on any notion of fitness or worthiness in yourselves, but solely on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on his death and intercession for us.

That the Church may know your purpose, you will answer the questions I am now to ask you.

Have you an earnest desire to be saved from your sins?

Ans. I have.

Will you guard yourselves against all things contrary to the teaching of God's word, and endeavor to lead a holy life, following the commandments of God?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do.

Are you purposed to give reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace in the ministry of the word, and in the private and public worship of God?

Ans. I am so determined, with the help of God.

No objection being offered, the Minister shall then announce that the Candidates are admitted as Probationers and shall assign them to classes.

Then shall the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

Form for Receiving Persons into the Church after Probation.

On the day appointed, all that are to be received into the Church shall be called forward, and the Minister, addressing the Congregation, shall say:

Dearly Beloved Brethren, the Scriptures teach us that the Church is the household of God, the body of which Christ is the head; and that it is the design of the Gospel to bring together in one all who are in Christ. The fellowship of the Church is the communion that its Members enjoy one with another. The ends of this fellowship are, the maintenance of sound doctrine and of the ordinances of Christian worship, and the exercise of that power of godly admonition and discipline which Christ has committed to his Church for the promotion

of holiness. It is the duty of all men to unite in this fellowship; for it is only those that "be planted in the house of the Lord" that "shall flourish in the courts of our God." Its more particular duties are, to promote peace and unity; to bear one another's burdens; to prevent each other's stumbling; to seek the intimacy of friendly society among themselves; to continue steadfast in the faith and worship of the Gospel; and to pray and sympathize with each other. Among its privileges are, peculiar incitements to holiness from the hearing of God's word and sharing in Christ's ordinances; the being placed under the watchful care of Pastors; and the enjoyment of the blessings which are promised only to those who are of the Household of Faith. Into this holy fellowship the *persons* before you, who *have* already received the Sacrament of Baptism, and *have* been under the care of *proper leaders* for six months on Trial, *come* seeking admission. We now propose, in the fear of God, to question *them* as to *their* faith and purposes, that you may know that *they* are proper *persons* to be admitted into the Church.

Then, addressing the Applicants for Admission, the Minister shall say:

Dearly Beloved, you are come hither seeking the great privilege of union with the Church our Saviour has purchased with his own blood. We rejoice in the grace of God vouchsafed unto you in that he has called you to be his *followers*, and that thus far you have run well. You have heard how blessed are the privileges, and how solemn are the duties, of membership in Christ's Church; and before you are fully admitted thereto, it is proper that you do here publicly renew your vows, confess your faith, and declare your purpose, by answering the following questions:

Do you here, in the presence of God and of this Congregation, renew the solemn promise contained in the Baptismal Covenant, ratifying and confirming the same, and acknowledging *yourselves* bound faithfully to observe and keep that Covenant?

Ans. I do.

Have you saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Ans. I trust I have.

Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

Ans. I do.

Will you cheerfully be governed by the Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hold sacred the Ordinances of God, and endeavor, as much as in you lies, to promote the welfare of your brethren and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom?

Ans. I will.

Will you contribute of your earthly substance, according to your ability, to the support of the Gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the Church?

Ans. I will.

Then the Minister, addressing the Church, shall say:

Brethren, *these persons* having given satisfactory responses to our inquiries, have any of you reason to allege why *they* should not be received into Full membership in the Church?

No objection being alleged, the Minister shall say to the Candidates:

We welcome you to the communion of the Church of God; and, in testimony of our Christian affection and the cordiality with which we receive you, I hereby extend to you the right hand of fellowship: and may God grant that you may be a faithful and useful member of the Church militant till you are called to the fellowship of the Church triumphant, which is "without fault before the throne of God."

Then shall the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

The Lord's Supper.

[Whenever practicable, let none but the pure, unfermented juice of the grape be used in administering the Lord's Supper.]

[Let persons who have scruples concerning the receiving of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper kneeling be permitted to receive it either standing or sitting.]

[No person shall be admitted to the Lord's Supper among us who is guilty of any practice for which we would exclude a Member of our Church.]

Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper.

The Elder shall say one or more of these Sentences, during the reading of which the Persons appointed for that purpose shall receive the Alms for the Poor:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. [Matt. v, 16.]

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. [Matt. vi, 19, 20.]

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. [Matt. vii, 12.]

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. [Matt. vii, 21.]

Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. [Luke xix, 8.]

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver. [2 Cor. ix, 6, 7.]

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. [Gal. vi, 10.]

Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. [1 Tim. vi, 6, 7.]

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. [1 Tim. vi, 17–19.]

God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. [Heb. vi, 10.]

To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. [Heb. xiii, 16.]

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? [1 John iii, 17.]

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. [Prov. xix, 17.]

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. [Psa. xli, 1.]

Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor. [Deut. xv, 11.]

After which the Elder shall give the following Invitation, the People standing:

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Wherefore ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort; and, devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God.

Then shall this general Confession be made by the Minister in the name of all those who are minded to receive the Holy Communion, both he and all the People devoutly kneeling, and saying:

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Elder say,

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy great mercy hast promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto thee, have mercy upon us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins; confirm and strengthen us in all goodness; and bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Collect.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Elder say,

We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy. Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that we may live and grow thereby; and that, being washed through his most precious blood, we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. *Amen.*

Then the Elder shall offer the Prayer of Consecration, as followeth:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there, by his oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of his precious death until his coming again: hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine, according to thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of his most blessed body and blood; who, in the same night that he was betrayed, took bread; (1) and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.

(1) *Here the Elder may take the plate of bread in his hand.*

Likewise after supper he took (2) the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins; do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

(2) *Here he may take the cup in his hand.*

Then shall the Minister receive the Communion in both kinds, and proceed to deliver the same to the other Ministers, if any be present; after which he shall say:

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high! *Amen.*

The Minister shall then proceed to administer the Communion to the People in order, kneeling, into their uncovered hands; and when he delivereth the Bread, he shall say:

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for *thee*, preserve *thy soul* and *body* unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for *thee;* and feed on him in *thy heart* by faith, with thanksgiving.

And the Minister that delivereth the Cup shall say:

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for *thee*, preserve *thy soul* and *body* unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for *thee*, and be thankful.

[If the Consecrated bread or wine will be all spent before all have communed, the Elder may Consecrate more by repeating the Prayer of Consecration.]

[When all have communed, the Minister shall return to the Lord's table and place upon it what remaineth of the Consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth.]

Then shall the Elder say the Lord's Prayer; the People kneeling, and repeating after him every petition.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

After which shall be said as followeth:

O Lord our heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire thy Fatherly good-

ness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; most humbly beseeching thee to grant, that, by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and thy whole Church may obtain forgiveness of our sins, and all other benefits of his passion. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee; humbly beseeching thee that all we who are partakers of this Holy Communion may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses, through Jesus Christ our Lord; by whom, and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end. *Amen.*

Then shall be said or sung: *

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men! We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Then the Elder, if he see it expedient, may put up an extemporary Prayer; and afterward shall let the People depart with this Blessing:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

N. B.—If the Elder be straitened for time in the usual administration of the Holy Communion, he may omit any part of the service except the Invitation, the Confession, and the Prayer of Consecration; and in its administration to the Sick he may omit any part of the service except the Confession, the Prayer of Consecration, and the usual sentences in delivering the Bread and Wine, closing with the Lord's Prayer, *extempore* supplication, and the Benediction.

* See "Gloria in Excelsis," page 433 of this book.

155745 Lit 5445 M566.3 1878
Methodist Episcopal Church
Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

155745 Lit 5445 M566 3 1878

St. Marks Library
General Theological Seminary
175 Ninth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.

Please stamp date in left column, write your name legibly in center column and leave right column blank. Deposit circulation card in slot marked 'Circulation cards'.

There is no date due, but books must be returned promptly upon request. Do not lend books charged to you to others.
You are responsible for them.